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The War Over a Park Avenue Fertility Doctor

By Eric Konigsberg

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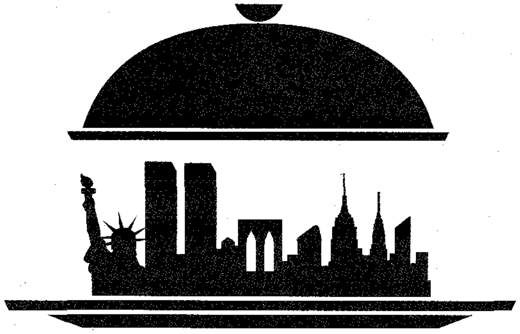

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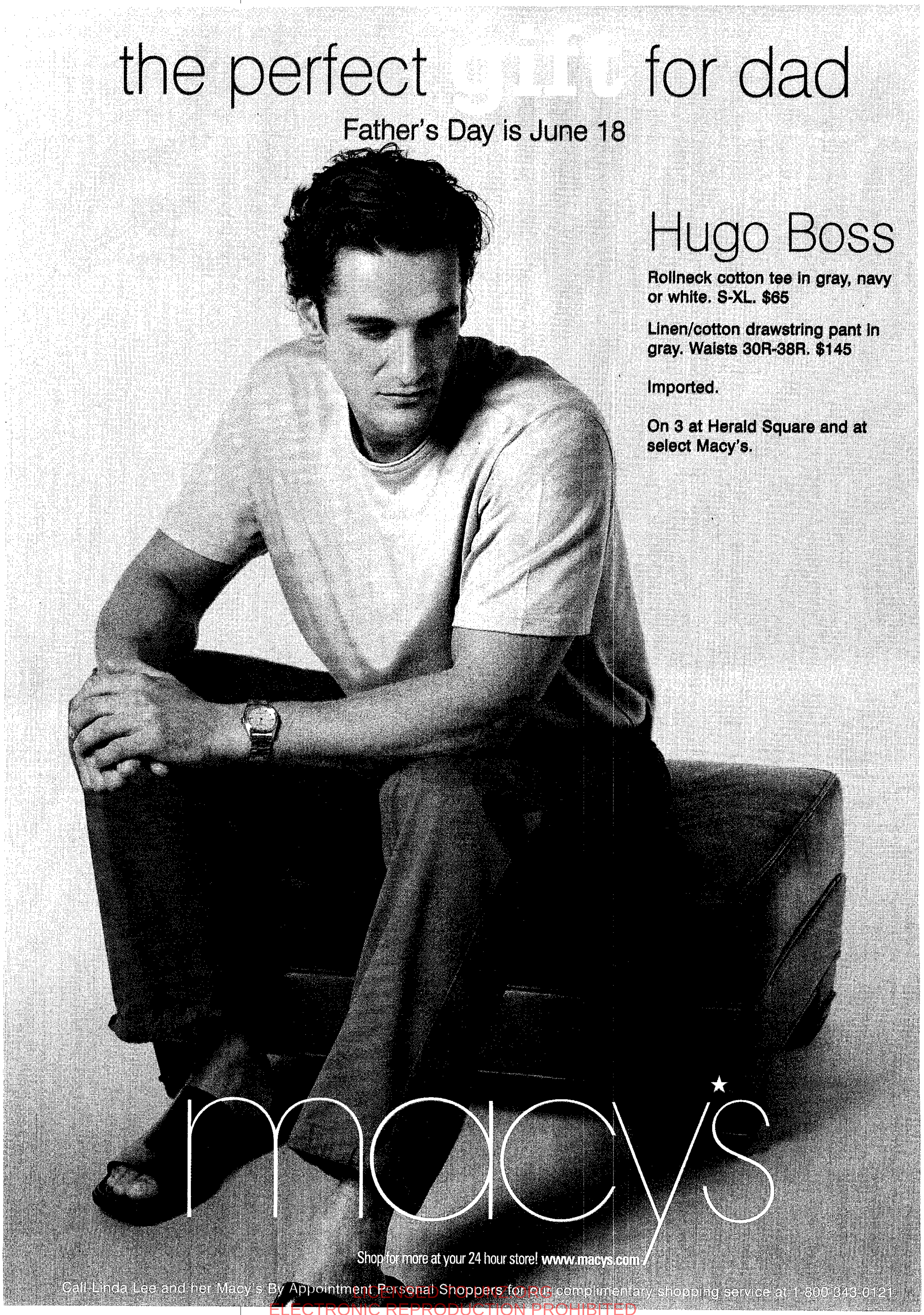

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>
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"You connect with a woman when you're getting her pregnant," says OB-GYN Niels Lauersen. He's superb at connecting—he's had a string of high-profile girlfriends, and at his trial for defrauding insurance companies, the galleries were full of devoted patients. But a trail of malpractice cases raises the question—is the good doctor as good as he claims to be?

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With a penchant for lavish parties at their 17,000 square-foot Park Avenue spread, Saul and Gayfryd Steinberg embodied the high-flying eighties. Then came the market crash, a debilitating stroke, and the breakup of the family business. Selling your apartment for $37 million may not sound like a step down in the world, but auctioning off $65 million worth of fine art and antiques is hardly a case of two empty nesters scaling back.

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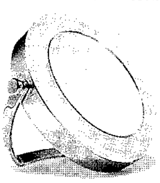

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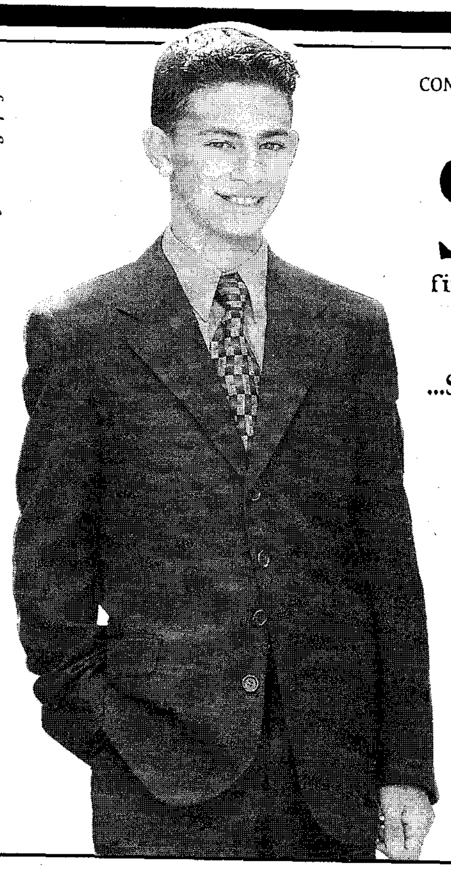

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LETTERS JUNE 19, 2000

Rudy Awakening

What's more shocking, that the mayor had a girlfriend, or that he had a Svengali?; weighing in on Donna Hanover; defending Courtney Ross

THE FACT THAT RUDY GIULIANI HAS controversial "loves" is not what's shocking here ["Rudy's Choice," by Craig Horowitz, May 29]. Men in power, for better or for worse, have always had women. FDR had 'em; so did Hitler. Giuliani is a powerful guy. Women like power—there you go. What *is* shocking for me—an admitted City Hall outsider—is that he had a Svengali. Here I'd been thinking that every decision he'd made during his tenure, as brilliant or idiotic, compassionate or hard-nosed as it turned out to be, was a product of his own mind, or ego. No one could get to Rudy—or so I thought! This, far more than the female troubles, changes my perception of the man.

Carla Franzoni
DANBURY, CONN.

BEFORE WE CANONIZE MAYOR GIULIANI, let's remember the division he single-handedly created in this city. It was Rudy's way or no way. His cancer diagnosis aside, I can find very little sympathy for a man who sought to curry favor among Catholics with the Brooklyn Museum protest while committing adultery at the same time. For once I agree with Al Sharpton—let's see if Rudy's actions speak louder than his words.

Charlie Hampton
QUEENS

Pound Foolish

IN YOUR EFFORTS TO PANDER TO COOL, pencil-thin Gen-X Manhattanites and their parents—who can be found in the best New York eateries each night, and in the offices of high-priced diet docs begging for phentermine scrips the morning after—you seem to think it relevant to mention that Donna Hanover shed 25 pounds that, before their removal, rendered her "almost forgettable" ["Donna's Riskiest Role," by Lisa Birnbach, May 29]. As almost forgettable, perhaps, as Oprah Winfrey, Rosie O'Donnell, Kathy Bates, or Madeleine Albright, or anyone else likely to receive public scrutiny who does not fit the reporter's arbitrary, and damaging, weight evaluations. Suit size is no way to measure intelligence, talent, or skills. You need to trim the fat talk, lose the overabundance of biased, fatuous commentary, and beef up the factual content of your magazine.

Jane C. Pachuta
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to NYLetters@primediamags.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

POOR DONNA HANOVER—A SINGLE MOM, living rent-free in a tax-supported mansion, earning close to a quarter-million dollars a year. Typical? The "keeping-your-word approach to life" does not fit someone who married a politician when she knew her ego demanded the spotlight and she preferred tasting wine with David Rosengarten to being our city's First Lady. What has she done for New York? Is it any wonder Rudy looked elsewhere?

Charlotte Ahrendt
MANHATTAN

School for Scandal

WHILE THERE ARE MANY THINGS TO SAY about Courtney Ross's plans for her school in East Hampton, apparently, from your reporter's viewpoint, none are positive ["The Hot Zone," by Kim Goad, May 29]. Somehow she has overlooked the possibility that there are good things that money can buy. It's cold, dark, and intellectually lonely out here in January, but the Ross School has brought lecturers, painters, and serious music. In most high schools these days, you can't expect to find that level of involvement with the arts. All Ms. Goad could find to report was titillating gossip to entertain *New York*'s summer-house readers. The issues raised by Ms. Ross's plans are complicated and cannot be dismissed by comparing them to an enormous private house being built in Sagaponack.

Lawrence Dill
EAST HAMPTON, N.Y.

Bo-Hum

I AM A 26-YEAR-OLD LESBIAN WHO HAS EMbraced the word "dyke." It once held the power to drive a gay woman into a fit of fear and self-loathing when used by a bigot. Now this word is no longer an insult. Unfortunately, this transformation hasn't happened with the word *bohunk.* In my dictionary, the word is described as "disparaging" and is defined as "an unskilled or semiskilled foreign-born laborer, esp. from east central or southeastern Europe." Perhaps, when used in the phrase "drag queen and her bohunk lover," the adjective was an accurate one ["Cue Movies: Outward Bound," by Derek de Koff, June 5]. But when I see this word, I think of my late paternal coal-miner grandfather and his stories of "bohunk" being thrown at him and his family as an ethnic slur. My father's family uses the word in jest with each other, probably for the same reasons I use "dyke" with my lesbian friends. And certainly "bohunk" (or "hunky") doesn't carry the same weight in the larger culture as it does in the mostly Eastern European, working-class communities in western Pennsylvania where my dad grew up. Nevertheless, I was surprised to see it used so casually.

Hanna Bordas
JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.

Good Words

WHAT A PLEASURE IT WAS TO OPEN YOUR May 15 issue and see Samuel G. Freedman's "The Gospel According to Sujay." I applaud Mr. Freedman for capturing the spiritual essence and vision of this remarkable woman of God.

Yvette O. Knighton
THE BRONX

AS A MEMBER OF HER CONGREGATION, I have the pleasure of attending Dr. Cook's church services on Sunday mornings and Tuesday nights. Dr. Cook is truly a spirit-filled woman of God and her message encourages us all. Thank you for showing such a positive role model in your magazine.

Margaret Chinnery
THE BRONX

Correction A story in "Cue Movies" about the film *Sunshine* ("Darkness and Light," by Derek de Koff, June 12) misidentified the actress who plays the family matriarch. She is Rosemary Harris, not Julie Harris.

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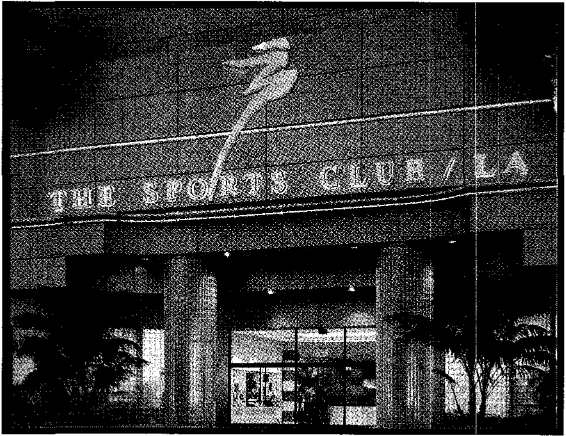

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Y BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND IAN SPIEGELMAN

INTELLIGENCER

DOGGONE LOSER IN CITYMEALS EVENT

One of the star chefs of Citymeals-on-Wheels' Barbecue Challenge fund-raiser was forced to abandon his grand cooking plans near **Jeff Koons**'s giant *Puppy* sculpture after Rockefeller Center officials expressed fear that flames might torch the prized pooch. For Monday's event, barbecue maven **Rich Davis** had hoped to import his massive cooking cart to a designated location underneath the puppy and spit-roast his Pig Pickin' Pork, but organizers pulled the pork for a dish that could be prepared on a smaller cooking surface—and away from the petunia-peppered pup. The cook-out benefit, part of the annual Tribute to James Beard, is slated to feature dozens of noted chefs, including **Jean-Georges Vongerichten**, **Eric Ripert**, **Larry Forgione**, **Anne Rosenzweig**, and Michelin three-star chef **Michel Troisgros**. Rock Center spokesperson **Steven Rubenstein** says it's better to be safe than sorry: "A large rig with a propane tank near the sculpture is not the safest thing. We'd like the puppy to last through August." Either way, Koons doesn't seem too worried about his floral creation combusting. "It's irrigated, so hopefully there won't be a problem," he says.

NEW WORKLOAD FOR WIZARD OF *OZ*

Just when the cast members of *Oz* thought they were out, HBO pulls them back in. We've been seeing the actors on the hit series enjoying themselves at just about every party in town for the past few weeks, since they recently wrapped production for the season. So it was odd to catch **Dean Winters** attempting to flee last week's Nautica Jeans shindig at Luahn just when things were starting to get good. "I have to be at work at eight in the morning," said the usually hard-charging Winters. "We have to shoot eight more episodes over the summer." The show's creator, **Tom Fontana**, wasn't at all put out by the news. Fontana joked that *Sopranos* producer and creator **David Chase** would never have taken the bait and worked over the summer: "David won't just churn stuff out—he's an artist." The gregarious Fontana said that when he got the call for another batch of episodes, "they said, 'Could you—' and I screamed, 'Yes!' They didn't even finish the sentence. David Chase is Tiffany's and I'm Wal-Mart. Just bring the truck around and I'll load it up." Didn't Faulkner say that?

ALL BETTS (PUT) OFF AT MICHAEL'S

Kate Betts:
Lady in waiting

When it's mealtime for **Kate Betts**, do not stand in her way. According to a source, the *Harper's Bazaar* chief was notably flustered when the folks at Michael's had the nerve to make her wait about fifteen minutes for a table at a recent luncheon. Although the restaurant probably sees more media-insider power lunches than any other spot in the city, the editrix still "threw a hissy fit," says the source. "She was visibly upset, and she angrily upbraided the staff." Betts was anxiously pacing back and forth, watching the diners enjoy their meals, when none other than *Vogue* fashion guru and editor-at-large **André Leon Talley** saved her

PAPP: PERCHANCE TO DREAM

Legendary producer Joseph Papp may have been passionate about Shakespeare, but that didn't stop him from napping during rehearsals. *Love's Labour's Lost* star **Nathan Lane** (pictured) told us about Papp's peculiar approach at a bash for the new Miramax flick last week. "I was doing *Measure for Measure* in the park in 1985, and you'd see him sleeping during scenes," Lane said. "He'd told us not to smoke or read during rehearsals, so I walked onstage smoking a cigar and reading the newspaper just to see if he'd notice." Turns out Papp was conscious during Lane's little prank: "He found it terribly amusing." Lane also fondly recalled a pre-Papp Shakespearean experience, a production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with John Goodman "in the late seventies, before John drank all the beer in the tri-state area." Also in attendance at the Miramax event was a very svelte **Alicia Silverstone**, who said she found doing Shakespeare "actually almost easier [than acting in mainstream movies] once you uncover what they're really saying. It just trickles off your tongue—I feel like I'm in ecstasy."

hotographs: top, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; bottom, Mitch Gerber/Corbis.

from an eternity of hunger, gallantly giving up his spot on the wait list for his worthy competitor. Talley declined to comment. Betts's rep, **Nadine Johnson**, said her client was traveling in Europe and could not be reached for comment, but added, "That sounds completely out of character." Utterly so.

BACALL'S BIG BLOWOUT

Did **Lauren Bacall** recently leave a women's theater group in a hairy situation? The carefully coiffed actress agreed to be honored at last week's gala benefit for Women's Project & Productions, but at the last minute, says one event insider, the group was surprised to learn of a startling demand—Bacall needed $2,000 for hair and makeup. The not-for-profit's organizers had no choice but to pony up. "The whole thing was in motion, so they paid it," says the source. "But they were upset—$2,000 is a pretty big chunk." Women of Achievement awards went to Bacall and to actress **Ruby Dee**, writer **Joan Didion**, and Lifetime Entertainment honcho **Carole Black** during the Tavern on the Green gala. Women's Project founder and artistic director **Julia Miles** insists any expense to make their special guests comfortable was well worth it: "These stars are not paid, but they have to show up and act charming. We depend on them to help us raise money. So paying for them to get their hair and makeup done or ride in a limo is a small thing for us to do."

CIPRIANI: CNN'S NEWEST DISH?

CNN may soon be adding some famed European blood to its team of foreign correspondents. **Giovanna Cipriani**, the daughter of expansive restaurateur and Cipriani family patriarch **Arrigo "Harry" Cipriani**, has been in talks with **Ted Turner**'s news network about signing on. "I've met with them five times, and I have been very impressed with what they do over there [in Atlanta]," Cipriani tells us from Paris, where she's already doing some freelance work for CNN. But if the deal goes through, don't chalk this up to just another corporate scheme geared toward spicing up the nonstop flow of news with a big name. Giovanna points out that she is fluent in English, Spanish, French, and her native Italian, and has for eleven years been with Italy's RAI Television (the network every New Yorker has seen flashing behind the bar in some joint on Mulberry Street), where she made a name for herself covering the Middle East and the war in Kosovo. "I haven't signed a contract yet," the thirtyish journalist admits, "but I wish very much to do so." And in case Ted is wondering: She's been married for years.

PATAKI KID WOOED BY BROADWAY JUDAS

One Broadway star is making some very friendly political connections. *Jesus Christ Superstar*'s **Tony Vincent** was a big hit with his performance as Judas at the Tony awards recently, especially with Governor **George A. Pataki**'s daughter, **Emily**. According to a source, Vincent, 26, and the comely 21-year-old Yale junior were practically inseparable at the awards ceremony's after-party at the Marriott Marquis. "They spent most of the evening together," says the source. "There was a lot of mutual flirting." The two have been exchanging e-mails ever since and are planning to go out on a date, says the tipster. A spokesman for the governor admits the e-mails, but labels the relationship "just friends." He also advised us that "there is no date in the works." Perhaps Dad wants her to hold out for dinner with Jesus.

PAUL RUDD'S NEWS; GUESS? GIRL MOVES

NO RUT FOR RUDD: After appearing with veteran **Michael Caine** in *The Cider House Rules,* up-and-comer **Paul Rudd** (left) seems to be gunning for Caine's title of Hardest Working Man in Show Business. Rudd has just been cast to star with **Janeane Garofalo** in the independent comedy *Wet Hot American Summer,* which also features *Frasier*'s **David Hyde Pierce**. Rudd should get his lighthearted laughs while he can, because he's also negotiating for a role in director **Robin Phillips**'s production of *Long Day's Journey Into Night* opposite **Jessica Lange** in London's West End, which is slated to run from November 2000 through January 2001. But you can catch him closer to home next month, when Rudd shares the stage with **Paul Newman** and **Joanne Woodward** in *Ancestral Voices* at the Westport Country Playhouse in a limited run July 17 to 22.

GUESS? GIRL GETS NEW ID: In our continuing effort to keep you posted on everything every model ever does, this just in: Guess? Jeans cover girl **Kim Smith** has dumped the Marilyn modeling agency in favor of ID Models. The native Texan has become a favorite of fashion photog **Patrick Demarchelier** and appears in videos for boy band 'N Sync's "Bye Bye Bye" and "It's Gonna Be Me." Aging clubsters and nefarious "producers" about town should note that Smith is a mere 17 years old. ID president **Paolo Zampolli** predicts, "She has the qualities to become the symbol of the return to real beauty." And not a moment too soon.

Additional reporting by Brooke Gosin and Suny Sehgal.

Kim Smith: Guess where next?

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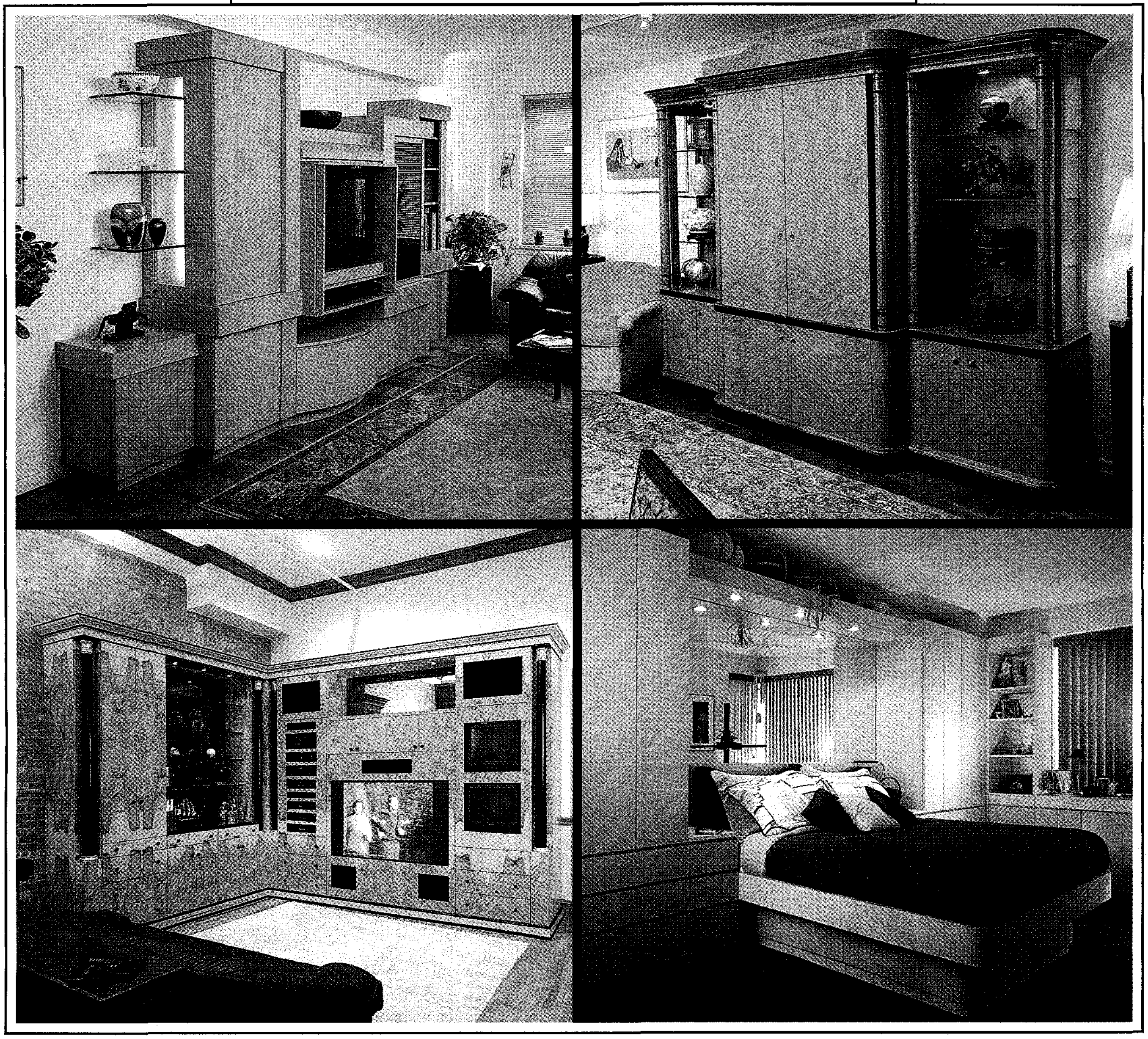

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GOTHAM

Glass Houses

Developer Richard Born goes fishing on the Hudson waterfront—and lands the big one.

Richard Born, right, flanked by Richard Meier and a model of their Village towers.

“I THINK RICHARD MEIER IS THE pretty girl sitting at the bar who everyone’s afraid to approach,” boasts Richard Born, the real-estate developer who partnered with André Balazs on SoHo’s Mercer Hotel, rehabbed the Stanhope and the midtown Hotel Élysée, and assembled the garish Times Square Holiday Inn. Tan with slightly receding light hair and rimless glasses, Born, along with his partner, Ira Drukier, mustered enough nerve last year to ask Meier, the audacious Getty Center architect, if he would design a new apartment-and-hotel complex for their site at West and Perry Streets, steps from the new Hudson River Park.

Meier, who has never had an original construction in Manhattan, said yes, and the result will be something unique: two glistening, fifteen-story glass waterfront condo towers. The Meier pedigree is already said to have Calvin Klein and Gilles Bensimon clamoring to buy raw floors for up to $6 million each.

With this one deal, Born has vaulted into a pantheon of notable Manhattan builders. While many of his better-known peers might be wealthier, most have been either too cheap or too stodgy to work with a world-class architect. One sure-fire sign that he’s truly arrived is the community uproar: This, after all, is the West Village, where two huge glass towers could taint what is left of the neighborhood’s homespun Jane Jacobs charm. The towers will stand just one block outside the Village’s landmarked low-rise district, free and clear of zoning problems, infuriating preservationists. (Born’s tentative plan to build a 55-room boutique hotel next door hasn’t helped, either.) City Council member Christine Quinn worries that the project “would gentrify the neighborhood even more than it already is,” while Tom Duane, the Village’s state senator, declares, “We don’t look kindly at developers coming in and taking advantage of the character of our neighborhood and destroying it. In a battle for what’s more exciting for people—a

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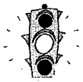
POLITICS Campaign-Trail Traffic Report



Team McCain—consultant Mike Murphy, spokesman Dan MacLagan—settles in. Team Pataki/D’Amato—Arthur Finkelstein, Kieran Mahoney—shuffles out. Smart move . . . if only Rick was half as interesting as McCain. ●

Second soft-money ad features praise for Rick from Bill Clinton. Use of POTUS’s words is fair game, but Ricky, if you’re so fond of the man, whydja vote to impeach him? ○

Hill salutes Israel in parade, but Israel doesn’t salute back. Scattered epithets and boos—and did we mention the possible collapse of Barak’s government?—mean this shiksa still has tsuris. ○

Quinnipiac poll last week: She’s viewed favorably by 35 percent, unfavorably by 39. If those numbers keep moving in that direction, Rick Lazio’s daughters could beat her. ●

Photographs: top, Sylvia Plachy; bottom; Richard B. Levine (2). Illustration by Ingo Fast.

Born *continued from page 13*

Richard Meier building or preserving the character of the Village—preserving the character of the Village will win out every time."

To call this gentrification is, in fact, an understatement. Jean-Georges Vongerichten is planning a restaurant at the ground level. (Vongerichten's partner, Philip Suarez, worked with Born on Vongerichten's Mercer Kitchen and brought the architect together with Born and Drukier.) Condo buyers can purchase only entire floors. For those wishing the full *Architectural Digest* treatment, Meier will even finish the spaces himself. "That floor-to-ceiling glass, that transparency, is something that doesn't exist anywhere in New York," Meier enthuses in his all-white loft office on Tenth Avenue. "To be on the park in a building with only fourteen units—that's like living in a large brownstone."

If there's one thing the new park is sure to resurrect on the waterfront, it is real-estate hubris. But Born insists he's adding value to the Village by bringing two Meier structures to a spot that could have accommodated a single fatter brick building. "I'm sure there are SoHo residents who may say 'I'd never live in a glass tower,' " Born says. "But we don't need *everybody.* We only need 28 buyers." And while he admits that the more than $50 million projected cost is 50 percent more than a conventional project, he's fairly confident he can make it up on the back end.

"Richard Meier's done only fourteen homes worldwide," Born says with a grin. "Most of them are $20-to-$40 million homes in places like Honolulu or Tokyo. We're creating *28 more* Richard Meier homes here in New York."

ROBERT KOLKER

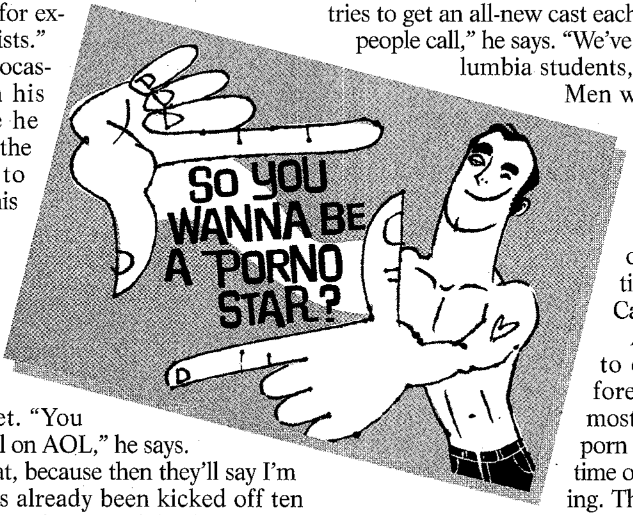
FILM

Amateur Hour

When Max Viper hands you his card, he *really* means business.

MAX VIPER—THAT'S WHAT HE INSISTS HE be called—sits in his Long Island City apartment sucking on Marlboro Lights and living out his fantasy of being a gay-porn director. He's already filmed five movies with titles like *Cum Rag* and *Hotel Hell,* each starring nine or ten New Yorkers who didn't know each other and volunteered to go at it—nervously, under bright lights—for his camera. "It's not normal sex," he says. "It's not *Eyes Wide Shut,* either. It's for extreme exhibitionists."

Stacks of videocassettes teeter in his kitchen, where he dubs and packs the tapes he sells to stores and over his Website (www.edenpictures.com). It's 6:30 P.M. on a weekday, and he's casting. It's not hard. He uses the Internet. "You have to be careful on AOL," he says. "I can't really chat, because then they'll say I'm soliciting." (He's already been kicked off ten times.) He drops cards in sex clubs that read SO YOU WANNA BE A PORNO STAR? He also tried handing them out at Chelsea nightspots like the Roxy and g, but that didn't work so well. "They laugh and say, 'Oh! That's not for *me!*' Sometimes they get offended." He did, however, meet his boyfriend by handing him a card.


SO YOU WANNA BE A PORNO STAR?

The phone rings. Max, 32, who looks like an aging frat boy in his forest-green polo shirt, Timberlands, and braided belt, puts the guy on speakerphone. "What are you into?" he asks. The guy's 29 and "into everything," but can't vouch that he's hot. "Hot is a state of mind," he ventures, but Max looks skeptical. "I'm kind of looking for guys who are really hot," he says. The guy is noncommittal. "I would say I wouldn't be able to use you," says Max, hanging up.

Max started his business last October after attending an orgy. His eyes bug at the memory as he takes a lusty draw on his cigarette. "I thought, *My God, this action is hot! Someone should film this!"* He rents hotel rooms for the shoots and tries to get an all-new cast each time. "*So many* people call," he says. "We've had lawyers, Columbia students, waiters, actors. Men who are married and have kids. They all want to live out this fantasy." At least one has moved on to the big time: paid porn in California.

Although he tries to cast people beforehand, Max sees most of his wannabe porn stars for the first time on the day of filming. The candidates assemble on a designated street corner for casting before moving on to a nearby hotel. "All these people show up, which is like, *whoa,*" he says. "You have to turn people down. You'll have 60-year-old guys who want to get in on the action. People who don't have an accurate picture of what they look like." The only ones who *don't* want to go through with it are those who realize to their horror that they know Max from somewhere. (Once, someone he went to school with showed up.) "The minute I turn my back," he sighs, "they bolt."

CARL SWANSON

ARTBYNUMBERS

Moving Sale

"EVERYTHING MUST CHANGE IN ORder to remain the same," says Antonio Homem, the adopted son of Ileana Sonnabend, about the Sonnabend Gallery's move to Chelsea last month. "I liked SoHo"—where they had been since 1971—"and the only way to stay in SoHo was to come to Chelsea." Homem was the chief designer of the 12,000-square-foot West 22nd Street space, purchased for $1.9 million and divided into seven showing spaces for $600,000. For their first show, they mark nearly 40 years of business (Sonnabend, the former Mrs. Leo Castelli, first opened a gallery in Paris in 1962) by highlighting the work of artists they've represented, including Warhol, Rauschenberg, Nauman, the "Neo-Geos" of the eighties, and their newest, Rona Pondick (pictured). Traffic has increased to the old levels of SoHo, and recent customers include art-book publisher Benedikt Taschen, who bought a Jeff Koons painting for $250,000, and a "newbie" who purchased a John Baldessari photo work for $90,000. Sonnabend and Homem say they intend to continue in this spot for the *next* 40 years—or until the SoHo art world moves yet again.

JOSH BAER

More art-world news can be found online at **www.baerfaxt.com.**

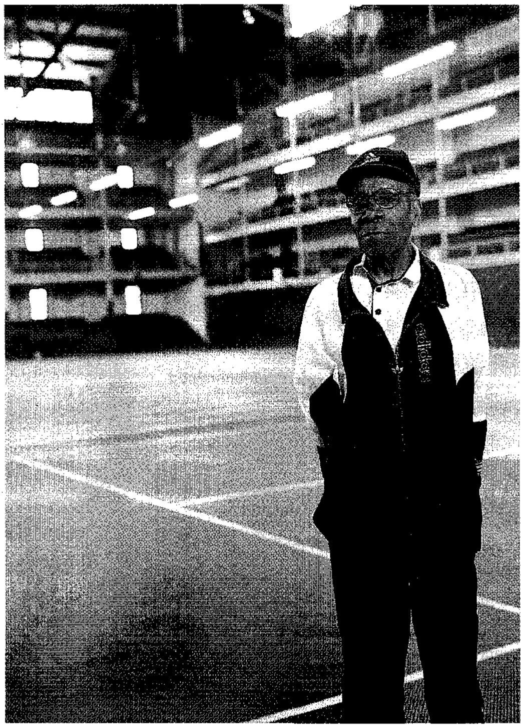
Illustration by Bill Brown

SPORTS

Net Prophet

Tennis a white sport? Don’t tell Harlem Tennis Center’s Claude Cargill.

‘LISTEN UP. YOU DON’T NEED FIVE OR SIX kids showing me that someone cut her hand,” growls Coach Dante Brown. “Get back to your laps.” “I already did seven,” groans one little girl. “I did seven, too,” says another. Ahead of the group, two chubby little boys in matching snug sweatsuits speed up as they pass by, watching their coach out of the corners of their eyes. The children, who aren’t all that much bigger than the rackets they’ll be swinging later, are members of the city-funded Harlem Junior Tennis Program. Two days a week, they take lessons at the Harlem Tennis Center, where professional tennis coaches instruct them in the rules of the game.



I stumbled across the Harlem Tennis Center one afternoon while looking for a place to play. When I found the rambling building on 143rd Street—a former military armory hidden behind the Bethune Apartments on Lenox Avenue—I was surprised. Like many people, I hadn’t thought of tennis as a sport many black people play, despite the success of stars like Venus and Serena Williams, Arthur Ashe, and Althea Gibson. “Tennis?” was my girlfriend’s response when I asked her if she wanted to join me. She looked as if I’d told her John McEnroe had challenged me to a match. “Who plays tennis?” Before I could reply, she answered her own question. “*We* don’t.”

As it turns out, we do. “Most people don’t even know we’re here,” says Claude Cargill (pictured), co-director of the Harlem Tennis Center. Now 85, and still sporty in his Adidas sweatsuit and baseball cap perched atop his gray hair, Cargill began playing in the forties and founded the center as part of the Police Athletic League. In 1985, Mayor Koch converted the center into a homeless shelter. “We just pushed the beds aside to play, and then pushed them back when we were done,” Cargill recalls. He managed to reopen the center a few years later, and has been running it ever since with his partner, Zack Davis. Today, it’s home to more than 1,000 players, including doctors, firemen, actors, cops, teachers, and 150 Harlem schoolchildren.

Davis, who is also the head coach of the City College tennis team, arrived at the center in the early fifties. He’d heard it was a great place to play—and the only place if you wanted to play in Harlem. He laughs when I mention that people say tennis is a white sport. “I’ve been playing tennis since I was a child,” he says. He remembers walking home from school as a teenager and seeing a girl who used to play on the courts across the street from his house in Greensboro, North Carolina. That girl turned out to be Althea Gibson. In 1957 she became the first black person to win Wimbledon. (She also won in ’58.)

“I want to go pro by the time I’m 14 or 15,” says Ashley Perryman, 11. She and her brother David, 13, have been coming to the center for four years. Ashley’s goals aren’t too unrealistic, considering that two of the top U.S. college players, now pro, both graduated from the program: the 1999 No. 1–ranked NCAA player, James Blake, All-American at Harvard, and his brother Thomas, also All-American at Harvard. The center’s children are a crucial part of its existence, bringing in both city and private funding.

“Our goal is to get them tennis scholarships to college,” says children’s coach Brown. “Let’s face it: We don’t always have the money in our communities.” A scholarship is exactly what Dwayne Perryman wants for his two children. “Most black heroes are basketball or football players,” says Perryman, sitting in the stands and yelling instructions to the children as they play each another in a mock match. “This gives them a chance to see something different.” KRISTINA NWAZOTA

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Fruit Juiced

BRAND: Snapple **AGENCY:** Deutsch (NY) **CREATIVE DIRECTOR:** Cheryl Van Ooyen

WHO NEEDS WENDY? SNAPPLE, which built its early screwball reputation on commercials featuring Wendy the Snapple Lady, has finally struck a rich new vein of comedy gold. In a fresh round of spots that continue a theme introduced last winter, Snapple presents a *faux*-earnest montage of its fruits—guys in costumes—frolicking about. Sound like a ripoff of the Fruit of the Loom characters? Well, it is, but it’s a clever ripoff, and the Snapple fruits have a better back story: “We know the pressures facing young fruit today,” Snapple’s “Director of Fruit Relations” says. “How easy it is to go bad, start hanging with a bad crowd, mixing with preservatives.” The fruits are shown at a Snapple-run reform school, exercising, lying in bunk beds, even handing over urine samples as they file out of bathroom stalls. Because they have no eyes, they tend to trip on stuff and bump into things, and the slapstick underscores the fruits’ innocence and all-natural goodness. Good thing they’re so sheltered: The non-carbonated-fruit-beverage business is cutthroat, and parent company Triarc has faced an uphill battle since buying Snapple from Quaker in 1997 for $300 million (a fire-sale price; Quaker paid $1.7 billion just a few years earlier). After years of decline, sales are creeping up again, thanks in no small part to these spots, which once again put the endearingly idiotic Snapple brand front and center in the pop-culture consciousness. SIMON DUMENCO

hotographed by Kareem Black.

REALTY BITES

The Inn Crowd

Who wants to live like Eloise?

“LIVING IN A HOTEL IS JUST THIS SIDE of paradise!” belts out Broadway legend Elaine Stritch, who lived at the Regency Hotel for six years before moving to Sag Harbor. “You can dial a number and get help in almost any department in your life. Even if you’re just suffering from loneliness.” Loneliness-abatement isn’t an advertised perk, but hotel living has just the right touch of excess for these irrationally exuberant times. “It’s a symptom of a market awash in liquidity,” says Kirk Henckels of Stribling Private Brokerage. It’s also a symptom of rising numbers of renovations and millionaires’ selling their apartments before they have someplace to go. Emily Kanders, a spokesperson for the Regency (home to Vernon Jordan and George Steinbrenner), says requests have quadrupled, and prices are rising accordingly—brokers say that the Carlyle has recently hit its residents, including Barry Diller, with increases of up to 25 percent. The Palace Hotel might be a grim black-metal monolith dropped on top of Le Cirque 2000, but it just hired Corcoran’s Peter Belmante to lease suites by the half-year (for $7,000 to $75,000 a month) instead of by the week. Belmante refused to confirm that the Palace might sell off the units as condos, so residents never have to check out. The model might be the dowdy St. Moritz on Central Park South, which is being redeveloped as a Ritz Carlton with twelve apartments on top. Brokers say prices will start at $15 million and go up to more than $30 million. Michael Dell, George Soros, and Mike Nichols and Diane Sawyer are all said to have looked over the building without taking out their checkbooks. One Forbes 400 member who might do so apparently wanted terraces for his dogs. C.S.

GOTHAM REALESTATE

Makin’ Whoopi $5.3 Million

Goldberg drops boyfriend, house, thirteen-room apartment.

BACK IN MARCH, WHOOPI GOLDBERG BROKE up with her beau of five years, vampire actor Frank Langella. She’s also been steadily unloading various real-estate reminders of the relationship. The first week of June, she sold her apartment, a 4,800-square-foot four-bedroom on the fifteenth floor of a very Waspy building at 151 East 79th Street. She’d put it on the market on May 1 for $5.6 million, after sending around a note asking if anyone in the building was interested. Her office in Los Angeles would only confirm that “she has found a buyer,” but brokers say a contract was signed for about $5.3 million—a Whoopee!-worthy jackpot, considering she paid a reported $2.9 million in 1996. (That’s assuming the buyer gets past the tendentious co-op board; Goldberg helped her cause in 1996 by buying the board president’s place.) Maintenance is $4,800 a month. Other brokers complained that Brown Harris Stevens, which represented her, did the job so quietly, they didn’t see the place. Not that it mattered. Goldberg has also sold her 1860 house in Cornwall, Conn., but she’ll keep her outpost in Tuxedo Park and a house in the Pacific Palisades for when she’s filming *Hollywood Squares*. CARL SWANSON

BIG DEALS

Upper West Side

104 West 70th Street

Three-bedroom, four-bath, 1,730-square-foot condominium. Asking: $1.075 million. Selling: $995,000. Charges and taxes: $1,832. Time on market: eight weeks.

THIS 1902 BUILDING’S REAGAN revolution didn’t respect traditional values: In a 1980 gut rehab, all the moldings and details were stripped away. But the original high ceilings remain, making this duplex one very tall apartment. It was assembled from a two-bedroom, the adjacent studio, and another studio beneath that one. (A proper staircase, not just a spiral, was added between them.) The apartment’s original owner was a Brazilian who’d bought it to be near Lincoln Center for opera season. Douglas Elliman’s Sheree Yellin found the buyer, a man in the real-estate business who lived elsewhere in the building.

Pretty on the outside Opera fans don’t mind that 104 West 70th lost its details.

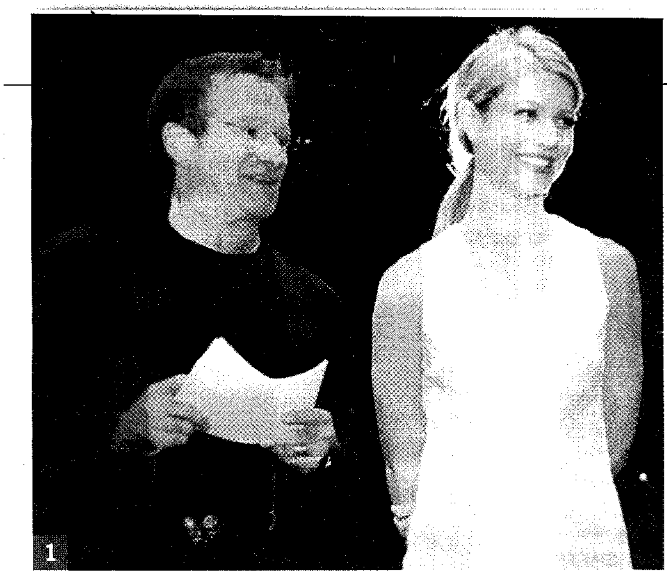
Upper East Side

200 East 61st Street

Two-bedroom, 2½-bath, 2,200-square-foot condominium. Asking: $3.9 million. Selling: $3.8 million. Charges and taxes: $4,557. Time on market: four months.

“IT’S LIKE A TOWNHOUSE ON TOP of the building,” crows DG Neary broker Brian Ardoli. He’s not exaggerating: this penthouse has two fireplaces, a steam room, and a Jacuzzi spread over floors 42 through 44 of a 1986 tower built on the corner of Third Avenue. The prior owner added a greenhouse on the roof, which is easily the size of a city backyard—the outdoor space alone totals 1,100 square feet. The buyers are Parisians (their broker was Brown Harris Stevens’s Wendy Singer Spotts) who will water the plants only when they’re in town. And if Pastis doesn’t meet their approval, there’s always the building’s private, tenants-only restaurant. CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

Photographs: top, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; bottom, Sean Hemmerle

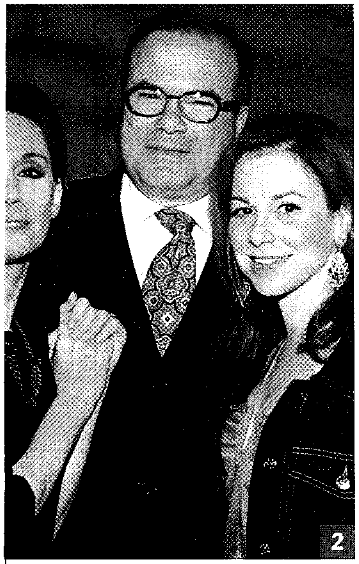


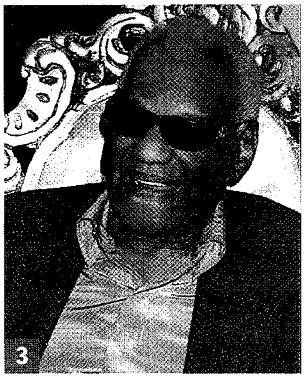
THE SCENE

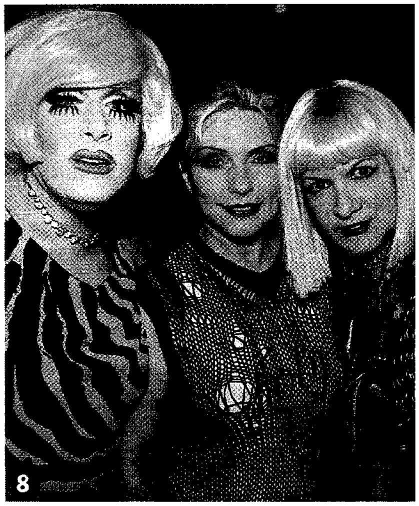
Rockin’ Robin

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

THE WHO, WE THINK IT SAFE TO VENTURE, HAVE NEVER PLAYED TO such a large gathering of suits. When 2,600 mostly Wall Street power hitters gathered at the Javits Center June 6 to raise money for the Robin Hood Foundation, they succeeded in setting what might be an all-time city record of $10 million for a single event. It was an easy enough task, what with Gwyneth Paltrow co-chairing and Robin Williams as emcee (“Welcome to ‘Who *Isn’t* a Millionaire’ ”) and an auction over dessert that included packages like tickets to the Oscars, a part in the next Scorsese film, a walk-on in Paltrow’s next Miramax movie (oh, and dinner with the star, and a *Saturday Night Live* walk-on tossed in as sweeteners). Final offer: $370,000. We still wondered whether the pin-striped multitudes who raised $1.8 million by bidding with neon glow-sticks would be able to loosen their ties enough to ride Pete Townshend’s “Magic Bus.” In fact, we were a little worried when one partygoer near us talked on his cell phone all through the first tune. But the room was soon rocking with millionaire air-guitarists. And last we saw him, Paul Tudor Jones II, chairman of the Tudor Management hedge fund and founder of the Robin Hood Foundation, was dancing on a chair, waving four of those magic glow-sticks like a mad air-traffic controller. MARK HOROWITZ







1. Robin Williams and Gwyneth Paltrow at the Robin Hood Foundation benefit. 2. Michele Gerber Klein, Hunt Slonem, and Bettina Zilkha at the Bronx Museum of the Arts Spring Benefit at Lot 61. 3. Ray Charles at the launch of the Independent Music Network at Webster Hall. 4. Kelly Klein, Suzanne Bartsch, and Rita Schrager at the *Groove* after-party at Jet East. 5. Chef Rob Miketa and Paula Devicq at the Tribeca Grand Hotel opening. 6. Arlene Dahl, Barbara Taylor Bradford, and Phyllis George at the home of Sherrell and Muffie Potter Aston celebrating Bradford’s new book, *Where You Belong*. 7. Ridgely Harrison and Mai Hallingby at the Conservatory Ball at the New York Botanical Garden. 8. Lady Bunny, Deborah Harry, and Chi Chi Valenti at Mother toasting Cathay Che’s biography of Harry. 9. Eartha Kitt and Philip Seymour Hoffman at the Tony awards after-party at the Marriott Marquis.

Top photograph by Mary Hilliard.

ED KOCH VS. AL D'AMATO
I'M RIGHT, YOU'RE WRONG

Our boys get the buzz on the mayoral sweepstakes, Hillary's Israel problem, and Lazio's laugh lines.

Maer Roshan: Let's start with the upcoming mayoral race, which has gotten a lot more exciting now that Rudy's staying on at City Hall.

Ed Koch: Poor Mark Green.

Al D'Amato: *Poor* Mark Green. My heart breaks for him! Mark was devastated. [*Laughs*] He feels so badly about the mayor's health!

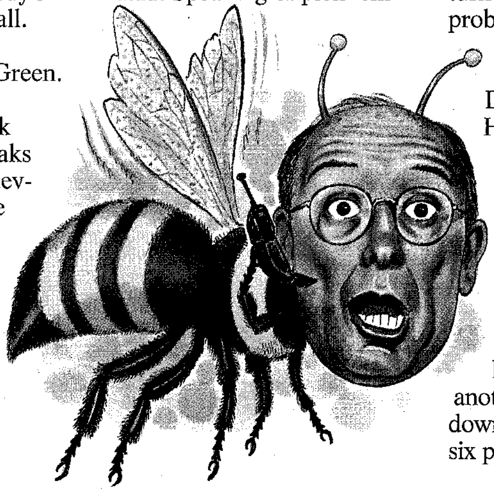
E.K.: There are four candidates preparing to run for mayor in 2002: Mark Green, Alan Hevesi, Freddie Ferrer, and Peter Vallone. I've worked with every one of them. I'm friends, to different degrees, with all of them. But I believe that Peter is the best of the bunch. He got the City Council to work as a unit. Even I could never do that! [*Laughs*] Vallone's made the council a powerful institution, and he's made a lot of friends. It's going to be close, but Peter will prevail.

M.R.: Do you have any horses in this race, Senator?

A.D.: I have no horse in this race. Actually, Republicans will be lucky to hook a *donkey* for this race! Although [former police commissioner] Bill Bratton has been hinting he might run. He'd be strong.

M.R.: Will you be onboard?

A.D.: I'm reserving my options. If he can raise enough money, Bratton would be formidable. But it all depends upon what happens in the Democratic primary. Each one of the Democrats brings something to the table. But none of them can get close to 40 percent of the vote. There will have to be a runoff.



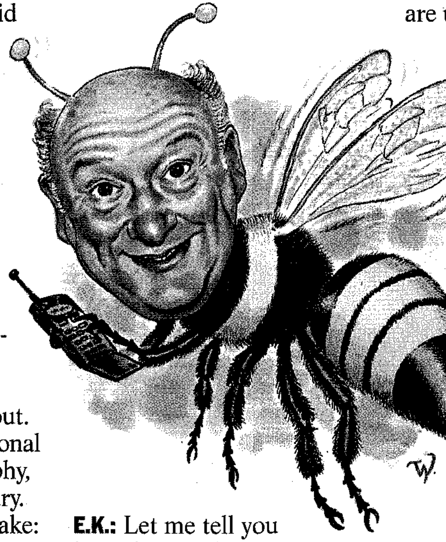
M.R.: Speaking of pick-'em races: As of today's polls, Lazio and Hillary are dead even.

A.D.: I told you so, both of you! I predicted that Lazio would come within single digits of Hillary, and I said he would do it three weeks after the convention. It's no surprise. Lazio's a more formidable candidate than Giuliani, because he doesn't generate the antagonism that Rudy or Hillary do.

E.K.: The fact that Lazio surged fifteen points in less than ten days *is* extraordinary. But Hillary will still win. The race has changed since Rudy got out. Now it's become a traditional battle over party philosophy, and that's helpful to Hillary. Important issues are at stake: On health care, Democrats are far better. Hillary wants to address the 45 million Americans who are without insurance. You have the prescription-drug issue. Democrats believe that Medicare should pay for prescription drugs. Republicans don't. You have race relations, which Republicans have no feel for. Then you have abortion, which may turn out to be Lazio's biggest problem of all. It'll undo him.

A.D.: Then why are the Democrats so desperate? Hillary's people are making Lazio out to be Newt Gingrich, but he's in the political mainstream. She hits Lazio for not supporting gun control, but he voted for the Brady Bill! The fact is, he is pro-choice, with limitations. So I'll make another prediction. Write it down! Lazio's going to win by six points.

M.R.: It's true that Hillary is underperforming with crucial Democratic voting blocs. How do you explain her nasty reception at the Israeli Day Parade, Ed?



E.K.: Let me tell you how that works. I've been to more parades than I care to remember. When you have a parade during an election, your opponent gets their partisans to come out, and the same 25 people follow the candidate, and the cameras, up the sidewalk, yelling and cursing. But when it comes to Israel, Hillary's positions are *my* positions. They are Barak's positions. The fact is, among Jews, Hillary still leads Lazio by 18 points, and she'll do even better after I march with her!

A.D.: Rick has a stronger pro-Israel record. For one thing, he supports moving the embassy from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. Hillary doesn't.

M.R.: Lazio suffered his own embarrassments last week. An aide sent out a copy of a speech of his in which an assistant helpfully supplied cues on when he should smile. Do your handlers tell *you* when to smile, Senator?

A.D.: For me, smiling is natural. Some need to be told. Not surprisingly, the Democrats are using this to portray him as a lightweight robot type. It won't work. People are going to look at his legislative record. They're going to say, "He's sensible, he's reasonable—in fact, he reminds me of my grandson."

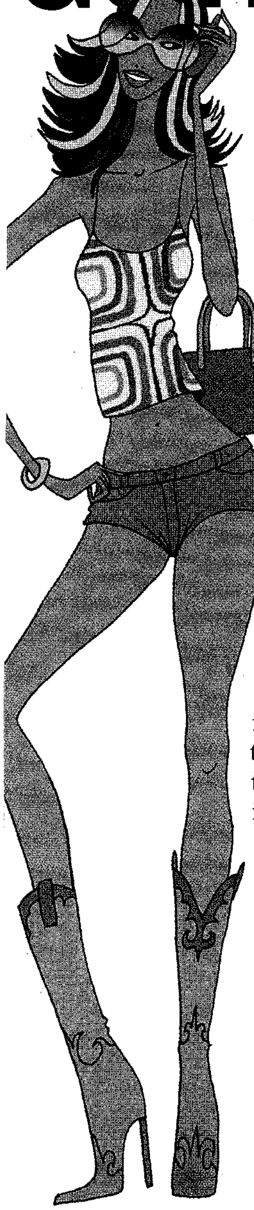
M.R.: He might remind you of your grandson, Senator, but even *your* grandson may not be ready to become junior senator from New York.

A.D.: My grandson? Alfonse Murphy? I tell you, with a name like Alfonse Murphy, he can become governor and president! If only I had Murphy at the end of the Alfonse, I'd be president too!

Al D'Amato is a columnist at George.

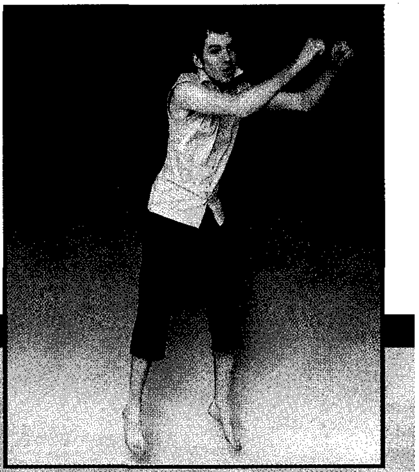
Illustrations by S.B. Whitehead.

GOTHAM STYLE



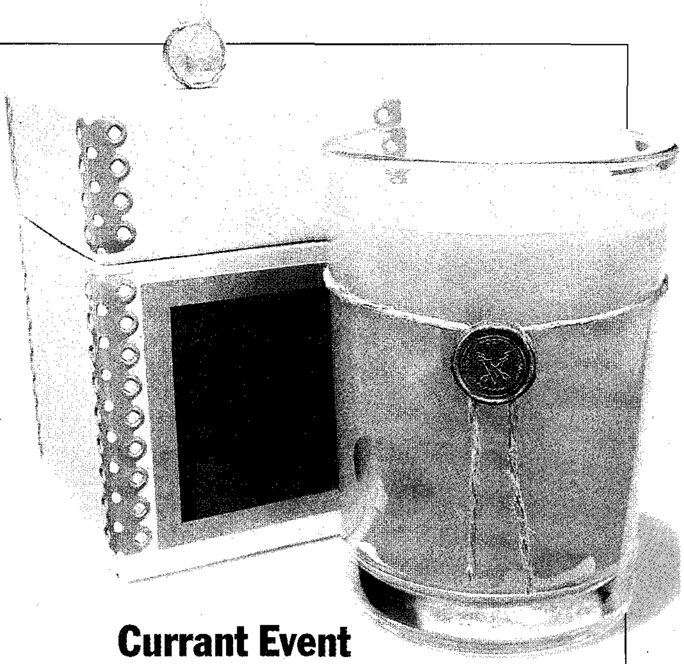
Who Wears Short Shorts?

This summer, sassy, butt-skimming hot pants are quickly becoming staples for the beach *and* the city—at least in certain Zip Codes. "They're great for walking around SoHo or NoLIta, but I can't see them on Madison Avenue," says Stefani Greenfield, whose SoHo store Scoop can't keep Katayone Adeli's sleek denim shorts ($116) in stock. Uptown-style Daisy Dukes require more confidence and a bigger bank account to pull off: Michael Kors's $425 splashy florals, Bottega Veneta's $430 woven denims, or Gucci's $590 logoed hot pants. But judging from brisk sales at the Gap and A|X, the wash-and-wear kind do just fine. How to wear them on city streets without looking like a hooker? "With flip-flops or low sandals," says Greenfield. "*Please* don't wear them with heels." SHYAMA PATEL



TEST DRIVE

"I think you're wearing something I bought at Merry-Go-Round back in '84," says a friend as I step into the 15th Street bar Passerby on a recent Friday night in a Miu Miu sleeveless button-down shirt ($180) and three-quarter-length DKNY pants ($80), modeled here. Stores from Jeffrey to Club Monaco are all pushing this modern-day Huck Finn look for men this summer, but my outfit, plucked from the window at Saks, makes me feel like an overgrown orphan—literally too big for my britches. Two self-conscious hours later, I'm en route to Moomba via Christopher Street, where a gang of leather-clad gentlemen stop their conversation and interpret my bare arms and exposed calves as an invitation to holler. Finally I'm safe inside Moomba. At least until a drunk German fellow points at my duds and snorts, "I am Euro, but *that's* trash!" JOEL FERREE



Currant Event

"I used to buy one a month and burn it occasionally," confesses Anna Kim, co-owner of Hedra Prue. "Now I burn it all day, every day. I have to buy one each week to get my fix." Kim isn't alone: The downtown shop scene's preferred inhalant these days is Votivo's Red Currant candle. Jane Mayle has been lighting up daily in her namesake boutique for the past two years, and TG-170's Terri Gillis is so hooked on the candle she's started selling it in the store. "It has a phenomenal following—people go *crazy* for it," says Laurie McLendon, who traffics in hundreds of candles each month at her stores Shí and Papivore. And at $22 for seven ounces, the candle is a much better deal than that *other* kind of nose candy. DENISE MAHER

Curly Cue

After several seasons of blowing their hair straight, women are rediscovering curly hair à la Olivia Newton-John, and back-teased, hot-rollered manes can be found tumbling over tube tops all over town. If wielding a curling iron every morning seems like too much work, follow your nose to your local salon, where that telltale smell is once again wafting. "The perm is back," says Rebecca Faye, owner of the Hello Beautiful! salon in Williamsburg (218 Bedford Avenue; 718-387-4732), who's given two in the past week—one on pipe cleaners for an extra-tight curl. "It's a white-trash look." Sound a bit *too* permanent? Ogilvie's 7-Day Curls temporary perm washes out after seven days. NANCY MACDONELL SMITH

ıstration by Marc Stüwe. Photographs: clockwise from top, Michael Kraus; Globe Photos; Noah Sheldon.

THE NATIONAL INTEREST LAWRENCE O'DONNELL JR.

Game Theory

It's election halftime. Bush and Gore took their blows in the primaries—now it's time for game-plan adjustments. Here's what they need to hear in the locker room.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARIES OFficially ground to a halt last week in New Jersey, and the national conventions don't begin until the end of July. Think of it as halftime in the campaign—an opportunity for both candidates to assess their strengths and weaknesses, size up their opponent, and settle on an offense and defense that can get them through election day.

So far, the game's been tougher than either the Bush team or the Gore team expected. In the first quarter, Bill Bradley and John McCain each threw big enough scares into the front-runners to knock them off balance. Basically, Bradley tried an end run to Gore's left while McCain pulled the same play against Bush. Bradley scored a few easy points toward the beginning, but Gore's defense shifted left and held its ground. Bush let McCain go, figuring that, on the narrower Republican playing field, he'd run right out of bounds. After an early scare in New Hampshire—and a little extra defense from Bush—the strategy finally worked when McCain condemned Pat Robertson and never found his way back onto the field.

Both Bush and Gore took a few hits, but the primaries made them better candidates. Bush learned to deflect attacks and stay on message. Gore learned to attack the specifics of complicated proposals like the Bradley health-care plan—good practice for ripping into Bush's plan for Social Security. But the second half is going to be a whole new ball game. Here's the chalk talk Bush and Gore need to hear in their locker rooms:

BUSH

1. Don't get cocky about your single-digit lead in the polls. Back in 1980, Jimmy Carter was leading Ronald Reagan by seven points at halftime. In '88, Michael Dukakis was beating your father by nine; in '92, Bill Clinton was running well behind your father *and* Ross Perot. Only the losers looked at the score—the winners kept campaigning.

2. The tax-cut play isn't as simple as it was in your father's day, especially since a majority of voters are now more interested in paying down the debt. So soft-pedal your proposed $1.5 trillion tax cut. Say you'd like a big tax cut—bigger than anything Gore would consider—but don't stay married to that number. You know you really can't increase spending on education and defense, reform Social Security and Medicare, and still deliver the biggest tax cut in history while keeping the budget balanced. So remind everyone that the specifics would have to be worked out with Congress, and if you couldn't cut taxes quite as much as you might want, the amount could be tailored accordingly.

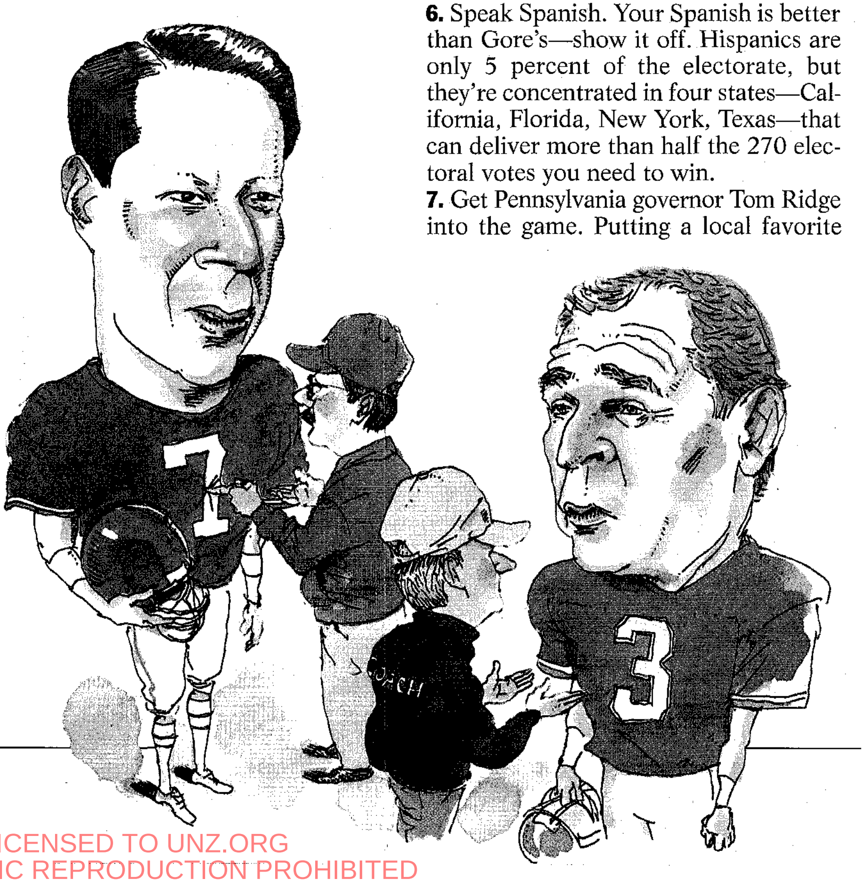
3. Don't let Gore drag you into a skirmish about your proposal to partially privatize Social Security. Just keep repeating how preserving this program for the twenty-first century requires a bold new vision and make a read-my-lips promise not to cut any benefits. Well, maybe don't use those words.

4. When Gore attacks your tax cut by saying it would inevitably cut into Medicare—the same Democratic play that worked so well against Dole in '96—ask him why the Clinton-Gore administration cut Medicare by more than any previous administration. Then have your mother show her Medicare card to Katie Couric and talk about how her son wants to make this great program better.

5. You're not going to win the African-American vote, but don't walk away from it either—that could undercut the credibility of your compassionate-conservative pitch. Visit private schools in African-American neighborhoods and sell your school-voucher program—60 percent of African-Americans support school vouchers. The Democrats own every other idea with that kind of popularity in the African-American community, so vouchers are the only potential wedge issue you have there. And when Al Gore says vouchers will hurt public schools, don't be afraid to get personal: Point out that you're the only candidate in the race whose kids actually attend public school.

6. Speak Spanish. Your Spanish is better than Gore's—show it off. Hispanics are only 5 percent of the electorate, but they're concentrated in four states—California, Florida, New York, Texas—that can deliver more than half the 270 electoral votes you need to win.

7. Get Pennsylvania governor Tom Ridge into the game. Putting a local favorite



onstage at the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia would instantly win you a crucial swing state, as well as generate more favorable media attention than anyone else on the shortlist. Ridge is a Vietnam combat veteran, as well as a Catholic pro-choice tax-cutter. He'll calm Catholic voters who might still be disturbed by your visit to Bob Jones University. And he'll help you pick up voters who skew pro-choice but don't rank the issue as a priority. Don't worry that Pat Buchanan and a couple of other prominent religious right-wingers will attack you—it's exactly the kind of attack that could help you pick up voters in the middle. Plus, Ridge recently announced on Fox News that he'd support your pro-life position if you put him on the ticket. That's going to be good enough for everyone but the extremists, and standing up to the extremists never hurt anyone: Just ask Clinton, who went out of his way to distance himself from Jesse Jackson in '92. And remember that the last pro-choicer to get the No. 2 spot on the Republican ticket was your father. He agreed to support Reagan's pro-life position, and the ticket went on to two consecutive landslide victories.

"Memo to Al Gore: Forget personality— **the only way for you to win this one is on the issues.** *Remember that most voters agree with you on most issues, so you should get the most votes. And keep your eye on California."*

GORE

1. Ignore the national polls—especially the recent ones—that show you cutting into Bush's lead. But watch California. You were supposed to be able to take California's 54 electoral votes for granted, but private Democratic polling shows Bush chopping away at your lead there. That's expensive news. If you have to compete in California—the most expensive media market on the planet—you won't have the money or time to be as competitive as you need to be in the Midwest, where this campaign is going to be decided.

2. Turn to first-term Indiana senator Evan Bayh as your running mate—he can cover you in the Midwest if you're forced to spend more time in California. Before winning his Senate seat with a 29-point margin of victory, Bayh was a budget-balancing, tax-cutting, job-creating Democratic governor of an extremely Republican state. He's got the kind of crossover appeal that you don't.

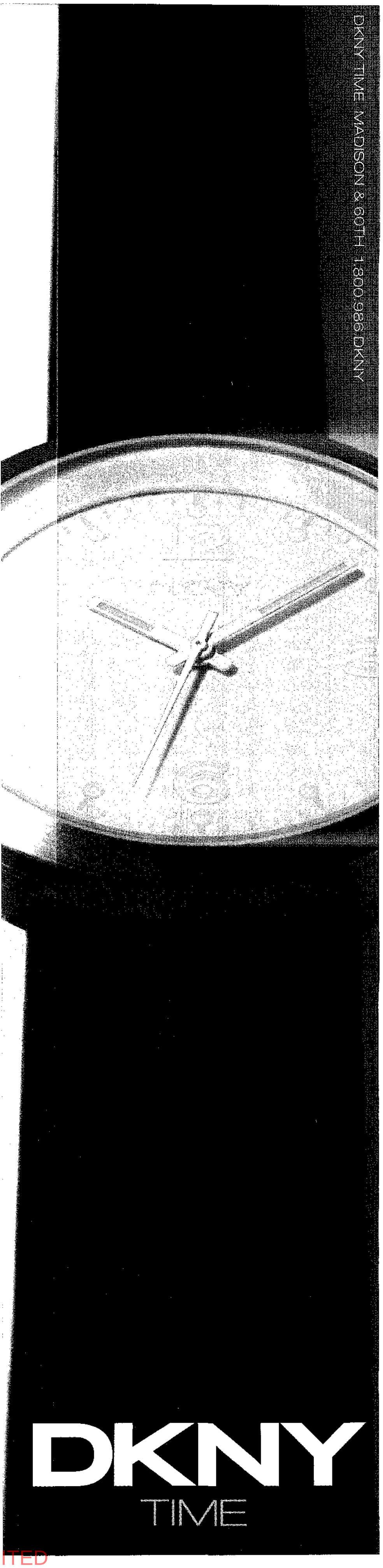
3. Speak Spanish. Bill Clinton won 70 percent of the Hispanic vote last election without being able to say anything in Spanish that he wasn't reading off a menu. Bush will cut into that margin, but you can't let him win this voting bloc. It's big enough—and, more important, concentrated enough—to be the deciding factor in a close election.

4. Don't apologize for launching those soft-money-financed "issue ads" last week in the battleground states, even though you sort of promised you wouldn't. So what if pundits are calling you a weasel. If you want to win, you have to make Bush seem like senior citizens' worst nightmare—a threat to Social Security and Medicare. The issue ads do that better than anything you're going to say in speeches or debates. Sure, it would have been nice if you could have waited for Bush to run issue ads so you could claim he forced you to fight fire with fire. But he didn't, so hold tight and watch the ads do their magic.

5. Don't let Bush run a double reverse around the abortion issue. He's trying to convince pro-lifers he's going to appoint more Antonin Scalias to the Supreme Court and trying to convince pro-choicers he's going to appoint more David Souters. This is an issue where two thirds of the American people agree. Make abortion rights the beginning, middle, and end of every speech. Make your campaign a pro-choice crusade.

6. Don't listen to anyone who wants you to change your personality. It could be better, but it's gotten you pretty far in politics already, and it sure turned out to be better than Bill Bradley's, didn't it? The public has already cast you as what you are: a studious, boring wonk. Even if you hired Letterman's entire writing staff, their material would come in too late to really change anyone's mind. So forget personality—the only way for you to win this one is on the issues. Remember that most voters agree with you on most issues, so you should get the most votes. And keep your eye on California. If Bush manages to close the gap there, you're going to have to call a time-out and come up with a whole new offense. ▬

Illustration by Joe Ciardiello.



MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

Use the Schmooze

Why is Al Gore media-challenged? Could it be that while he was trying to "make a difference," he never learned how to make a sale? The Democrats' pitch problem.

MY FATHER WAS IN THE ADvertising business, and he was a Democrat, which was not all that common a combination in the fifties and sixties, when the ad business was a Connecticut-guy Wasp game. His dual identity gave him, he believed, some special political understanding and usefulness, and, especially during the Johnson/Humphrey/McGovern years, he was often on the phone with Democratic Party regulars trying to make the point (and, no doubt, get business for himself) that, insofar as using television and the mechanics of conveying an appealing and coherent message (show, don't tell), the Democrats didn't know what they were doing. There was, I might have said in my much younger years, a cynical way my father reduced politics to *just* media. Sometimes I doubted he cared all that much about *issues*. I believe I might even have accused my father of trying to *manipulate the public.*

Now we all (except the most self-interested or emotionally troubled among us) look at politics as though we are media advisers. This trend away from issues and ideology, which advanced significantly with the end of the Cold War and the collapse of the right wing, might well be reaching new heights in this campaign, which takes place in the issue-deadening eighth year of the longest economic boom in history.

Accordingly, almost everyone in politics and the media business is now trying to gauge the extent of the Gore problem by analyzing his media failings. Indeed, the overriding theme of the media's analysis of Gore is his failure to be a more able and savvy media player.

The closer? Gore pitches while Chris Lehane waits.

Such an analysis is part psychoanalytic. That is, we keep trying to figure out what in his background keeps him from having a more successfully socialized media persona (withholding parents made him overcompensate with forced sincerity and niceness is the most frequent diagnosis). The analysis also stresses the cognitive elements. We understand that the audience has difficulty in positively identifying with Gore because Gore is unresponsive to the audience itself (*stiff* does not just mean self-conscious; it means you're hiding something—your emotional life, if nothing else). And it is part semiotic. Gore, almost every reporter has noted, is symbolically challenged—he's too literal. He can't shade meaning (as Bush has managed to do neatly with Yale—he's smart because he went to Yale; he's got the common touch because he didn't do very well). And then there is the look-and-feel issue—Gore has been accused of being both too fat and too buff; his clothing has been faulted for its tightness as well as its natural earth tones.

"Gore's basic problem is not that he's wrong about most things or that he's a bad person," writes Andrew Sullivan in *The New Republic* (one of the few journals that still pride themselves on being involved with political issues), but "that he seems to have no gut connection to . . ."

Lois, the mother in the show *Malcolm in the Middle,* represents the Everyman woman with whom Gore must do better. The attenuation of Sullivan's analysis is worth noting: Gore's media character is faulted for its inability to appeal to someone who is only a media character.

Lois, of course, is a successful media creation; Gore is not. Gore fails here, according to Sullivan, because his background is "elitist to the core." Sullivan feels that Gore's advisers should get him to watch *Malcolm in the Middle*—that this could be a transforming political experience for Gore (like Robert Kennedy's trip to Appalachia, perhaps).

While voters approve of Gore's positions, Gail Sheehy also notes in a *Times* Op-Ed, these same voters don't relate to him personally. He's too perfect, she says (that goes back to withholding parents). "The ur-attribute of a successful politician is charm. People look first for a candidate who needs to be loved." Then she deconstructs his labored speaking style (in the South, she says, there is a tradition of courtly oversyllabification).

"Gore is trying to *look* hip," Bob Woodward remarks darkly to Chris Matthews, hinting at scandal and disgrace. And, of course, the public, too—"Al Bore," everyone says—seems quite aware, and unforgiving, that the presentation is faulty.

WHILE THE GORE MEDIA PROBLEM IS SEvere—virtually all polls have Gore losing support in every voter segment, among them suburban women, white men, and

Photograph from AP/Wide World.

all age groups except the elderly—many pundits believe there is a media fix.

That fix is the convention.

This is what the Gore people are saying, too: Don't worry that we've flubbed it so far—the convention will save our butts. It will be the culmination of a summer of soft-dollar ads and the happy launch of the fall's campaign season. It's our fail-safe. (Remember, they say: Dukakis was ahead of Bush in '88 until the Republican convention.)

Political conventions have been, of course, the zenith not only of politics but of media for most of the past half-century. Because news organizations have traditionally focused top talent, unlimited resources, and prime-time exposure on political conventions, you could be guaranteed that the convention would be a major P.R. coup if it were properly staged and a black mark if it weren't (e.g., Bush's public wrestling with Buchanan in 1992).

Anyway, it will be at the convention, the analysis goes, that Gore will be able to reverse his negative media momentum by enlarging his media canvas and getting credit for all the positives of this era of unprecedented peace and prosperity (obviously, the pre-nomination film is being produced right now).

In media terms, this is called breaking through the clutter. The convention puts the entire media focus on Gore and on the risks of changing parties in the middle of good times.

Now, I wonder if this is plain wishfulness or actually a faulty media plan (one that a good media planner buying time for a package-goods client wouldn't make).

The networks, which have been losing audience share by significant leaps from convention to convention, have all but gotten out of the convention-coverage business (with some now planning to schedule no more than an hour of prime-time coverage) and turned it over to CNN.

The all-important point is that CNN can't deliver the audience share that the networks, even in their diminished states, can.

What you would have to think about if you were really doing an adequate job of media analysis is the minimum basic rating Gore needs in his key demographic areas. Whether a CNN convention delivers those numbers is the biggest political question of the summer.

IN IMPORTANT WAYS, WE HAVE MOVED PAST *Wag the Dog.* Commentators are not saying that the political system is suspect because politicians use the media to manipulate the electorate cynically. Rather, what we are saying is that we are pretty unimpressed with a politician who can't manipulate us with any fluency.

Even Bush, who, you might think, has done a painfully obvious job of first going right (Bob Jones, etc.) and then doubling back in full view to insist he's just an easygoing centrist, gets a lot of praise for being able to execute. (Flip-flops are bad in and of themselves, but good if they are seen as part of a conscious flip-flop strategy.)

In media terms, execution is everything. We in the media recognize, perhaps above all else, how difficult it is to execute a disciplined media strategy. To stay on message, as the Clinton people used to say. It's a detail thing (after all, you're spending $100 million, which produces a lot of details).

On the most basic level, for instance, a campaign puts out a mountain of verbiage. Press releases, white papers, and, this year, a torrent of e-mail. Most of this stuff is vacuous and ill-written. Covering a campaign, you live in a web not of deceit but of imprecision, obtuseness, bad sentence structure. "What does this mean?" are the words most frequently uttered on a campaign plane—and not what's the importance of this press release, but what is its actual linguistic meaning. Anyway, if your verbal clarity level is a little higher than the other guy's, that's a plus. (The "Keep it simple, stupid" rule would seem to favor Bush.)

> *"Certainly if you come out of government (with a do-gooder chip on your shoulder), which is where most people on the Democratic side tend to come from, you won't have had much exposure to* **the joys and rewards of salesmanship.***"*

Failing that, a campaign needs professional explainers—pitchmen who can whisper the real meaning. In a finely tuned campaign, the top several tiers of campaign operatives should be spending the bulk of their time on the phone or next to you on the seat taking you into their confidence. (The Bush spinners spent the primaries telling reporters, *We're sucking up to the religious right, but we're just faking.*)

At this level of detail, and of personal interaction, the Gore people are, in my experience, particularly lame.

Chris Lehane, the communications director, for instance, is a prickly, glowering, no-eye-contact, go-away-come-back-another-time kind of guy. The message is clear: charmlessness, an inability to connect, and an inchoate sense of not wanting to be here, which is, of course, what we infer about Gore.

Plus, the Gore people don't return phone calls.

I HAVE FOUND MYSELF, LIKE MY FATHER BEfore me, suggesting to Democratic Party people and big contributors that there could be a management deficiency here. Interestingly, honorably perhaps, they act like this is *just* a media problem. Whereas on the issues, they are rock-solid, so not to worry.

Indeed, more and more, as I follow the Gore campaign and its inability to court the most basic positive press, I think my father was onto something. The Democrats may really not know how do to this. Aside from the obvious exceptions, Kennedy and Clinton, executing a successful media strategy may well be, more naturally, a Republican thing.

Certainly if you come out of government and politics and public-sector stuff (with a do-gooder chip on your shoulder), which is where most people on the Democratic side tend to come from, you won't have had much exposure to the joys and rewards of salesmanship.

Indeed, Gore can't schmooze. Neither can his organization.

Now, these schmooze skills are sometimes instinctive. Clinton's were, obviously. James Carville's, too. And such instinctiveness is probably hard to beat. But on a level playing field, schmooze skills are a learned, corporate sort of thing. They're about going to lunch, returning calls, touching base. Selling, selling, selling, even in the phoniest, most smarmy kind of way, is what works—it's what gets people to do, on a greater-than-average basis, what you want them to do. You've got to know that this is just the kind of stuff Bush was doing with his baseball team.

I don't know if there's a fix here for Gore. But my father always thought he could have gotten Adlai Stevenson elected. ■

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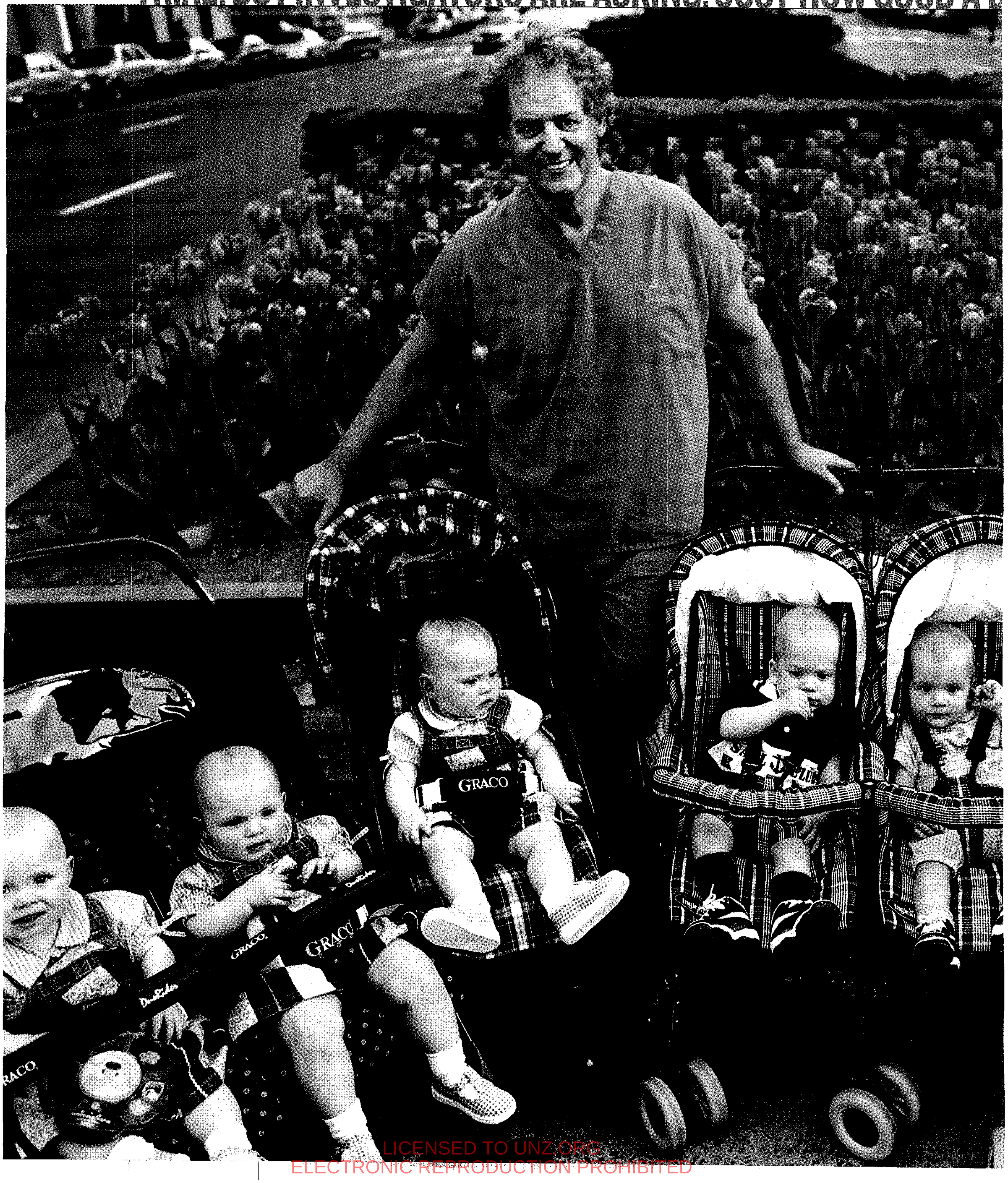
The OB-GYN Who Lo

DR. NIELS LAUERSEN IS SO CHARISMATIC THAT PATIENTS FL
TRIAL. BUT INVESTIGATORS ARE ASKING: JUST HOW GOOD A D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TO HIS INSURANCE-FRAUD
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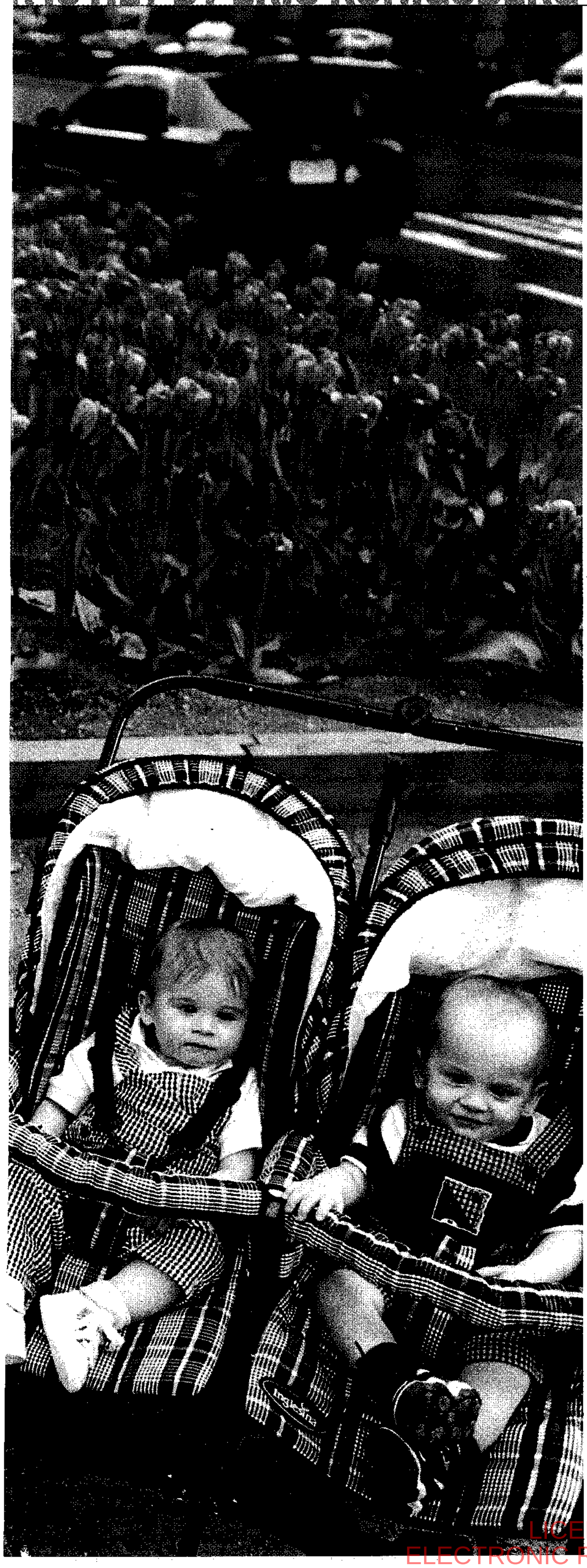


AS A LITTLE BOY GROWING UP IN DENMARK, Niels Lauersen loved to dig tunnels in the ground. And while his older brother, who liked to build things with his Erector set, went on to a career as an architect, Lauersen came to New York and made a career as an obstetrician-gynecologist. • "Always in my life, there were the tunnels," Lauersen says. "I would reach all the way in there and pretend I was rescuing people. It was in me from the start." • Today, at 63 (or is it 60, as Lauersen sometimes says? Age, he will tell you, "is a mental thing"), Lauersen is one of the best-known and busiest OB-GYNs in New York. In his office on Park Avenue at 74th Street, he sees as many as 100 patients a day. He is the author of eleven books on women's health, including *It's Your Body, It's Your Pregnancy; Getting Pregnant; Listen to Your Body;* and *PMS: Premenstrual Syndrome and You.* He is not averse to TV ops, appearing regularly, for example, on programs hosted by Geraldo Rivera, who named him "the Dyno Gyno." (Geraldo's wife is a patient of Lauersen's.) • Perhaps because New York is so heavily endowed with glamour industries and has so many rich people, doctors here tend (with the exception of plastic surgeons) to inhabit the silent upper middle class. But Lauersen's name appears in gossip columns, and within the medical community he has a reputation for having built "a models' practice," as one lawyer who has represented Lauersen puts it, "a high-strung, young, rich, good-looking clientele." His patients come from all sorts of socioeconomic backgrounds, but he is best-known as someone who cares for—and in some cases dates—Upper East Side matrons and women in the entertainment business. Liv Ullman is a former girlfriend and a patient; Denise Rich—

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARK ARBEIT

songwriter, Democratic Party fund-raiser, and ex-wife of the billionaire fugitive Marc Rich—was Lauersen's girlfriend for eight years. Celine Dion has consulted with Dr. Lauersen. When he was in his thirties, he was married briefly to the heiress Rebekah Harkness, a woman twenty years his senior.

"I like women," Lauersen says. "I've had a few nice girlfriends, a few wonderful people. All women are beautiful, you know? I've had a few models—that comes with the territory."

Dating models comes with a career as an OB-GYN?

"I mean, I don't date patients, but a lot of my patients are wonderful and beautiful. Women are more fascinating than men—physically and psychologically."

There was a time, back in his residency days, when the sound of Lauersen's clogs hitting the floor would send the nurses in the gynecology wing into giddy excitement. "They'd tell each other, 'Here he comes, that handsome Dr. Lauersen,' " says Ronnie Verebay, a receptionist in his office. "They'd primp and preen." But Lauersen has let his midsection go thick and his ringlets have lost their spring. They've also lost their blondness—he seems to have fought nature by dyeing them a shade of orange reminiscent of Johnny Rotten's.

The past few years have not been easy on Niels Lauersen, seductive though he may still be. A federal investigation that began in 1997 led to a 23-count indictment, primarily over insurance fraud. Lauersen's trial, which took place over seven weeks from January to March of this year, ended with a hung jury, but a retrial is scheduled to start August 9. In question is whether Lauersen defrauded insurance companies of $5 million over ten years by receiving reimbursement for infertility treatments (for which the patients were not covered), billing them as gynecological procedures (for which the patients were).

Throughout his trial, the courtroom was overrun with dozens of women, Lauersen patients who had come to stand by him in his hour of need. "Once you've known Dr. Lauersen, you could never let him sit here by himself," said an older patient who didn't want to give her name. "He's a genius when it comes to women. If there's a part of a woman that's medically known, he's the expert on it."

"I connect with my patients," Lauersen says. "You connect with a woman when you are getting her pregnant. Maybe I connect better than other gynecologists."

Perhaps. But while the Feds were investigating his insurance claims, the New York State Department of Health was conducting its own investigation of Lauersen's care of eight patients. On February 25, Lauersen was found guilty of "practicing with negligence on more than one occasion" (most of this having to do with poor record-keeping), placing his license on two years' probation. And the state has a separate investigation under way involving quality of care that could have even more dire results.

Lauersen has recently faced a string of malpractice cases. In late 1998, two juries in separate cases handed down awards of $1.8 million and $375,000 over improperly handled deliveries. In both, it was alleged he used excessive traction, resulting in nerve-root injury to the infant's brachial plexus (in the shoulders) and partial paralysis of the arm.

One night while the second of these trials was going on, Lauersen had another catastrophic delivery at Lenox Hill, allegedly fracturing the baby's skull with a forceps; the baby was born in cardiac arrest, with risk of permanent brain damage. Lauersen's admitting privileges at the hospital were suspended as a result of this incident, says a Lenox Hill source, and he resigned.

Photographs: left to right, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; Ron Galella; Finn Fons/Liaison Agency.

Lauersen is a rainmaker, however, and last year he managed to get a new appointment at St. Vincents. "Dozens of my important friends"—including, he says, John Kennedy Jr.—"wrote letters" to help him get the appointment.

These are serious times for the Dyno Gyno of Park Avenue, but Lauersen thinks the only threats to his career are those that can dent his notion of his own decency. "I'm a good person, you know?" he said when we first met.

Lauersen said this with captivating, wide-eyed sincerity. But his considerable charisma is lost on many of his fellow doctors, who—always off the record—are dismissive of the quality of his care. Colleagues at hospitals he's left—he also worked at New York Hospital and Mount Sinai—describe him as "flaky" and "detached." "I thought of him as just a jet-set kind of guy, an unpredictable doctor," says one. "He was just not the kind of person I would feel comfortable sending a patient to."

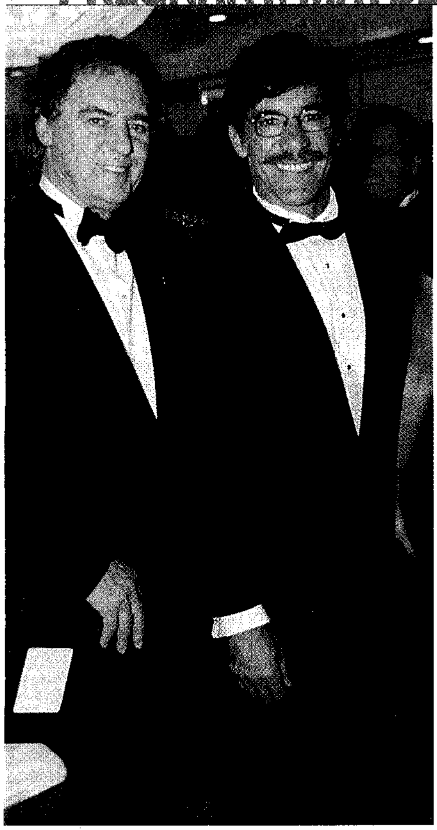
But as evidence of his medical excellence, Lauersen points to his legions of devoted patients. "Some of them even brought their babies to the trial, and that judge made them leave," Lauersen observes. "People come to me when they can't get pregnant, and I help them. I'm a fertility guru. Because what could be better than giving people babies?"

LAUERSEN'S HOLD ON HIS PATIENTS WAS in evidence from the outset of his federal trial. Women filled the benches and clogged the marble foyer outside the elevator bank, 30, 40, 50 of them a day. There were women in the cafeteria and women in the hall. Beautiful women and homely women;

women in serge and women in sweats; women who had a day off from work and women who had their life off from work. Some brought husbands. Some brought babies. Some brought pictures of Lauersen holding their babies.

The Danish former model and modeling agent Bonnie Haydon, elegant and well preserved, hit some kind of perfecta as a patient, an old friend, someone whose husband has been Lauersen's lawyer, someone who sent her daughters to Lauersen, and someone whose grandchild Lauersen had delivered.

“YOU CONNECT **with a woman** WHEN YOU'RE GETTING HER PREGNANT. MAYBE I CONNECT BETTER THAN OTHER OB-GYNS.”



THE OPERATOR Left to right, with former girlfriend Denise Rich at the Met's Costume Gala in 1997; Rebekah Harkness receiving an award in 1974, the year she married Lauersen; with Geraldo Rivera.

An Israeli mother of twin 21-month-old boys happened to discover Lauersen on TV after six gynecologists had misdiagnosed her endometriosis. “He brought me so much joy,” she said. “Such an extraordinary man. I had a C-section and a problem with the anesthetic. He said, ‘Just put your head on my shoulder—it'll be okay.’ I saw his face when I delivered, and he was beaming. Then at two in the morning, he brought me a ham-and-cheese sandwich.”

Abbe Aronson, a Greenwich Village mother, told her husband that morning that if Lauersen should lose his license, she was not having any more children: “It would be unthinkable to have a kid with another doctor.” She spoke of him the way a fan would a rock star. “He's very busy, but once you're pregnant, you're let into his inner circle.” She liked that he made the doctor-patient relationship “so personal. For example, I went when I was just out of college, and he said, ‘It's time for you to go off the Pill.’ I wasn't even married. He said your body has to get ready. A few years later, he told me, ‘Now it's time. Get pregnant while it's easy, and everything else will fall into place.’ ”

Paulina, a Russian Jewish mother from Brighton Beach, had had quadruplets the preceding June, four boys, and after three, she'd run out of names. “So I named the fourth Niels.”

At the trial, the women made friends, forming car pools and taking turns babysitting. They all said they had just decided to come, but the truth is that Lauersen's friend and aide de camp Stuart Matelsky had launched a full-scale phone-athon to drum up courtroom attendance. (Stuart's wife is another patient who credits Lauersen with saving her life and with enabling her to get pregnant where other doctors had failed.)

There was something almost reverent in the way the women rose from the benches en masse when Lauersen came near, walking that pigeon-toed walk in his low-vamped loafers. How they kept form patiently when he walked by with a box of chocolates and distributed candy right in their mouths. The proprietary tone one of them took in pointing out what a jalopy of an Audi he drives now that he's no longer carted around in Denise Rich's limo.

The government's star witness was Dr. Neil Ratner, Lauersen's former anesthesiologist, who testified to a deliberate office policy of falsifying insurance forms. The prosecution knew Ratner would be a shaky witness, so the attorneys started the questioning by having him admit to dodging the draft, to being unable to get into an American med school, to dealing drugs, and to being “pretty stoned a lot of the time I was giving anesthesia,” once accidentally injecting himself with a paralyzing agent on the job. But to Lauersen, Ratner was like a patient, a person he could make well. “I took Ratner when nobody else would,” he says. “I made him a good person.”

Lauersen estimates that 10 percent of his practice comes from infertility cases. The prosecution brought forth five such patients in attempting to prove a pattern of insurance fraud. In addition, prosecutors charged Lauersen with mail fraud and witness tampering. The alleged tampering involved telling a patient who'd phoned to say she'd been subpoenaed to “just tell the truth,” according to her testimony, after which Lauersen informed her of a prior diagnosis that was news to her. She said he added that she might remember her records were destroyed in an office flood (she didn't remember).

Lauersen's defense claimed he could treat infertility at no cost to the insurer, by way of a dual procedure: Gynecological work—removing a cyst from a woman's uterus, say—made it possible to administer fertility treatments at the same time. This would make for no extra session, as she was already on the table, and no extra fee. The government alleged the cysts were merely a front, that they needn't have been removed. Certainly there were some curious, if apparently inconclusive, patterns in Lauersen's practice: the abnormally high volume of cyst removals and dilation-and-curettage cases (an increasingly outdated procedure done to test for cancer in the cervix or uterus) he billed for that might have been a front for fertility treatments. For example, Lauersen billed Blue Cross–Blue Shield for 356 cyst removals over a seven-year period. His closest competitor had only 41.

The patients who testified against Lauersen all seemed to be there against their will. When Benay DiGia, whose infertility treatments the government tried to show had been illegally reimbursed, was asked what Lauersen specializes in, she answered, “Kindness, compassion.”

Later, during a recess, Lauersen put his arm around one of his lawyers, a 28-year-old Paul, Weiss associate named Danya Perry. “When am I going to get you pregnant?” Lauersen said. Then he nodded toward another man at the defense table. “Your eggs, his sperm.”

“Jesus, Niels,” she said.

LATE MOST NIGHTS, LAUERSEN DROPS IN on his friend Peter Lusk, a hedge-fund manager who lives just off Fifth Avenue. One such night, Lusk, a strapping man with a white beard, opened the door in pajamas, an undershirt, and bare feet. Lusk and his fiancée, Jeanne-Marie Fribourg, have endowed their place with a classic second- or third-marriage feel, with large public-entertaining rooms and beautiful things (Fortuny upholsteries, Scalamandré draperies, Picassos, Chagalls, Matisses, Dufys) but little to signify its inhabitants, save Fribourg's old modeling photographs, Steiff animals in their bedroom, and a nude photo of her teenage stepdaughter.

"HE JUST TRIED TO DO **too much.** HE'S A BRILLIANT, DECENT GUY, AND HE COULDN'T SAY NO," SAYS A COLLEAGUE.

"When I met Niels, I was living in Boston and married to a prominent Brahmin, a really prominent Brahmin," Fribourg said. "How many women do you know whose gynecologist offers, when she gets divorced and moves to New York, to loan her money, to vouch for her to a co-op board, to help her find work? Then, when I came down with breast cancer, he got me in with the right doctor."

Lusk helped pay for Lauersen's legal-defense team, headed at the time by Ted Wells, a hot-rod litigator who recently moved from a firm in New Jersey to take a partnership at Paul, Weiss. "He really has the ability to talk to the jurors in their language," Lusk said.

Fribourg set out crackers and a Stilton, and Lusk went on. "This is a case that started with the insurance companies, and they and the government are basically on a witch hunt."

Lauersen said, "I just, you know. We'll see. But I can't . . . know why she is doing this to me. I don't know if Mary Jo White"—the U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York—"has children. Maybe she had a problem with it, you know? Maybe she's just too ugly."

"This assistant U.S. Attorney who's prosecuting the case, this Christine Chung, she really seems to have something personal against Niels," Lusk said. "Do you see the way she looks at him?" He narrowed his eyes.

"She looks like a snake," Lauersen said. "She just, you know, like this." He narrowed his eyes, too, then thrust his neck forward.

"Well, I'll tell you, I have watched her through this trial and I have not been impressed," Lusk said. "She's no Gerry Spence. She's not even the Korean Gerry Spence."

Fribourg lifted her glass. "To Niels, the kindest person I think I know. Together we will get through this."

"Hey," Lauersen said. "I had Foxy Brown in my office today."

LAUERSEN CAME TO NEW YORK HOSPITAL TO begin a surgery residency at Cornell Medical Center in 1967. Dr. Fritz Fuchs, the new chairman of OB-GYN, was from the University of Copenhagen and had brought Lauersen over. "My life wasn't your typical resident's life," Lauersen says. "I made a lot of European friends, non-doctors. Nightclubs, parties, you know."

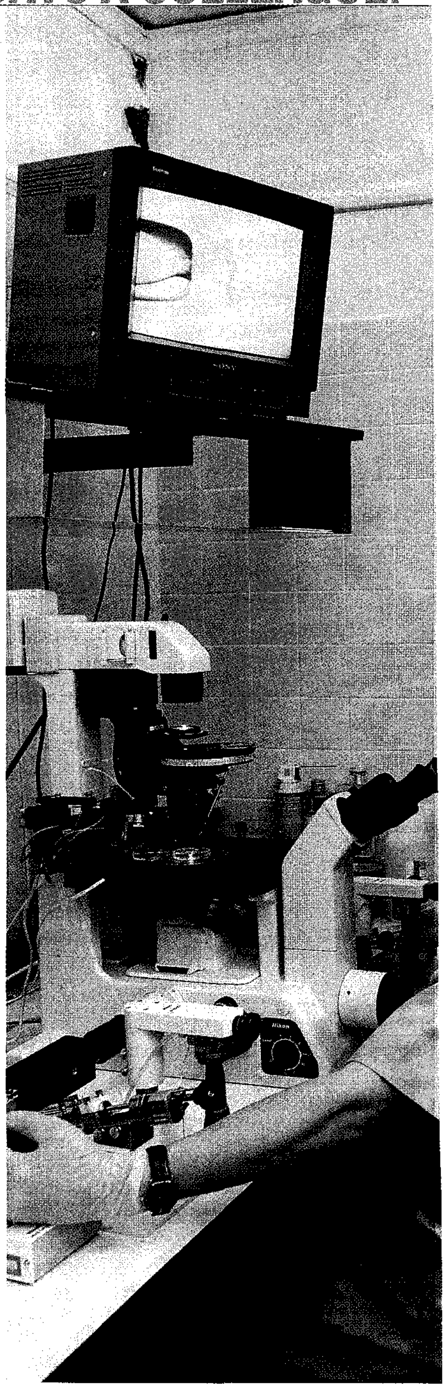
In 1973, at 36 and with his grad-student days not far behind him, Lauersen married 58-year-old Rebekah Harkness, widow to William Hale Harkness, of the Harkness philanthropic dynasty. "I was set up with her daughter, Terry," Lauersen says. "But that didn't work out. There wasn't any chemistry."

Harkness had been a sponsor of the Joffrey Ballet and later started her own ballet company. Over the course of her life, she married four times, battled drug and alcohol dependencies, kept a penthouse in the Westbury Hotel, had Salvador Dalí paint a portrait of one of her daughters, dyed the chocolate mousse she served at parties blue because she didn't care for the color brown, and by the end expended the bulk of her estimated $75 million (in those days, a lot of money). "She was under so much pressure—friends, staff, lawyers, choreographers, her daughters, everyone pulling her different ways. She thought I could help her. I thought I could help her."

They made a home at the Harkness estate at Sneden's Landing, on the Hudson River. "It had ghosts," Lauersen says. It also had 30-foot ceilings and a fireplace that had belonged to William Randolph Hearst. Harkness always said, "Well, it's not home, but it's much." Lauersen's friend Emily Altman, who visited with her husband, remembers five servants' watching the two couples eat dinner. "You rang a bell when you wanted the salt. The whole thing was bizarre—young, naïve Niels and this grande dame society matron. She had him wear a black-and-shocking-pink cut-velvet tuxedo jacket."

"All in all, a few years maybe, I don't remember how long we were married," Lauersen says. (They divorced in 1976.) "But I helped convince her to give the Harkness Pavilion to New York Hospital." Actually, it was begun in 1966, before he met Harkness.

He has never remarried. "Niels—he's



I AM THE EGG MAN Lauersen monitoring a fertility procedure. "The government is accusing me of being Robin Hood," he says, smiling.

Photograph by Mark Arbeit.

ust not a one-woman kind of man," says he artist Lale Djuric, a friend. "Do you know how many women Niels has shown up with at parties over the years? Guess. No, don't guess—I tell you. Hundreds. One thousand. Something like that." Lauersen says he might like to have children some day. But Eileen Stukane, his co-author on several books, says, "He finds birthing babies very gratifying, but 'm not sure he would like the process of aising one. He likes handing a woman a healthy baby and moving on."

Lauersen and Denise Rich stayed together for eight years. A friend of theirs says Rich cooled on the relationship when the legal problems surfaced. "She had been humiliated already by her husband's financial scandal, and she couldn't take any more of this."

Lauersen says it was his compassion for "beautiful women" that drew him to elements of gynecology that figure prominently in his books: "If a beautiful woman came into the emergency room with endometriosis, everyone assumed she had VD. My colleagues put women down."

TO NIELS LAUERSEN, JUST AS TO WARren Beatty's hairdresser character in *Shampoo,* women are both vocation and avocation. Just as when Beatty makes a house call to Julie Christie she greets him in a robe and has him blow-dry her hair in the bathroom, Lauersen's work involves an intimacy few men ever see. His conversation skills aren't immediately apparent, what with the heavy accent, a big case of the mumbles, and a nonlinear quality to most of his utterances. ("Sometimes, I don't think he wants to be understood at all," one former girlfriend says. "It's like a shield, his way of maintaining a little private space.") Instead, Lauersen gets himself into his patients' personal space. He phones in the middle of the night to see if they're all right, lets them come see him as often as they like (often, they say, without billing). In his world, the OB-GYN is a chivalrous hero. And in his world, it takes three to make a baby. "With a couple, you have to find out what the problem is between them," he says. "I let the woman complain, just listen. I calm the husband down, make sure he helps her. I form two different bonds with each of them. Then all of us, we make magic."

Actually, in one of the most spectacular cases against Lauersen, a patient accused him of trying to impregnate her *literally.* In 1994, a former girlfriend named Ann Klendshoj sued Lauersen for malpractice, claiming he had coerced her into two pregnancies, "to act as his sperm depository in order to see whether [Lauersen] could father a child." He had lent her money and rented her an apartment in Trump Tower. "This woman, she wanted to marry me," Lauersen says. "She knew I was with Denise, and she got angry." The case was eventually dropped.

Then there was Kimberly Alvarez, another patient. She, too, sued Lauersen, for a rape she said took place in the Park Avenue apartment next to his that he kept for patients from out of town. Lauersen settled last September, for a reported $110,000. "I thought it was a copycat thing," he says. "I was so stupid, stupid, stupid, for letting her stay in that apartment. I've got to be more careful; there are so many crazies, you know? It's just one of those things, because I'm nice to women, nice to people. Like I would need to go out and rape someone? There are women out there. I could go and get a date. I mean, I had a date. I was with Denise that night. This woman wasn't like the Klendshoj case—that was a beautiful woman. Usually, that happens to sports people. Not so often with a gynecologist."

The circumstances in the cases are murky, and he denies the charges in both. The second patient had a history of multiple-personality disorder, and though the Manhattan district attorney's office investigated the case, no criminal charges were brought.

Emily Altman has a fairly benign explanation for all of this. "Women fall in love with him, and it can be a curse," she says. "I think sometimes he promises stuff he shouldn't have in the heat of the moment. It's a boyish thing to do. Now he's 63, and he's still doing it."

THE MALPRACTICE SUITS ARE MORE TROUbling. Of all medical specialties, OB-GYNs and neurosurgeons run the highest risk of malpractice claims. That said, Lauersen's tally is difficult to ignore: An examination of court records shows at least 26 such claims. By comparison, the average OB-GYN is sued for malpractice four times over the course of a career, according to a 1999 Medical Economics Research Services survey. (It should be noted that this was a self-selective study.)

Still to come is a suit accusing Lauersen of performing so many unnecessary surgeries on a patient's uterus that it had to be removed, as well as a new "traumatic forceps delivery" charge, and others. (Juries have ruled in Lauersen's favor in a number of malpractice cases.)

"He had half a dozen cases going on against him when I tried my case," says Alvin Broome, a lawyer who in 1998 won a malpractice judgment against Lauersen (over a delivery). "He would have to have been a magician not to, given the number of babies he delivers in a year, in my opinion. I think this guy was stressed." A surgery-department chair at a hospital where Lauersen worked thinks this was the root of his problems: "He just tried to do too much. He's a brilliant, decent guy, and he couldn't say no. As my grandmother used to say, 'If he were a woman, he'd be pregnant all the time.' "

Lauersen has insurance in an assigned-risk pool with the Medical Malpractice Insurance Association, meaning no single insurance company is alone responsible for him. The typical OB-GYN in New York might spend around $80,000 to $100,000 a year on health insurance. With MMIA's rates and his record, Lauersen could be paying twice that.

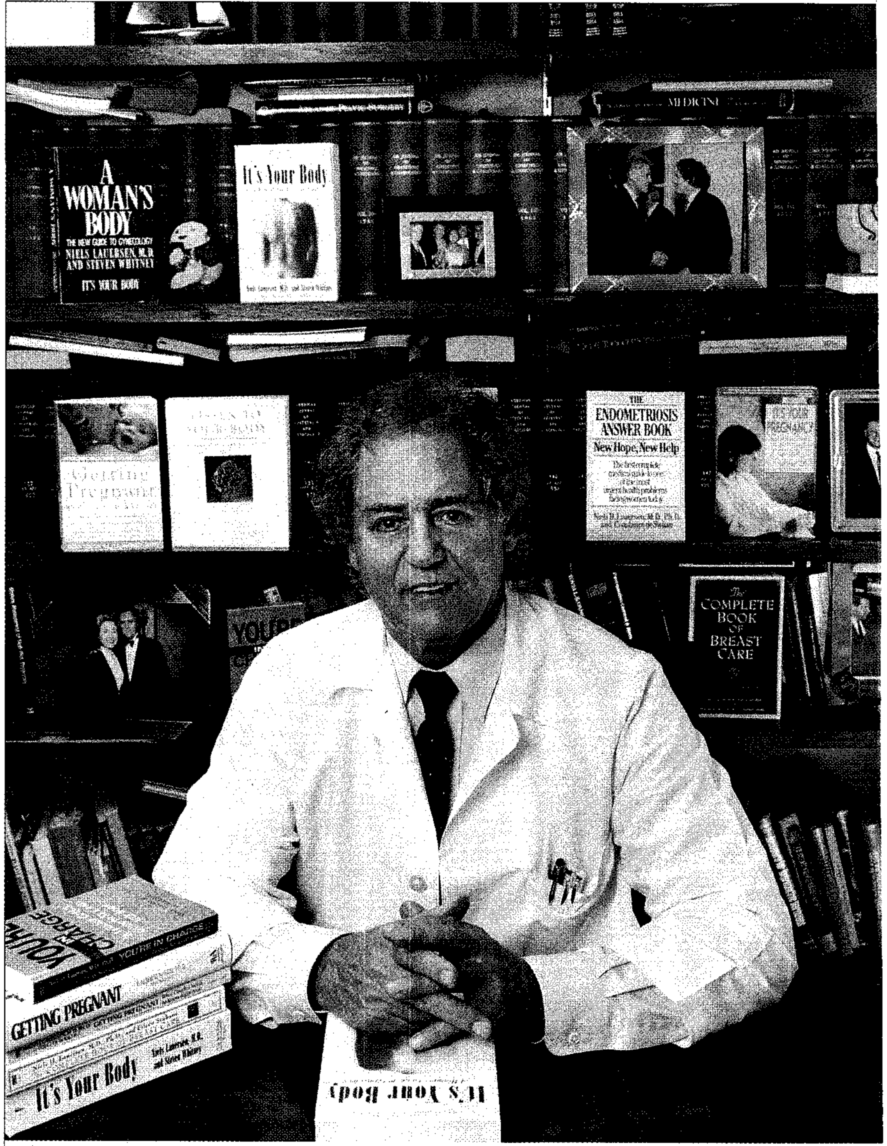
Dr. Warner Nash, an OB-GYN semi-retired from Lenox Hill, has scrubbed with Lauersen over the past fifteen years and is generally supportive of his friend, though he thinks his ego hasn't helped. "He's very dedicated to his patients, but I don't always agree with his medical decisions and his treatments. He's off on his own, doing procedures others do in hospitals—laparoscopies, cystectomies. Not many OB-GYNs have an in-house anesthesiologist. He likes that it's less supervised, that he doesn't have to have someone looking over his neck."

Indeed, Lauersen is dismissive of the malpractice suits. "I guess that's the price of being where I am," he says. "But you know what? I'm busier than ever. I'm still delivering babies."

Of the forceps case that led to his ouster from Lenox Hill—and also got him taken off Oxford Health Plan's list of approved providers—Lauersen says, "It was a nonevent that shouldn't have happened. They had a new head of the department at the hospital"—Dr. Michael Divon—"and he was resentful of all the business I brought in. The interns didn't come down to help me. The hospital had been refusing to let the residents help me for a long time. I deliver one baby a day. I know how to do this." (The other version of this, says a colleague, is that Lauersen refused to work with residents. Dr. Divon didn't return calls to his office.)

Lauersen says the two previous resignations—from New York Hospital in 1979 and Mount Sinai in 1984—were his choice. Few doctors will speak openly about Lauersen's record. "I'll just say that all the things occurred after I left," Dr. Hugh Barber, the retired head of OB-GYN at Lenox Hill, says. "I had a very strict way of supervising all the attendings. With me, he knew he had to stay in line."

Whatever his problems, Lauersen continues to have something hospitals want. "Unfortunately, medicine's changed so much that cost control is the only issue," says an OB-GYN at New York Hospital, a former colleague of Lauersen's. "Lauersen has these malpractice suits; it's a pattern. But a hospital will take anyone if he can bring in a lot of patients, and Lauersen has a following."


A WOMAN'S BODY
THE NEW GUIDE TO GYNECOLOGY
NIELS LAUERSEN, M.D. AND STEVEN WHITNEY
IT'S YOUR BODY
It's Your Body
THE ENDOMETRIOSIS ANSWER BOOK
New Hope, New Help
The COMPLETE BOOK OF BREAST CARE
Getting Pregnant
YOU'RE IN CHARGE
GETTING PREGNANT
It's Your Body

SHOWMAN **Lauersen in his office (surrounded by his books), where he's received celebrities like Celine Dion and Foxy Brown.**

Photograph by Mark Arbeit.

DELIBERATIONS IN THE FRAUD CASE were held up half a day when a woman who had been in the gallery approached three jurors outside the courthouse and said, "He's a good doctor." She turned out to be one Vivian Fan, of Bayside, Queens, a patient of Lauersen's who didn't seem to realize she'd done anything wrong when she showed up the next day; the judge, William Pauley, banished her for the duration of the trial. (Though his tone was less severe than with the patient who blew Lauersen a kiss; he instructed her to stand up, declaring that he wasn't sure where she'd learned such behavior—acting school, perhaps—but it wasn't tolerated in his courtroom.)

On the fourth day without a verdict, the jury asked to review prosecution evidence, and Lauersen seemed doomed.

"Oh, my God, the jurors, they've gone backwards," he said as he headed toward a conference room for lunch with his lawyers. His hands trembled. "I would lose my practice. I could go to jail. It's not fair to all these women."

Lale Djuric entered and made himself a plate of food. "Is like a chess match," he said. "Twelve people, twelve minds." Lauersen offered him some chocolates.

The lawyers discussed Christine Chung. Her spirits seemed very high today. Still in her thirties, she has the typical young-and-hungry profile of a government crime-fighter. She has already trie several big cases, most notably a prosecution of Don King.

"Don King, I know him," Djuric said "I would love to see Snake against him."

Lauersen perked up. "You know Do King?"

Ted Wells rolled his eyes.

"I should have had Geraldo testify, Lauersen said. "Liv Ullman said sh would do it, too."

Silence.

Lauersen said, "One of my patients i an astrologer. I'll ask her to do the voodoo with the chicken blood." He laughed.

Wells stared at his can of soda. "I've been waking up every night at 3 A.M.," he said. "You ever watch the Weather Channel for three hours straight?"

Lauersen said, "All the women who testified, they all said I'm a good person."

OF HIS TROUBLES, LAUERSEN SAYS, "I GUESS THAT'S THE PRICE FOR BEING WHERE I AM. BUT YOU KNOW? I'm busier than ever."

THERE ARE CURRENTLY THIRTEEN STATES IN America with some sort of mandate that insurance companies cover infertility. In New York, such legislation may be close to resolution by year's end. In 1998, the United States Supreme Court ruled that reproduction constitutes a "major life activity"; a woman who is medically unable to reproduce falls under coverage by the Americans With Disabilities Act.

Infertility affects one out of every six couples. But, says Pamela Madsen, director of the American Infertility Association, only 20 percent of them go on to seek treatment, "because access is so dear." High-tech therapies start at $5,000 to $12,000 per treatment cycle. A study published in *Fertility and Sterility* found that in Massachusetts, which promises comprehensive coverage, insurance companies have had to pass on a monthly rate hike of only $1.71 on average.

There are more than 30 in vitro–fertilization programs around New York. Several cutting-edge infertility centers, such as Cornell's, NYU's, and St. Barnabas in New Jersey, have conception rates among the highest in the world. By comparison, says a leading advocate of women's health-care issues, "Niels doesn't have the resources to really compete. He has a very middle-of-the-pack operation. He's not a star in the infertility community. He takes people who can't get in elsewhere. His business has some high-profile patients, but that's via his high-profile girlfriends. I would send a patient to him, but that would depend on the patient."

Although his defense hinges on the line that Lauersen did not perform infertility treatments at the expense of unwitting insurance companies, there's a steady undercurrent to it that says, *So what if he did?* "The government's calling me Robin Hood, robbing from insurers and giving to my patients," Lauersen says, smiling at the characterization. "Insurance companies should be paying for these women."

Wells says, "Even if he did what they say he did, why is it criminal? They shouldn't be putting a man away for that."

In October, the *Archives of Internal Medicine* published a poll of 169 doctors, in which 57 percent said they would deceive an insurer in order to help patients obtain coverage. But is Lauersen's case that simple? Falsely reporting a surgery would constitute more than a bending of the rules.

"If he did what the government was saying, it's very unusual," Warner Nash says. "But look: Insurance companies have pushed us into the garbage can. I always thought doctors were gods. We loved caring for our patients. Now we are forced to nickel-and-dime with everyone."

Still, if Lauersen did it, why? He has patients who could have paid for their treatments. And he sees so many patients—rich and poor—without charging. Nobody thinks he needed the money.

"He has a great sense of the importance of what he's doing," Nash says.

LAUERSEN'S INSURANCE-FRAUD TRIAL ended on a Monday, and by noon Tuesday he was back to a full schedule. He starts his typical day at the office between 10 and 11 A.M., usually beginning with surgery, then holding office hours, and then going eventually to Mr. Chow's or Elaine's or an appearance at a dinner party he feels bad for having held up. "I like also to go to after-hours clubs," he says. "And I'm a member of Doubles, the Metropolitan Club. Union Club, well, no, but I'm like a member. I have friends. I can go there anytime. I take the doctors to all these clubs. Most doctors don't know these places. So it's a cultural experience for them that improves their lives."

Lauersen's office is a warrenlike operation behind the lobby of a Park Avenue co-op. In the entryway, there's a bronze plaque of a pregnant woman holding one breast and a drawing of a shaggy nude couple gazing soulfully at each other—it looks very early-edition *Joy of Sex*. One of his consultation rooms has a framed certificate from the International Star Registry in Switzerland declaring him a member, "redesignated" by his star number, and a plaque that says DOCTOR LAUERSEN AT YOU'RE [*sic*] CERVIX. The men's room is full of porno magazines. "So the men—you know, jerking off," he says. "The nurses buy them. Some of the men can't do it without their wives in there. One guy, he needed to lie down. Everyone's little sex things—so fascinating, so funny."

Even with his hours, 100 patients are a lot to squeeze into a day, and by 6 P.M., the office is standing-room-only, with patients getting their blood pressure taken in the hallways. A few weeks ago, as he moved through his appointments, he emerged from an examining room to the expectant stares of a dozen patients. Without breaking stride, Lauersen groped at their hands, one quick squeeze after another, like a candidate reaching over police lines. "You'll get pregnant, you'll get pregnant, you'll get pregnant," he said to each.

Lauersen disappeared for twenty minutes. When he came back out, he said he'd seen "four or five" patients. "I was just with a woman who says I got her pregnant just from vitamins and reading my book," he said. (He is keen on first instructing a woman to eat healthy, to sleep on her left side after sex, to have sex at certain times of the day.) Twenty minutes later, Lauersen was back in the hall to say he'd taken care of another "five or six" women, and a young couple whom he'd left with the advice: "Work during the week, sex on weekends."

Lauersen took a break at his desk for some chocolates he'd been given by a patient, and mentioned that he'd gotten a call from one of the jurors. "She said she thinks she's found a new doctor. She's not like"—he referred to another juror. "That one was such a bitch, you know? The nice one wants to come in to see me this weekend." She just called him out of the blue? "Maybe she called my friend Stuart. He knows some of the jurors."

Stuart, in truth, had been tracking down jurors to see if they had advice for the retrial. Nonetheless, the juror did ask to meet Lauersen—she says she "felt strongly about acquittal and wanted to tell him that"—and in fact appeared taken with his presence. "I got the impression that he was a very childlike and a nice person, paying for a staffer's lawyer, co-signing a mortgage for one."

"I think she was smitten," Matelsky explained.

"She liked me. She thinks I'm a good person," Lauersen said.

Lauersen prepared to go down to St. Vincents for his midnight rounds, with a stop on the tanning salon at the way. "It has not been a good year," he said as he got into his car. "I don't know why people keep doing this to me. Maybe they don't realize that I'm a good person." ■

the fall of the house of Steinberg

Illness, hubris, and market reversals combined to bring down the couple who best epitomized eighties New York. Now Saul and Gayfryd Steinberg are reinventing themselves—as mere millionaires. By Johanna Berkman

ON APRIL 4, SAUL STEINBERG AND his wife, Gayfryd, threw open the mahogany doors of their 17,000-square-foot Park Avenue aerie for the very last time. At noon, 200 students from the New York School of Interior Design began trooping through the cavernous salons and sitting rooms to gape at the Old Master paintings and elaborate antiques—the British rococo chairs and ormolu tables, the Chinese armorial porcelain—that were all soon to be sold. • Later that evening, once the students had dispersed, the Steinbergs descended from their bedroom to host a cocktail party for 150, a tribute to their late friend and decorator Mark Hampton. By Steinberg standards, it was a rather spartan affair, featuring just canapés and cocktails. Saul, 61, shuffled from room to room before retiring early, while Gayfryd—wearing an Indian-inspired Oscar de la Renta jacket over a T-shirt—lingered downstairs, chatting up Blaine Trump and Mica Ertegun. • "They tried to make it cheerful and upbeat," says Duane Hampton, the decorator's widow, "rather than a sad *we're leaving* kind of thing."

Photograph by Theo Westenberger/Liaison.

STRUTTING THEIR STUFF Saul and Gayfryd Steinberg at home in 1985.

But the feeling was there nonetheless. Only hours earlier, the massive $2 million mahogany writing commode that for years sat as sentry in the Steinbergs' foyer had gone on display at Sotheby's in London. Upstairs, out of view, other furnishings were packed in boxes. The air was heavy with an end-of-an-era pall reminiscent of the dismantling of Xanadu in the final scene of *Citizen Kane*.

Last winter, even as Liz Smith wrote a column in which Saul emphatically refuted rumors that he was selling his trophy apartment, Sotheby's specialists were already inside, furiously cataloguing its contents. At one point, before the sale was made public, the twenty-member team of cataloguers found themselves in the uncomfortable position of literally bumping into decorator Peter Marino, who was taking measurements for the apartment's new owners. The Steinbergs' insistence on keeping up appearances "made them look more vulnerable than they really are," says one of their social peers. "They're not exactly poor, but within their circle, maintaining the billions is important to the ego."

By all accounts, Saul adored the apartment. "He bought it from the Rockefellers," says his ex-wife Laura Steinberg, who lived there with him. "It meant he was going up in life. It was a status symbol, just big enough for his ego." On May 11, Saul and Gayfryd bid farewell to their servants and moved into a three-bedroom apartment at the Helmsley Carlton, a shabby-chic Madison Avenue residential hotel on 61st Street.

IN THE PRE-DOT-COM EIGHTIES AND early nineties, Saul and Gayfryd were the undisputed dean and doyenne of Nouvelle Society—he a plump corporate raider with a photographic memory who had established himself as one of Wall Street's most feared Masters of the Universe; she, a smart, ambitious beauty eleven years his junior—the ultimate trophy wife. Together, they presided over a seemingly endless stream of parties and benefits, supplying the gossip pages with tales of gilded-age excess.

In 1988, they took over the Metropolitan Museum of Art for Saul's daughter's marriage to a scion of the Tisch family in a $3 million French Directoire–themed affair that featured 500 guests and 50,000 French roses. Then, just a year later, Gayfryd outdid herself with Saul's $1 million fiftieth-birthday party. In a tribute to her husband's passion for Old Masters, she orchestrated ten *tableaux vivants* of his favorite works.

At the party, James Wolfensohn, then just the head of an eponymous bank (now head of the World Bank), asked the naked lady re-creating Rembrandt's *Danaë* to dance. For his part, Saul raised a glass high in the air-conditioned tent in a toast to thank his wife for her labors. "Honey," he proclaimed with characteristic bravado, "if this moment were a stock, I'd short it."

INDEED, HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN WISE TO DO so. Since those heady days, both Steinberg and his company, Reliance Group Holdings, have paid an almost Biblical penance for eighties indulgence. The collapse of the junk-bond market in the early nineties ravaged the company, and in 1995, Steinberg, already struggling to keep his company profitable, suffered a stroke from which he has yet to recover fully. For the past year, he has been vowing to restructure Reliance, but last month, his penchant for piling hundreds of millions in debt onto his company's balance sheet finally caught up with him: Fearful of a credit downgrade, Steinberg relented and agreed to sell to the notoriously cost-cutting Leucadia National Corporation, a financial-services company. Under terms of the proposed deal, stockholders would receive the equivalent of $2.55 a share in Leucadia stock, just 25 cents above Reliance's all-time low. (But since the announcement, the stock has sunk even further, to $1.75.) Assuming the deal closes on those terms, Steinberg himself will walk away with approximately $90 million in Leucadia stock, by most standards a rather impressive sum. But many on Wall Street now speculate that it will not close at all.

Last Thursday, A.M. Best Company, an insurance credit agency that recently met with Leucadia, downgraded Reliance's rating, citing the company's "worse than expected" performance, and said that the deal with Leucadia "carries greater risk of non-completion than most definitive agreements." Whatever happens, for a man who was a millionaire by 30, and a billionaire by 40, it is a humiliating coda to a high-flying career.

Still, the last several months should have prepared him for it. In November, as Reliance's financial picture began to darken, Steinberg fired the company's president—his brother, Bobby. Wall Street applauded the shake-up, but the firing caused a major rift between the brothers, who had worked together since 1965. (This past spring, the once close-knit family spent Passover apart; Saul and his family celebrated with one sister on the Upper East Side, while Bobby hosted his family and their other sister at his home in Bernardsville, New Jersey.)

Saul was next. On the last day of February, after Reliance reported a loss of $311 million for 1999 (following a profit of $326 million in 1998), Steinberg stepped down as CEO. At the same time, his annual bonus, which had been $6.3 million in 1998, was reduced to a sum virtually unheard of on Wall Street: zero. Most drastic of all was the decision, made in order to placate insurance regulators and credit-rating agencies, to suspend Reliance's quarterly dividend. For Steinberg, who owns 36.4 million shares of the stock, the move meant a further loss of $16 million in income.

ON THE TOWN Top, with Richard Feigen at the winter antiques show in 1989; bottom, bonding with Blaine Trump and Arnold Scaasi the same year.

In the midst of all this, his daughter Laura and her husband, Jonathan Tisch, filed for divorce. By then, rumors were spreading that Saul and Gayfryd's marriage was in trouble as well, but friends deny this was ever true. "They adore each other, but sadly in this town people just love to see a tumble," says one intimate. "They see a change of life and think, 'Ooh, things must be *really* bad.' "

OUR CROWD Top, Gayfryd with Norman Mailer and Allen Ginsberg in 1987; bottom, sharing a laugh with Ron Perelman and Claudia Cohen.

In November, as Reliance's financial picture **darkened**, Steinberg **fired** the company's president—his brother.

AS HIS BUSINESS UNRAVELED, STEINBERG WAS left with a high-class predicament. Suddenly he was stock-rich but cash-poor, a situation that prompted him to start shedding pricey totems at a dizzying speed. First to go was the apartment at 740 Park; in February, Steinberg sold it to financier Stephen Schwarzman for $37 million, the highest price ever paid for an apartment in New York City history. In April, Steinberg put 61 Old Masters, valued at more than $50 million, up for sale through his good friend Richard Feigen, the dealer who had sold most of them to him over the last two decades. Finally, three weeks ago, 293 lots of the Steinberg's furniture and decorative effects rounded up an additional $12.5 million at Sotheby's.

The Steinbergs' friends insist this wholesale dumping of assets is not the act of a couple desperate to raise some cash but rather that of empty nesters cleaning house. "Their family is now essentially three people, because of grown-up children," explains Duane Hampton. "Who needs whatever number of rooms they had for three people?" Another close friend speaks of Gayfryd's desire to "scale back" in the wake of her sons' departure for college. "Who wants to live in a museum?" she insists. "They've *done* that."

SITUATED ON TWO FLOORS OF A GLASSY Park Avenue office tower, Reliance Group Holdings' headquarters is more Hamptons chic than corporate America. The reception area features a double-height ceiling, gargantuan windows, and lots of cherry paneling and sand-colored couches. On one wall hangs a tattered antique American flag with only thirteen stars. But for all its open beach-house-like aura, Reliance resembles something more like a fortress when it comes to dealing with the outside world. When Steinberg had his stroke in 1995, the company didn't even bother to inform the public; it wasn't until word of his illness leaked out on CNBC six weeks later that Reliance decided to address the matter. A company spokesman insisted that Saul was never seriously incapacitated.

BUT THOSE WHO KNOW HIM SAY THAT THAT was not true. "Saul before and Saul now—it's two different people," says Laura Steinberg. "The first few days, his doctors didn't know whether he would die. It took him three days to stabilize." Says a Steinberg acquaintance: "Saul Steinberg's massive stroke was the most underplayed bit of news in the world. Nobody really wanted anybody to know how ill he was. It would be bad for business." As the architect Charles Gwathmey, who designed Reliance's headquarters and is a friend of the Steinberg family, describes it, the stroke "severely limited both Saul's physical and mental capacity when it first happened."

IN THE WAKE OF THE STROKE, SAUL AND Gayfryd all but vanished from the social circuit. "When you can't use your arm, your life changes," explains one of their closest friends. "Saul was a very intense, hyper, triple-A-personality type of guy. He was this incredible dynamo. But after you have a massive stroke, you can't function like you did before. It's not possible."

Even his most innocuous activities presented inordinate challenges. With a weakened left arm and leg, exercise became excruciatingly difficult, and Steinberg, not thin to begin with, put on weight. Even after his recovery, his movement remains severely impeded. He walks shuffling and lurching, dragging one leg behind the other, but unassisted, without a cane. His left arm looks frozen in place, bent at the elbow. For a man known for his vitality, the changes were particularly painful.

ONCE UPON A TIME, SAUL Steinberg was a dogged seeker of the limelight. The eldest son of a successful Lawrence, Long Island, rubber manufacturer, he didn't take long to hit on his first big idea: independent, long-term computer leasing. Conceived while Steinberg was a senior at Wharton, the plan featured what would later become two of his hallmarks: amassing debt and hiring family members as employees—his younger brother, Bobby, would become his company's secretary; his father and uncle became his partners. By 1965, his company, which he gave the clunky name Leasco Data Processing Equipment Corporation, had revenues of $8 million; a year later, its assets had jumped to $21 million.

As business boomed, Steinberg parlayed his Leasco stock into something more substantial; in 1968, he took over the then-151-year-old Philadelphia-based Reliance Insurance Company. The deal earned the 29-year-old mogul millions. According to *Forbes*, Saul's $50 million increase in net worth was unprecedented. As a result of the deal, reported the magazine, he made more money on his own than any other U.S. citizen under 30.

But Steinberg, by then the owner of a 29-room mansion in the Five Towns, had little interest in being an insurance executive. "You watch!" he would boast to Dan Dorfman. "Like the Rockefellers, I'll own the world. I could even be the first Jewish president!" Steinberg's boldest attempt at joining the elite he so admired came in the form of a hostile bid to take over Chemical Bank. Though Chemical successfully fought him off, the Steinberg threat was taken very seriously: The bank assembled a cadre of

Photographs, clockwise from top: Sonia Moskowitz; Anthony Savignano/Galella, Ltd.(2); Sonia Moskowitz.

powerful East Coast bankers, lawyers, and politicians to fight it. At one point, even Governor Nelson Rockefeller joined the fray. The battle against Steinberg was so fierce that some, including Saul, couldn't help but wonder whether anti-Semitism had played a role in his defeat.

IF A DECADE COULD BE DESIGNED TO fit the needs, talents, and proclivities of a particular individual, then the eighties were tailor-made for Saul Steinberg. Michael Milken's junk bonds were an ideal product for a man in love with leverage, and Steinberg, who became part of Milken's inner circle, didn't flinch from availing himself of them frequently. He used junk bonds as well as traditional financing to purchase companies in a variety of industries, as well as various companies within an industry; at one point, he owned both Days Inn and the Grand Hotel in Cap-Ferrat.

In 1984, Steinberg attempted his second high-profile takeover. This time, the target was Disney. Although it didn't work, Steinberg walked away nearly $40 million richer, having "greenmailed" the company into paying him a premium for selling it his stake.

While Steinberg was out rattling his corporate saber, his home life was no less tumultuous. He married young, to his high-school sweetheart, Barbara, and became a father in his early twenties. But by his thirties, he was feeling restless. In 1974, while on business in Beverly Hills, he fell in love with a beautiful Italian public-relations consultant named Laura Sconocchia Fisher. Although she rebuffed him at first, his relentless attention eventually paid off, and they began an affair. The relationship culminated in Saul's divorce from Barbara, with whom he had three children: Laura Tisch, a mother of two; Jonathan "Jono" Steinberg, who is CEO of the embattled *Individual Investor* and husband of CNBC "Money Honey" Maria Bartiromo; and Nicholas Steinberg, who owns comic-book stores in Philadelphia. (Barbara died of pneumonia last October, at the age of 58.)

"Nobody wanted anybody to know how ill Saul was," says a confidant. "It was bad for business."

AT SAUL'S INSISTENCE, LAURA STEINBERG converted to Judaism. She also set about redecorating the apartment recently vacated by the preceding Mrs. Steinberg. But the marriage turned out to be fleeting and tempestuous. After bearing Steinberg a third son, Julian (now a Brown University senior), she divorced Saul in what quickly devolved into the Perelman-Duff battle of its day. During the trial, Laura, who was represented by an ever-changing roster that included Raoul Felder and Roy Cohn, accused Saul of misappropriating $190,000 in Reliance funds for his "cocaine habit."

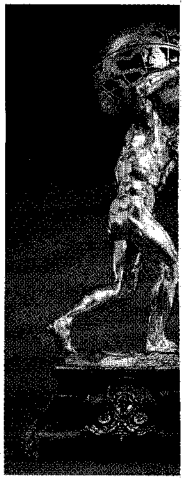
Laura later recanted the cocaine charge. "I tried to lash back and made a mess," she says now, adding that the marriage dissolved in part because of her exuberant husband's taste for the high life. "He would give a toast and come back two days later," she sighs. "We started to have problems." Although Steinberg had Laura arrested for trespassing during their estrangement, she says she remains "madly in love" with him.

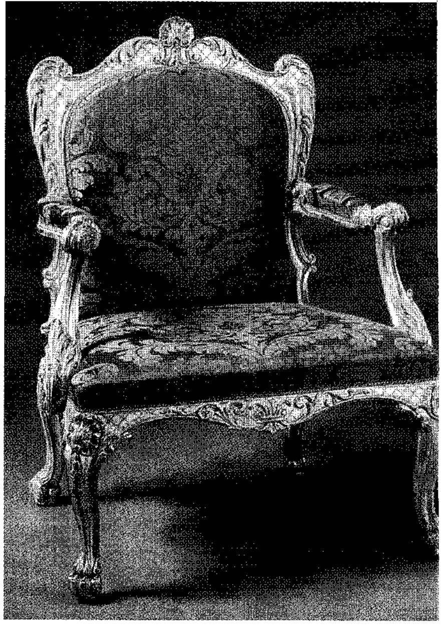
In 1983, after a brief courtship, Steinberg married Gayfryd. Like Laura, Gayfryd also converted to Judaism, as did her son, whom Steinberg adopted. A savvy, twice-divorced Louisiana businesswoman who once ran her own steel-pipe business, Gayfryd was no stranger to high living or to scandal: She and her second husband, an oil executive, had lived in the biggest house in New Orleans, but it was ultimately seized by the IRS when he was indicted for tax evasion. (Norman Johnson served 14 months in prison and later committed suicide.)

The second time she met Saul, at a dinner party in Steinberg's home, she once recalled: "You know, I thought, *This is a very attractive guy.* I was looking for someone to be bad with that night, and this seemed to be it." Social lore has it that Gayfryd changed the place settings before the meal so she could sit next to Saul; she has told friends it was Saul who engineered their placement.

Almost immediately, Gayfryd began working to propel herself and Saul into the upper echelons of Manhattan society. The new Mrs. Steinberg, who bore her husband a daughter, quickly befriended socialites like Anne Bass, Blaine Trump, and Libbet Johnson, and set about becoming one of the most successful fund-raisers in the city, sitting on the board of the New York Public Library.

"She's an amazing organizer," says Susan Burden, one of the Steinbergs' closest friends. "She could run *anything*—the biggest company, the most successful fund-raising event. . . . She has more follow-through than anyone I've ever seen in my life." Gayfryd also focused on less glitzy causes like the I Have a Dream Foundation, "adopting" a class of 103 Bronx fifth-graders and paying for the college education of all forty who graduated from high school. "She really worked on that," says Burden. "She went up to the school once a week and had brown-bag lunches."



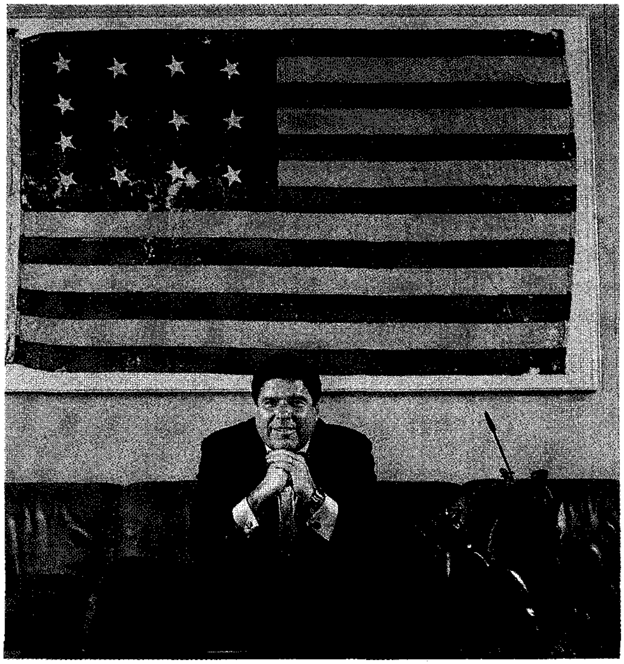


ANTIQUE BOUTIQUE Among the effects put up for auction, a sixteenth-century Italian bronze figure of Hercules listed at $350,000–$450,000 and, below, a regilded gilt-wood furniture set valued at $300,000–$500,000.

When she wasn't staging charity events, Gayfryd was refurbishing 740 Park with mid-eighteenth-century British antiques. John Hobbs, the antiques dealer, remembers Gayfryd's spending hours at his shop; when she was ready to purchase, says Hobbs, she would summon her husband to write a check. "They bought what nouveau riche would buy," sniffs Hobbs, now the boyfriend and business partner of Laura Steinberg. "All that gilt furniture, which had been regilded. They only bought two or three really outstanding pieces."

Not content with simply remaking the apartment, Gayfryd also put Saul on a strict exercise regimen. During their frequent excursions to Canyon Ranch, the couple was usually accompanied by two instructors; one hired to lead them on hikes, another to carry Saul's backpack.

Attuned to the more austere social mores of the early nineties, the Steinbergs labored to shed their reputation as superficial socialites. Their dinner guests began to include not only top financiers and well-known Republicans but also writers like Allen Ginsberg, Jerzy Kosinski, and Carl Bernstein. When Norman Mailer suggested that the Steinbergs become involved in PEN, the writers organization, they happily acceded. As long as Saul raised funds and wrote checks to the organization, no one seemed to mind their involvement.



TRUE COLORS Saul Steinberg in his office at Reliance, 1986.

But when Gayfryd was appointed president of Friends of PEN, she provoked an uprising in New York's literary circles. In the summer of 1990, Ken Auletta, a PEN board member, complained to *New York* that the Steinbergs were "wealthy people gaining respectability on the backs of writers" and that Saul was a "sleazy character." A flurry of apologies from people like Larry McMurtry and Frances FitzGerald ensued, but by September, Gayfryd had resigned.

The Steinbergs' friends insist that the relentless press coverage of the couple's social habits obscured the down-to-earth reality of their lives. Even on evenings when the Steinbergs had social obligations, Burden says, they would often sit down to family dinner at 6:30. Sometimes Saul, an American-history buff, would select a book for the family to read and discuss. Gayfryd even devised a game called "Reading for Cash" in which she paid her children a bonus for every book they finished themselves. *Of Mice and Men* garnered the young Steinbergs $20, *Shogun* earned them $30. "Saul did a very good job of raising his children," says a close friend of Laura Steinberg. "He didn't spoil them. They took the Jitney, not a limo, to the Hamptons."

THE PEN DEBACLE WASN'T THE ONLY SETBACK for the Steinbergs. For Saul, the downfall of Michael Milken served as a clear warning. Following Milken's confession to securities-law violations and the collapse of Drexel Burnham Lambert, the junk-bond market all but dried up. And so after years of controversy and high-stakes corporate gambles, Saul decided it was time for a break. "My motto for the nineties is that money is for lending, not spending!" he proclaimed at the start of the new decade. He would turn his attention to insurance.

In 1995, Steinberg set out on a dog-and-pony show to tout his new Reliance focus. At the time, Reliance stock was trading in the $5-to-$6 range. But just before the July 4 weekend, Steinberg suffered his stroke. While he recovered in New York Hospital, the family struggled to keep his condition a secret. Once out of the hospital, he continued working from home. "The food is good, the paintings are nice, and there's lots of time to think about big issues," he told the *Wall Street Journal* six months later.

WHILE SAUL REMAINED OFFICIALLY IN charge, it was Bobby who took over managing much of the company—despite what Wall Street observers describe as an intellectual and business-savvy disparity between them. "Bobby Steinberg was not in the same league as his brother," says one insurance honcho.

Nevertheless, during the mid-nineties Reliance's stock consistently drifted upward, until by March 1998 it was at an all-time high of close to $20. At the end of that year, the company reported net earnings of $326 million, $97 million more than the year before. "Wall Street was very skeptical," recalls Brandywine portfolio manager Stephen Smith, "but two to three years into it, it really looked like they did an excellent job." Says an insurance analyst: "Reliance was perceived to be in a recovery phase."

Steinberg was recovering as well. With a combination of determination and the-best-that-money-could-buy medical care, his health and stamina slowly improved. Gayfryd "was amazing, totally amazing, a total saint," exults Burden. "I've seen other women in this situation," says their friend, Khalil Rizk, "and they become angry and critical. She just took it with such grace. She really brought him back."

BY THE END OF 1999, THE PERCEPTION THAT Reliance was on the upswing was shattered by a severe downturn in the insurance industry. For Reliance, the problem of downward pricing pressure was magnified by the company's enormous annual interest expense of $62 million. Reliance's disastrous involvement in Unicover, an insurance fronting company, ended up costing them $170 million more, before taxes. In November, Saul fired Bobby in an attempt to regain the confidence of the marketplace, replacing him with Robert Miller, a well-known turnaround specialist. The brothers have been estranged ever since.

Following Bobby's ouster, Reliance installed new management and began shopping itself to investors. Why no deal was done then is the subject of much speculation in insurance circles. "Saul was looking for a ridiculous price, given the value of the franchise," says an insurance executive. In February, Reliance sold its surety business—widely perceived to be its crown jewel—to Travelers Property Casualty for $580 million. Soon after, the company announced the results of its *annus horribilis:* a loss of $311 million.

"All of a sudden, you realize that the reason they grew the business so well was because they underpriced it," explains portfolio manager Smith. "I looked at the financials and said, 'Saul has built himself a business that doesn't make any money.' "

ON APRIL 14, STEINBERG and several Reliance executives were ushered into a windowless conference room on the third floor of a Wall Street office building, headquarters of the New York State Insurance Department. Steinberg reported in person. Regulators were concerned about the company's financial condition and wanted to protect policyholders. Steinberg confidently insisted that his new management was going to turn the company around, and said that he was also considering a sale. As for the regulators' concern that Steinberg would reinstate Reliance's dividends prematurely for his own benefit, Steinberg as- *(continued on page 69)*

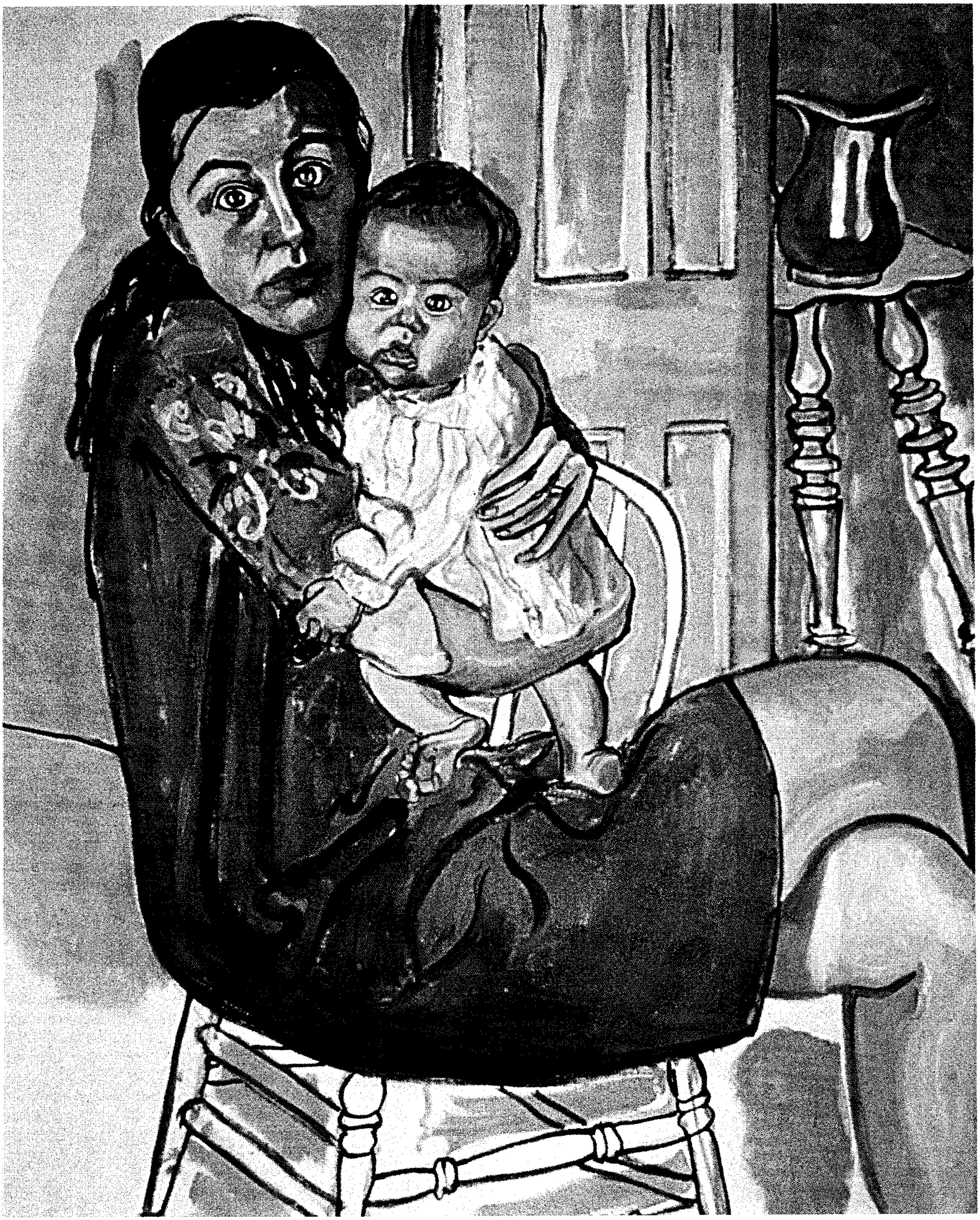
Photograph by Theo Westenberger/Liaison.

NEEL LIFE STORIES

Alice Neel's portraits stripped her subjects bare—often literally—and expertly revealed their inner lives. On the eve of a Whitney retrospective, Neel's subjects reflect on sitting for a modern master.

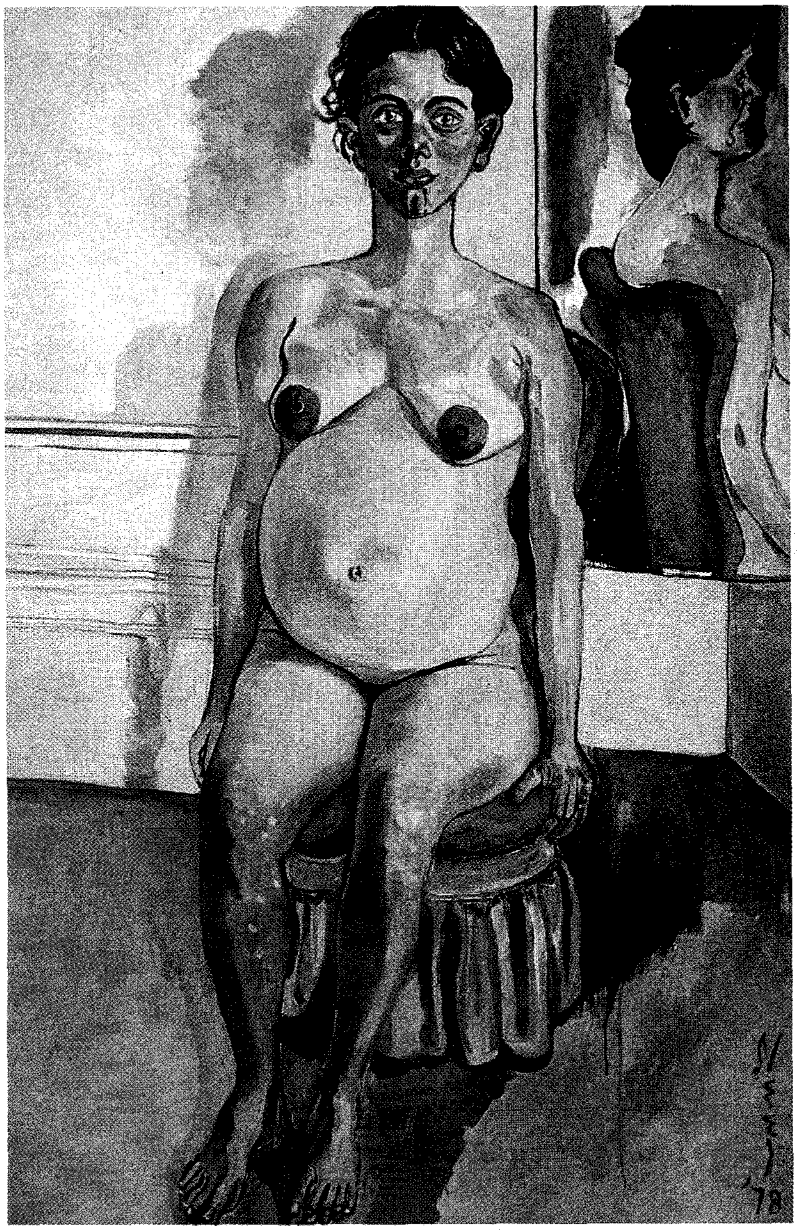
By Edith Newhall

Probably no other twentieth-century American figurative painter developed as singular a style as Alice Neel. Her provocative portraits of art-world celebrities like Andy Warhol and Allen Ginsberg—along with dozens of other people who caught her fancy—made her the quintessential artist's artist. But broad public recognition of Neel's work was anything but immediate. Her portraits and dark social commentaries seemed hopelessly out of date during the mid-century decades of Abstract Expressionism; it wasn't until the seventies that Neel, who died in 1984, really began to enjoy success. Now, 26 years after her first Whitney retrospective, figurative painting is the artistic style of the moment and Neel, its most uncompromising proponent, is about to be fêted again. "The Art of Alice Neel," a traveling exhibit organized by the Philadelphia Museum of Art and opening at the Whitney on June 29, stands to reveal the painter not just as an idiosyncratic voice but an influential one. ● Neel, born in 1900, was raised in a middle-class family on the outskirts of Philadelphia, but she left convention behind early. Even before she arrived in New York in



'NANCY AND OLIVIA,' 1967: "What Alice picked up on was that I didn't know what I was doing."

Paintings © estate of Alice Neel. Courtesy of Robert Miller Gallery, New York. This page, collection of Diane and David Goldsmith.



'MARGARET EVANS PREGNANT,' 1978: "She caught that I was totally *expectant.*"

Collection of John McEnroe, New York.

1927, she had married a Cuban artist and lost a child to diphtheria. Three years later, her husband deserted her, returning to Cuba with their second daughter, leaving Neel, in his wake, hospitalized for depression.

Over the next few decades, Neel moved from the West Village to a Spanish Harlem tenement; raised two sons, Richard and Hartley Neel, by two different fathers—she never married again—worked off and on for the WPA; and painted furiously.

As a portraitist, Neel was a genius at detecting her subjects' inner lives. She was also notorious for exposing—and exaggerating—her subjects' flaws. Even so, a stunning number of otherwise sensible citizens left their vanity at the door, allowing her to transform them via her own startling vision. Asking someone to sit was her highest compliment. Plus, she told great stories. Below, eleven of Neel's subjects recall the artist and the experience of sitting for her.

John Perreault

Art critic, poet, director of UrbanGlass

I first met Alice when I was assigned to do a review of her work for *ARTnews.* Then, in 1972, I was scheduled to do my first exhibition as a curator at the School of Visual Arts, where I was teaching, so I did an exhibition of the male nude. I particularly wanted to show Alice's Joe Gould painting from the twenties, the three penises. No one had ever shown it—it was too controversial.

So I called her up and I went over to her apartment on 107th Street. And she said, "Who else is going to be in the show?" and I told her. And she said, "They're all showing new paintings, aren't they?" I said, "Well, some are a few years old." And she said, "I have to do a new painting, too. And I've always wanted to paint you; you remind me of a faun. So lie down there on the sofa." I was young and carefree then, so I committed myself to doing the painting. Which is kind of nervy when you consider that this curator is posing for a painting that's going to be in the show he's curating.

I went up to sit for her seventeen times. She labored over it. The routine was I would come there at around noon and she would give me little bits of cheese and crackers, because she liked the idea of feeding a starving poet. She would paint until it was dark and she had trouble with her eyes, and I would say, "Alice, can you really see what you're doing?"

She was the kind of painter who talked while she painted. I was a good audience for her, because I was very interested to hear what it was like to live in New York City during the Depression. So in this living-room area, I'm posing stark naked; Nancy, her daughter-in-law, is coming in and out of the room; Alice is chatting away about the Depression and this boyfriend and that boyfriend. She looked like a grandmother—a *Saturday Evening Post* grandmother. She had that beauty that an older woman can have. She had great eyes; she had the devil in her eyes. She had a foul mouth, and she was a vicious gossip. So there I was, lying naked in front of a vicious gossip.

She left to the last my genital area, so there was a big hole in the painting until the final session. And of course I was terrified when I would sneak looks at the painting, because she could be quite devastating when she painted you. My penis came out much larger in the painting.

I was so suprised that she referred to me as being a faun—you don't usually think of her as doing paintings that have any classical allusions at all. But in fact I had often identified with the faun. I had even dressed up as a faun for a Halloween party. So I don't know if she picked up on my subconscious or what.

I'm very happy that she conned me into posing for her. Tom Armstrong [director of the Whitney, 1974–1990] liked my portrait a lot, and he had it hung in his dining room. Alice was very careful with my portrait, and I still don't know why. She was merciless to other people. There's that painting of [former Whitney director]

> “Her portraits embodied the anxieties of their times. But they also embody, on a more literal level, the painfulness of sitting for a portrait.”

Lloyd Goodrich, which is not very flattering, and he certainly could have helped her.

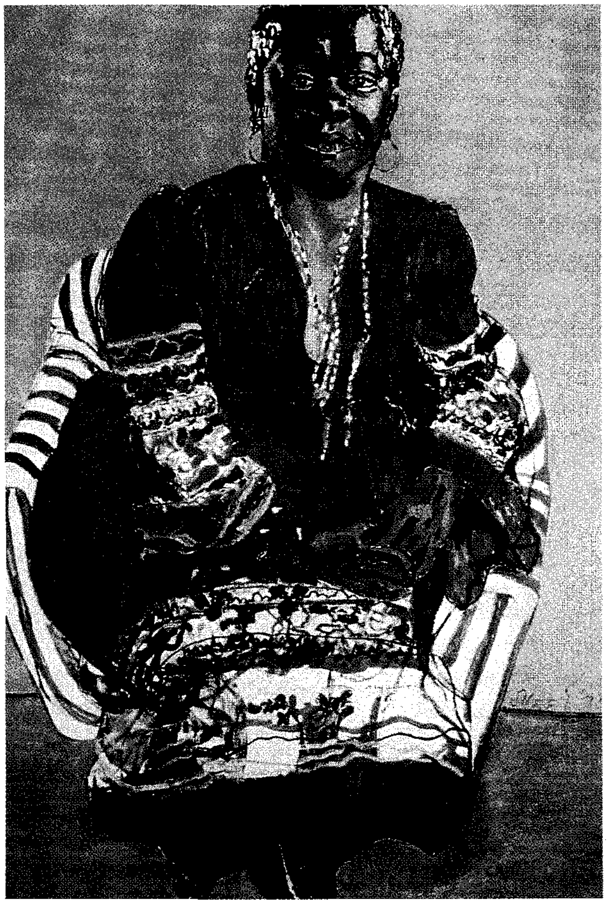
Margaret Evans
Director of the James Marston Fitch Charitable Foundation

When I first met Alice, it was at a show at the Whitney—she was a friend of my husband’s. I was pregnant, and she said, “When are you going to have the baby? Don’t you want a keepsake?”

My portrait took only two or three sittings. I was eight months pregnant, so she wanted to make it easy for me. We took little rests. It was fascinating to be around her—she had interesting opinions about everything. She would talk about other people she had painted; she would talk about her life; she would talk about politics. Alice called me after I gave birth and wanted to know if the babies were bald—she wanted to paint them immediately.

She made me feel very comfortable. She used to say, “Doesn’t she have nice small breasts?” Oh, another thing Alice said: “She’s very comfortable in her body.” That made me feel good, too.

I heard that she wasn’t happy with my portrait, that she thought something was missing. But I think she captured something going on that I didn’t show. There’s something that she caught—that I was totally *expectant.* People who see the portrait ask me about the mirror. They say, “Oh, you look so much older in the mirror.” I wasn’t all that placid. You know, there’s some anxiety in getting ready to give birth, and she caught that.



‘FAITH RINGGOLD,’ 1977: “I’m sorry I didn’t pose nude.”

Collection of Exxon Mobil Corporation.

John Cheim
Co-owner, Cheim & Read Gallery

Alice painted me when I was 26, in 1979. I met her in 1977 when I was working at the Robert Miller Gallery. I pursued her and put her in a group show at Miller. She enjoyed the chase.

Alice had a very sweet grandmotherly appearance, but she could be quite playful and provocative. She would try to find some soft spot in her sitter—to get the real person out of them. She would tease you and watch your reaction. From that, she would compose a portrait. After the first few minutes, she would slip into almost a trancelike state. Her mouth would fall open, her concentration was so great.

She would refer to people as various kinds of animals. She always said my hands looked like veal chops.

Linda Nochlin
Art historian

I was active in the women’s movement at the time, and Alice Neel felt a lot of empathy with the women’s movement. She’d always been a kind of rebel, and this was something she believed in. We talked back and forth about her painting my portrait. I never found her abrasive, but I could see that she might be. She was a very competitive person—a fighter.

Anyway, she asked me to come and pose, and I don’t know how my daughter got into it, but she did. It was very fortunate, because my daughter is definitely the star of the portrait.

We went to her place on 107th Street. I think we did about six or seven sittings for the portrait. I had to sit there holding my daughter—it is very hard to pose with a child. Alice told stories, and she was really terrific with Daisy. We bribed her with food, but I told Alice we couldn’t give her sweets, so she went out and got all kinds of health-food snacks. She was very thoughtful in that way.

Sitting for her was the usual torture of having to sit still. But she was fascinating—in a way sort of incoherent, because she was concentrating. But bits of her life would come out, here and there a little story, an opinion—all mixed together.

My mother was horrified by the portrait. She said, “You don’t look so anxious and so worried in real life.” I’m rather a smiling type, actually. But Alice painted everyone like that. In a way, all her portraits embodied the anxieties of their times. They’re portraits of a universal existential anxiety. But they also embody, on a more literal level, the relative painfulness of sitting for a portrait.

She had a very definite style; everyone looks contemporary, and each person looks anxious in their own way. I think she was wonderful on children. She makes them the tense, intense little kids that modern urban children are, no roly-poly dumplings at all. Fraught. Unsentimental.

Marisol Escobar
Sculptor

I didn’t want to pose. Alice forced me to.

I knew her for a long time. I used to see her at the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters—she went there often because she lived nearby. I knew her when the art world was smaller and people used to go to different openings and everyone knew each other. I liked her, but she was always angry. I remember when she was very old and she was bitter. Maybe because she didn’t get enough recognition, but I doubt that was why. She would always insult me. She would say some nasty remark.

At first I didn't like it, but then I got used to it. That was before she painted me.

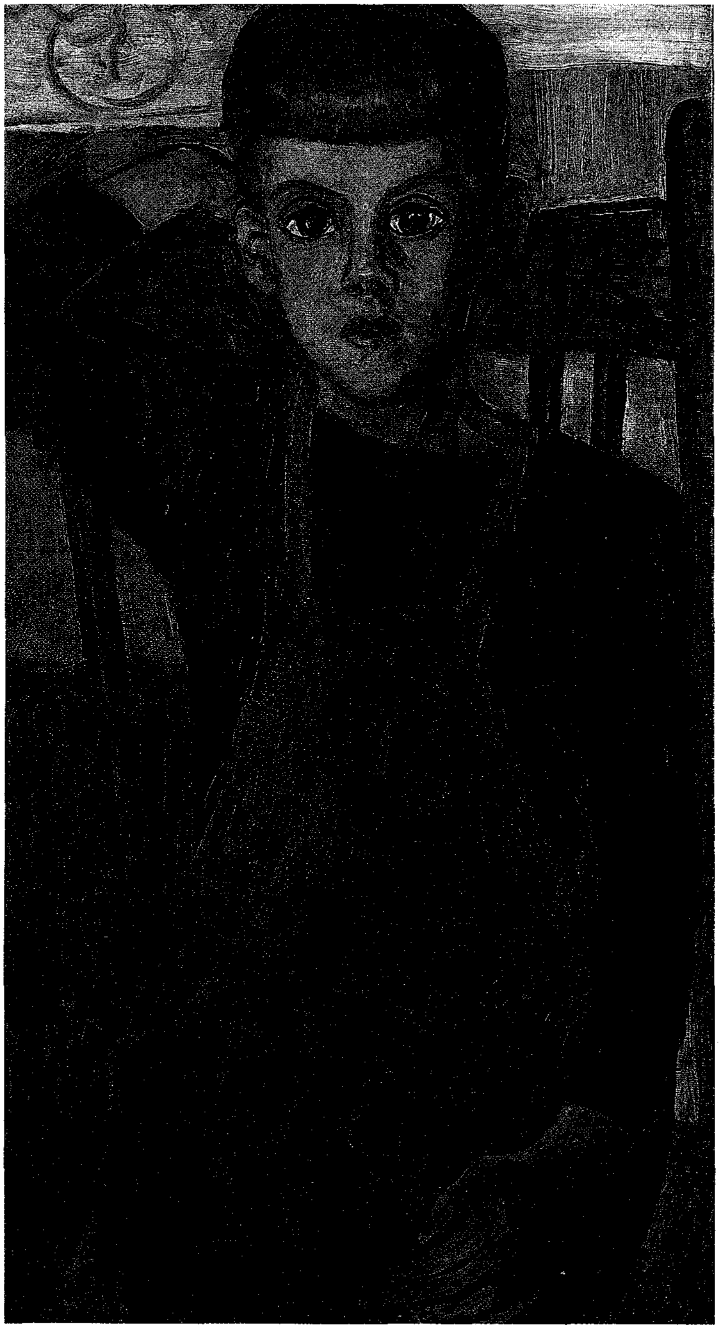
She really forced me into sitting for her—one of her daughters-in-law came to pick me up. I don't like to sit still while somebody paints me. But I liked her, anyway. She was such a character. She was very strong.

Annie Sprinkle
Performance artist

She had painted my friend Dennis Florio, who was a kind of picture framer to the stars. Dennis took me over to Alice's a couple of times just to visit, and we got to know each other. I was in the mainstream sex industry—a professional call girl, a porn star, and a sexual-rights activist. She was fascinated by the work I was doing in pornography, sex workers' rights, trying to decriminalize prostitution, so she asked if she could paint me, and I said of course.

I found the experience very erotic—I thought she was a very sexy, powerful woman. She was passionate about every little thing. She would almost have an orgasm over my high heels. I brought lots of costumes. I had just gotten my labia pierced, and she really liked that. It was unusual at the time; now everyone has it. She was a sexy woman, very attractive. So there was an erotic connection between us.

Alice brought the lowbrow into the highbrow. We both got a thrill out of her being 83 or 84 and me being the sex-goddess slut that I was. I went on to become an artist—I think Alice influenced me. I'm in the Ph.D. program to be a sexologist at the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco. I've done everything else, so I thought I should get a Ph.D. Alice would be proud of me.



'RICHARD,' 1946: "Alice always made you sit a little longer than you wanted to."

Richard Neel
Son of Alice

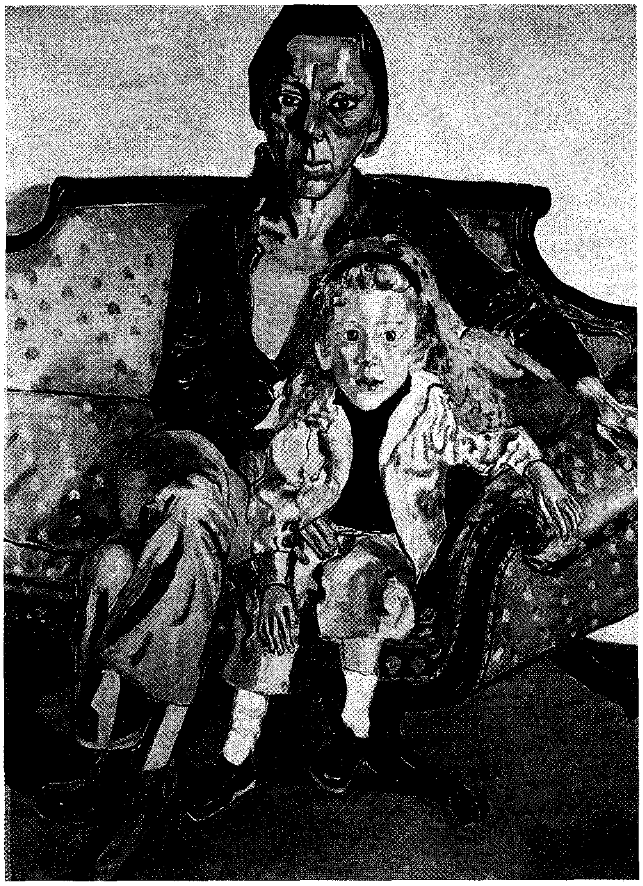
The date of the one that I remember posing for—and she painted me as a baby—was in Spring Lake, New Jersey, in 1945 or '46, and I think I'd just been at summer camp. And what I remember from that was the awkwardness of the pose. I had my hand up, like this, although that's characteristic of me. I can still remember the sitting in that chair, the feeling of the chair. Alice always did make you sit a little bit longer than you wanted to. For that painting, I doubt whether there were more than three sittings. From then on, there are a lot of paintings of me, and my brother and me.

Alice always, even before she was recognized, thought that she was a great artist, and she led all of us to believe that that was the case. She always taught us to respect the work and to respect her sense of its value. I was not known as a good artist in class, but I always thought that if I asked my mother to give me lessons, I could become a really good illustrator or whatever. I persisted in that idea until I was about 12 years old. I even told some of the girls in class that I had a mother who was an artist and she'd teach me how to be one, too. But I don't think anyone outside the family circle was impressed, at that time.

Every painting was a different experience. Once, we were having coffee in the cafeteria of the Museum of Modern Art, and she said, "Gee, I love that pose—when you get home, I'll paint you in that pose." So I posed at home pretending I was at the Museum of Modern Art.

Nancy Neel
Richard Neel's former wife

The first real memory I have of meeting Alice was on New Year's Eve of 1957. Alice's apartment was a great place to go. So for some reason, a whole crowd of us landed there for a period of time—we were traveling around the city to different



'LINDA NOCHLIN AND DAISY,' 1973: "My mother was horrified by it."

parties. She was interesting to me because she was immediately enthusiastic.

She didn't paint me until 1963, right after Richard and I were married. Someone came in and saw it and said, "I don't know what Nancy turns into at midnight." It was never shown—it was a real monster. It's in storage now. Maybe she wasn't happy that her first son had just gotten married.

> "Alice always, even before she was recognized, thought that she was a great artist, and she led all of us to believe that that was the case."

I think our personalities fit well together, because she was outgoing and I was more reticent. And I wasn't an artist and I wasn't competing with her.

There are special circumstances surrounding each painting she did of me. The one of Olivia and me was done in Spring Lake. I remember Olivia was a very active child, she was about three months old. Olivia was always jumping around, and she didn't like to sit still. Alice would say, "Keep that baby still." I wasn't very successful in keeping her quiet, but the painting did get painted. But of course the way people interpret the picture is that I was a scared mother. She was my first child, and I knew nothing about taking care of kids. I thought the uncomfortable look I have in the portrait was just me trying to keep Olivia still, but what Alice picked up on is that I didn't know what I was doing.

Ed Koch
Former mayor of New York

A member of my staff, Mary Tierney, made the initial contact with Alice. I knew I was privileged to be painted by this extraordinary woman; people told me how important she was. I sat a very long time for her, but she was very engaging. An exotic personality, I thought.

All these paintings were strewn around the place. I didn't think the painting she did of me looked like me, but I liked it anyway. She was interesting to talk to. She had this amazing face. And she was quite old at the time. Now I'd be just the right age to have another painting done by Alice.

Michel Auder
Director of the documentary *Portrait of Alice Neel: 1976–1982*

I met Alice at a party in 1976. I heard her talking to people and I thought *Jesus, she's so interesting.* So I approached her and asked her if I could come to her studio and videotape her—she had such interesting stories and good humor. So I went and visited her. Nancy, her daughter-in-law, got some pizza for us. We hung out there the whole day. At that time she had so many of her paintings in the place. She showed me maybe forty paintings and she had something witty to say about every one of them.

Then we became friends. I used to visit it once or twice a week for three or four years. She was always interested in video, she had an understanding of it. I shot one session of Alice painting me with the camera on the tripod. For me, being painted by Alice was not that different from hanging around with her. I had seen her so many times working on other people. When she painted me it was like talking to her as usual. I was proud that she was painting me. It made me feel like part of the family. But I never doubted that anyway.

Faith Ringgold
Artist

I had known Alice since the late sixties and had met her at the Art Workers Coalition, which was started by a group of New York artists in the late sixties. She was interested in all kinds of change and progress. So when the women's movement began, Alice took an active interest in it. She was an artist, but she was also taking time to live a life that related to change.

In 1977, I had just come back from Africa, and Alice asked to paint me in the nude. I said no, that I didn't want to be a specimen. I knew Alice had a way of painting people so that you saw them in ways you'd never seen them before. I didn't want to be uncovered in that way. Now I kind of wish I had done it back then—because today I *definitely* wouldn't pose in the nude. So anyway, I put on this red dress and my hair was braided with beads, because I had just come back from my trip and I thought the beads would go over well in Ghana and Nigeria, and that I could pass as an African—but they all knew I was American.

I probably posed for her on two or three different occasions. It was very easy for her—I guess that's the way it is when you've painted for so many years. She was very fluid, and it was wonderful listening to her talk and watching her paint. I don't think she liked that painting, because she wanted it to be a nude picture. Alice was wonderful at manipulating flesh, and that's another reason I'm sorry I didn't pose nude.

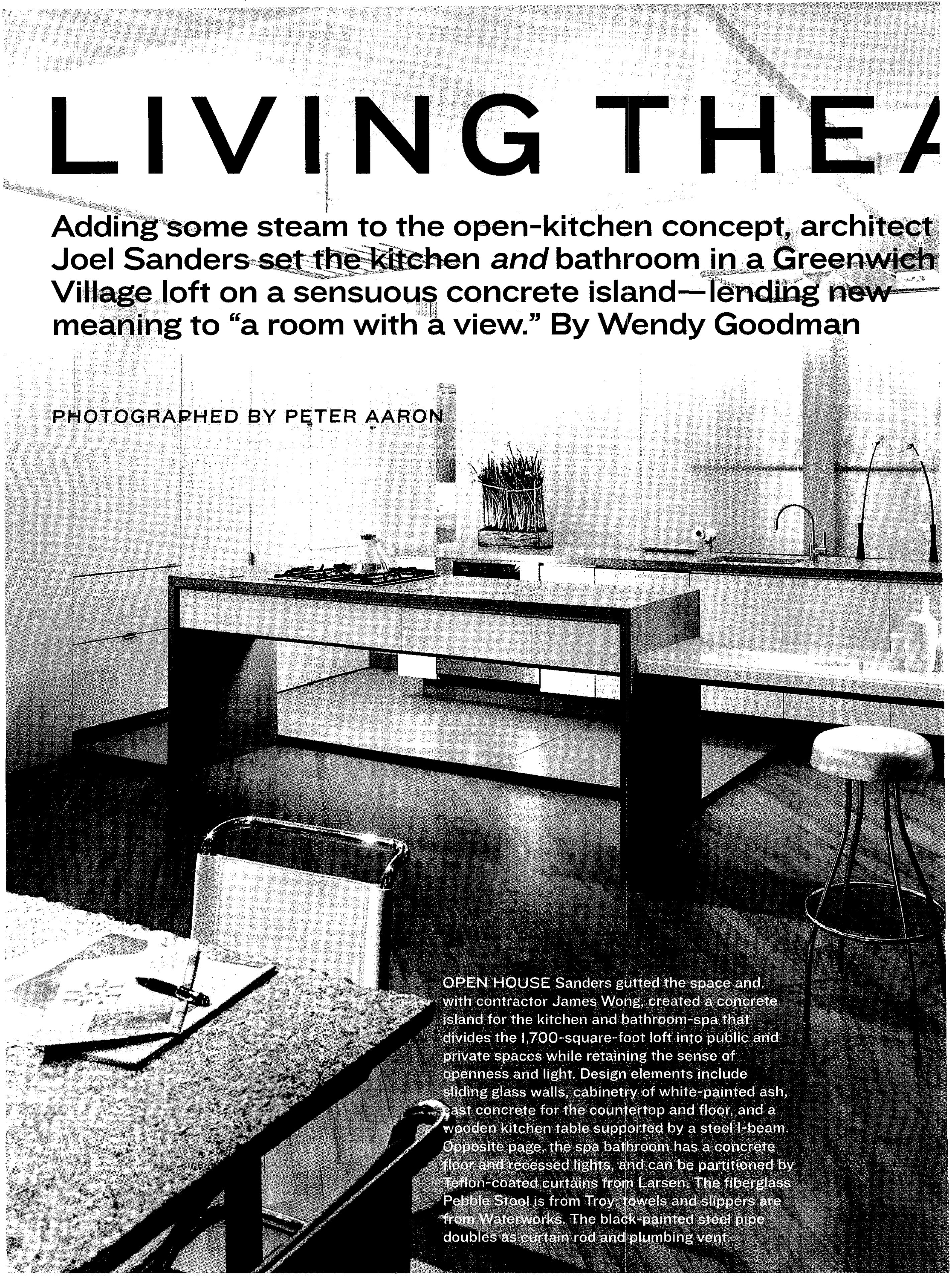
She was as young as any young person I knew. She might have been a little slower-moving, but not slower-thinking. ■

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Seth K. Sweetser Fund.

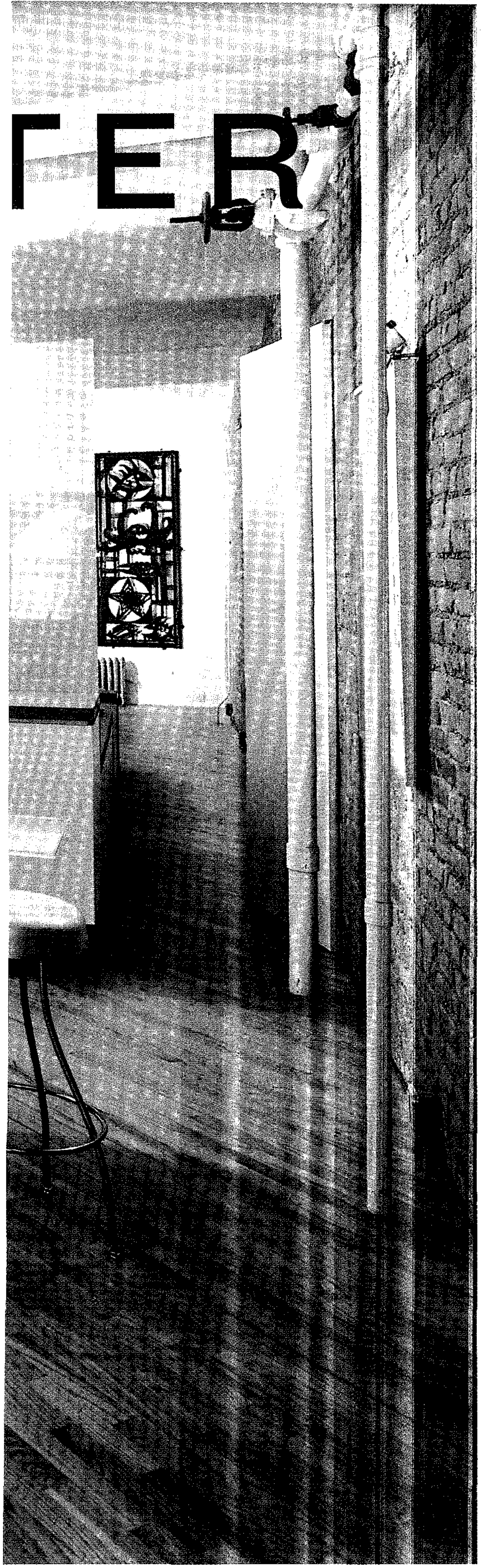
LIVING THEA

Adding some steam to the open-kitchen concept, architect Joel Sanders set the kitchen *and* bathroom in a Greenwich Village loft on a sensuous concrete island—lending new meaning to "a room with a view." By Wendy Goodman

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER AARON



OPEN HOUSE Sanders gutted the space and, with contractor James Wong, created a concrete island for the kitchen and bathroom-spa that divides the 1,700-square-foot loft into public and private spaces while retaining the sense of openness and light. Design elements include sliding glass walls, cabinetry of white-painted ash, cast concrete for the countertop and floor, and a wooden kitchen table supported by a steel I-beam. Opposite page, the spa bathroom has a concrete floor and recessed lights, and can be partitioned by Teflon-coated curtains from Larsen. The fiberglass Pebble Stool is from Troy; towels and slippers are from Waterworks. The black-painted steel pipe doubles as curtain rod and plumbing vent.



IF THE ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN FOR THE FUTURE IS THE "UNPRIVATE house," nobody is more forward-looking than Joel Sanders. Asked to let light back into a loft that had been partitioned into a rabbit warren, Sanders took the notion of an "open plan" to new extremes: He tore down *all* the walls and created a central floating island with the kitchen on one side and a luxe spa bathroom on the other, separated only by a sensuous wall of sandblasted glass.

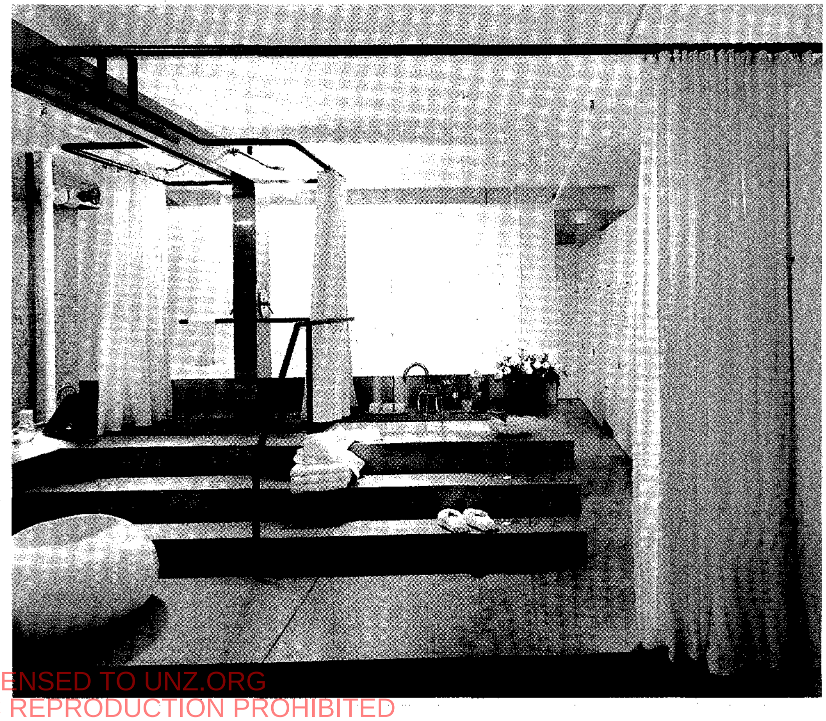
The bathroom, elevated on a poured-concrete base, is not only designed for personal use; in an elegant, somewhat sybaritic twist, it's intended to be an extension of the living room. He envisioned partygoers with canapés lounging on the steps. "I was really thinking of it as a theatrical space for entertaining, not just as a traditional bath," explains the architect.

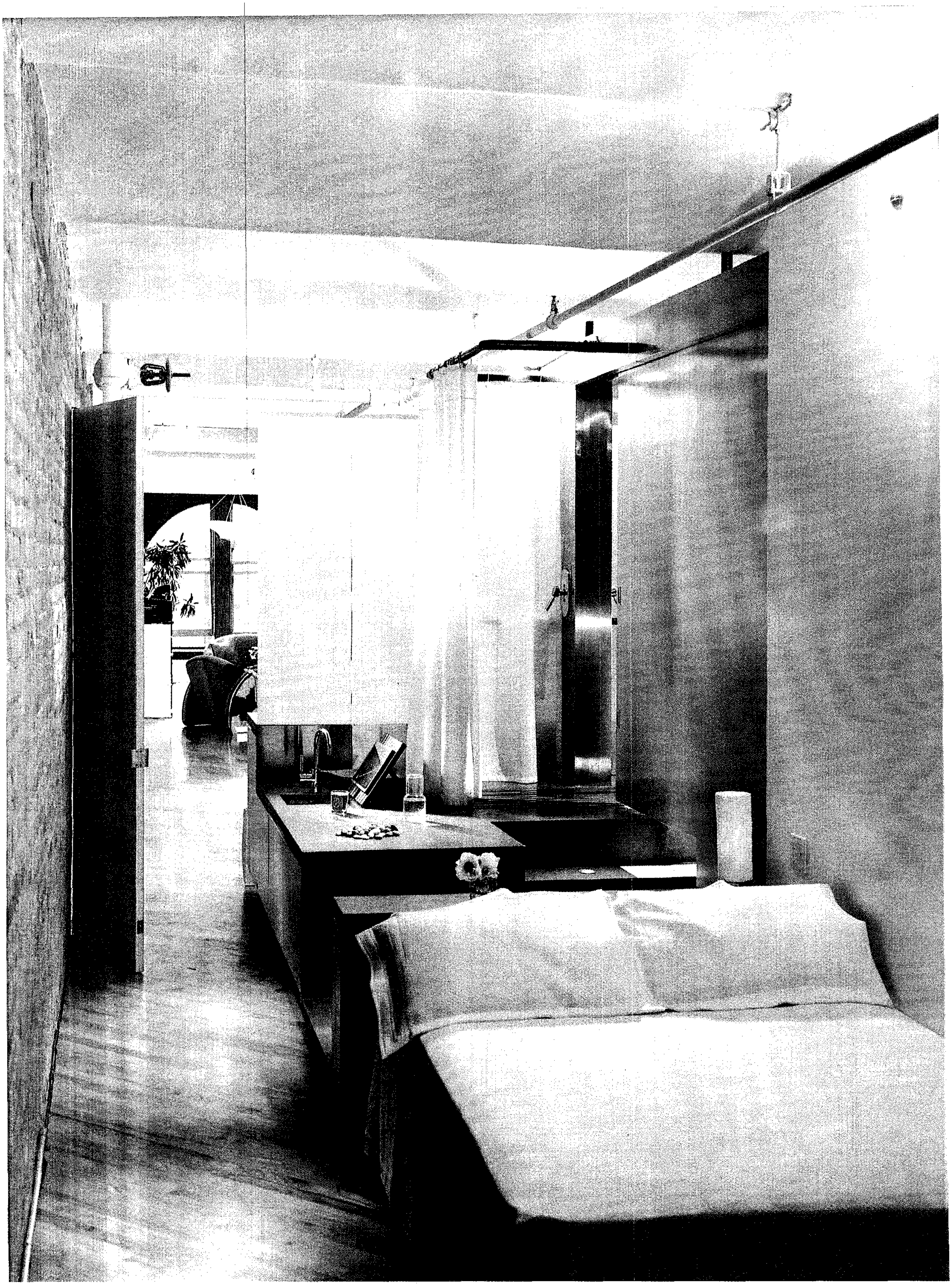
The client, a bachelor retailing executive, was game to take the plunge: "Joel devised a very elegant open plan, which was exactly what I wanted. Other architects had turned their noses up, saying, 'You want the bedroom to open onto the bath?' "

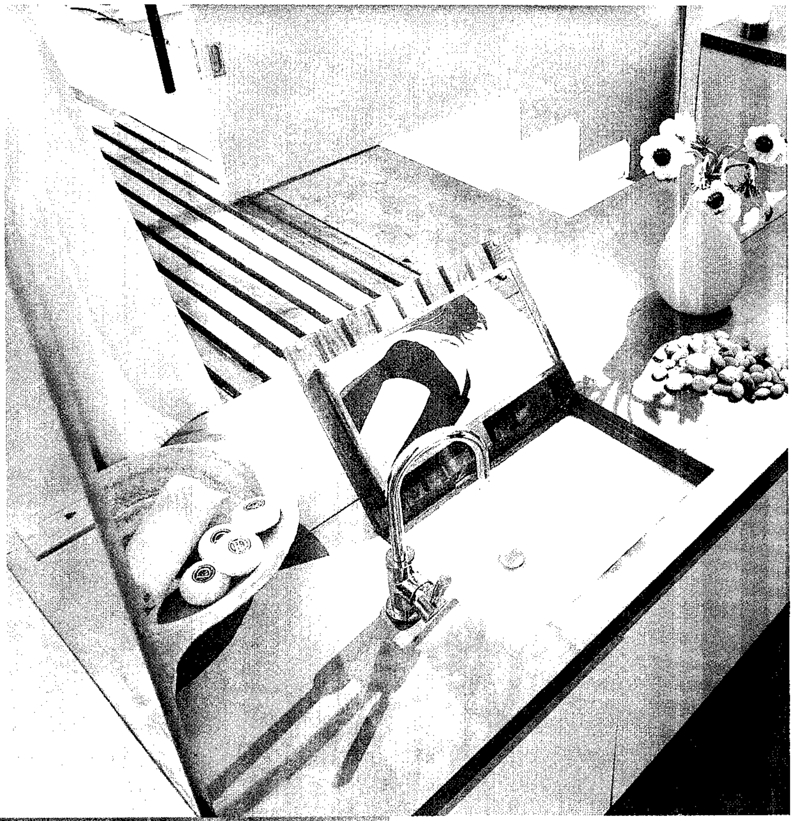
In fact, Sanders's plan was an updated and streamlined version of an image he'd retained from the sixties: "It was this incredible shag-carpet-covered bathroom, with all these people decked out in sort of neo-Gucci clothes, sipping cocktails, sitting on the bidet. It was a totally absurd image that in a way was the generator of the idea that the bathroom could be an area you could entertain in."

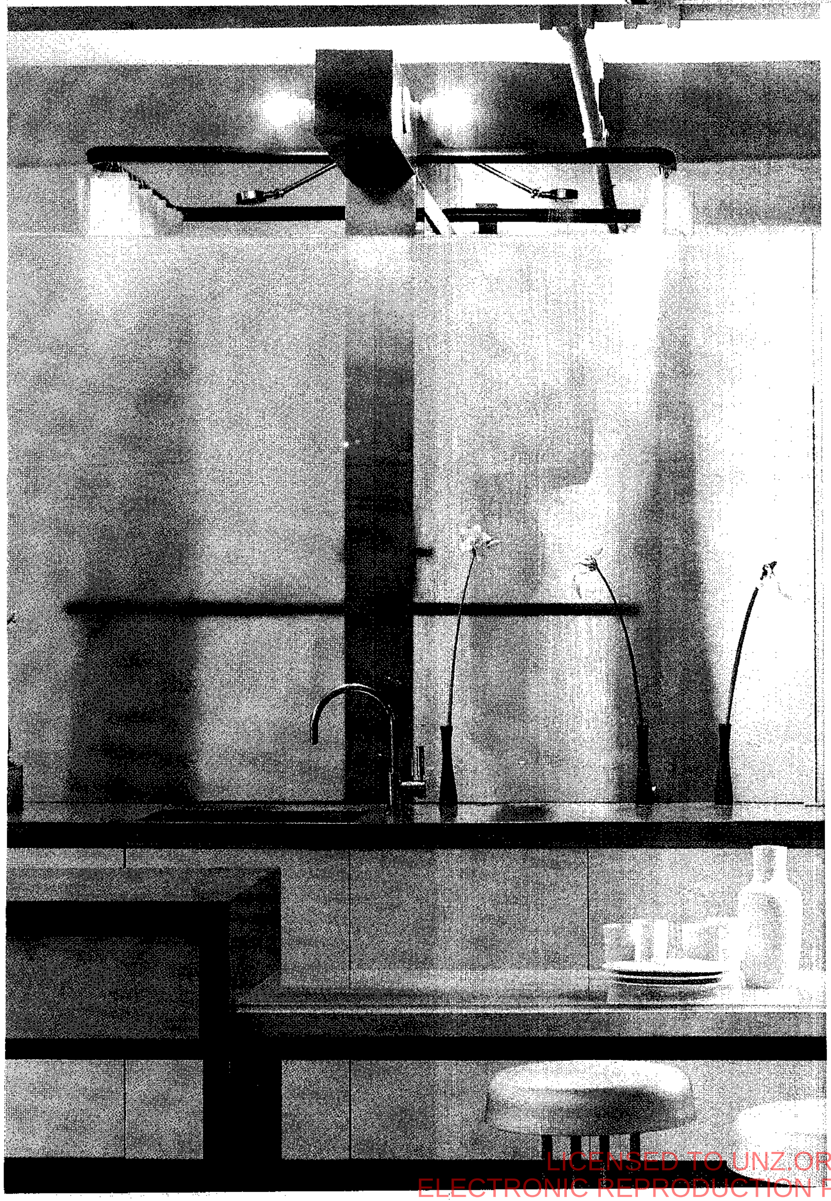
Still, privacy hasn't been rendered completely obsolete. The island offers sliding walls and curtains that can create a guest bathroom and a now-you-see-it-now-you-don't guest bedroom. Poured concrete, Sanders says, gives continuity to normally disparate spaces. "It has the quality of being waterproof, appropriate for the work surfaces of the kitchen, and then it slides and folds and becomes the wet surface on the counters around the guest bathroom. It forms the surface which contains the tub and shower, and then it finally folds down and becomes the floor."

The overall effect is as sensual as it is ingenious. "I think it's about pleasure," Sanders says. "It's about sexuality. It's about the body. And we are celebrating that."









THE SHOWER SCENE The central island has its pragmatic side: the location of plumbing lines. Sanders consolidated the kitchen and the bath pipes—everything, he notes, that has to do with water and the body—in the unit. Near left, translucent sandblasted glass divides the kitchen from the bathroom-spa. Ceramic cups, plates, and pitcher are from Moss. Far left, a sliding wall creates a private space for the guest room. A wooden bureau topped with concrete for bathroom storage doubles as a headboard for the guest bed. The porcelain lamp is from Troy; bed linens and pillow shams are from ABC Carpet and Home. Above, the guest bathroom has a teak shower platform and a concealed sink basin beneath a teak cover that opens to reveal a mirror.

BEST BETS

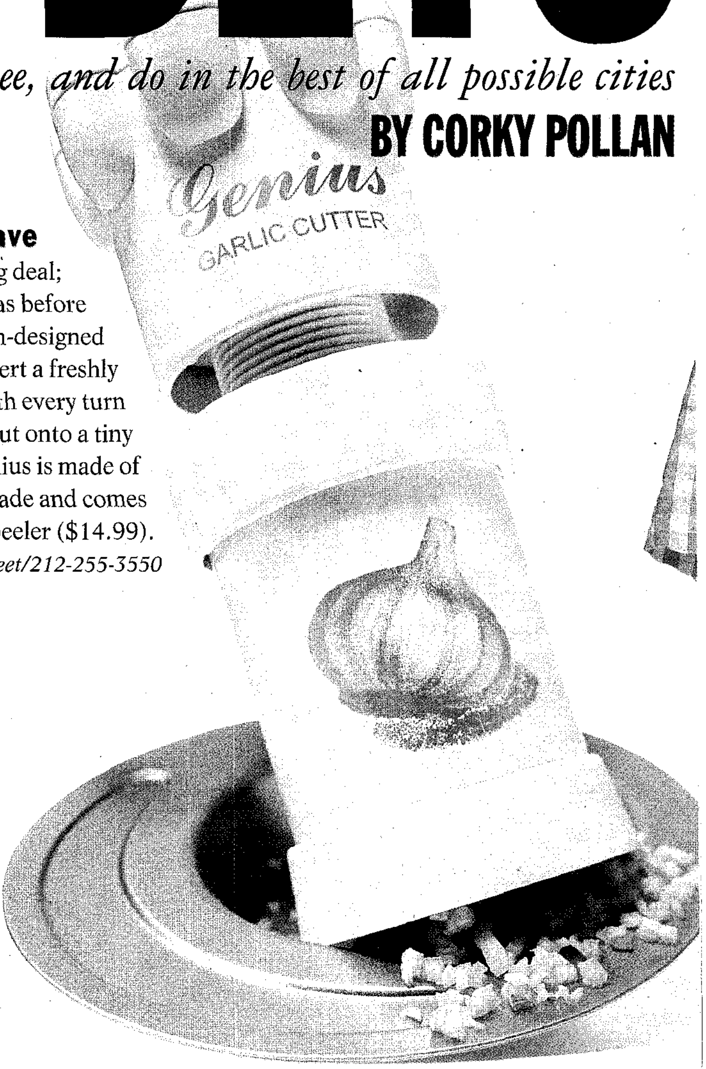
The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

A Clove Shave

For knife-wielding whizzes, mincing garlic is no big deal; for the rest of us, it's a messy hassle. At least, that was before the advent of the Genius Garlic Cutter. This German-designed gizmo works like a pepper mill: Remove the top, insert a freshly peeled garlic clove, replace the top, and rotate it. With every turn you get uniform little squares that sprinkle out onto a tiny stainless-steel tray. Dishwasher safe, the Genius is made of high-impact plastic; it has a stainless-steel blade and comes with its very own rubber garlic peeler ($14.99).

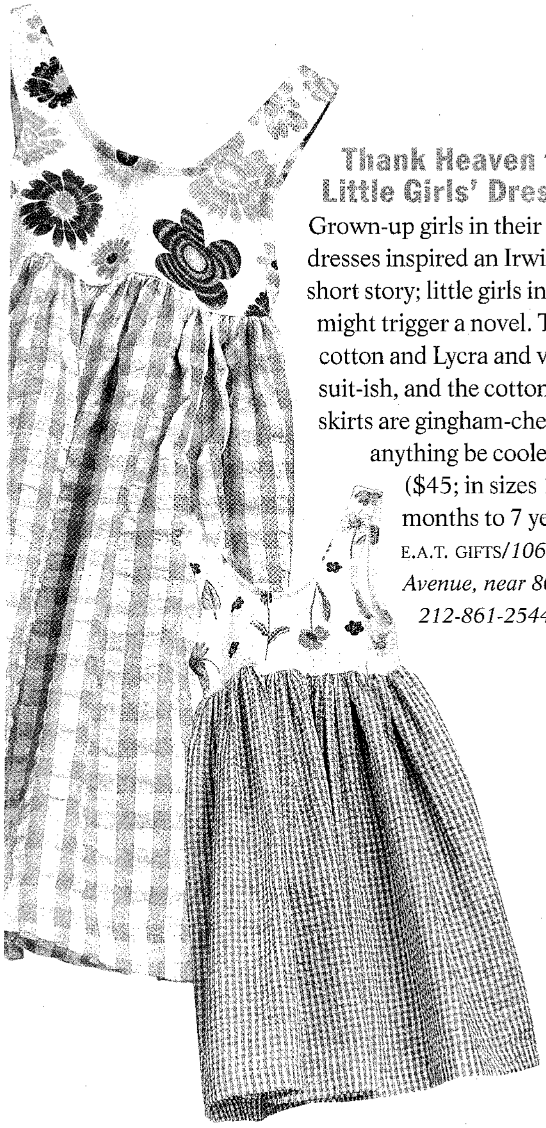
BED, BATH AND BEYOND/*620 Sixth Avenue, at 18th Street/212-255-3550*



But Where's the Corkscrew?

Trust Victorinox, the Swiss Army Knife folks, to come up with nifty hiking gear. Lausanne, a roomy 420-denier-nylon day pack, has parallel zippers that make for easy access to its foam-backed main compartment. Eight pockets provide ample space for such old-fashioned hiking necessities as water, a sweater, binoculars, a knife. But there's room, too, for what modern ramblers deem essential: cell phone and CD player. The only problem may be in remembering what pocket you stashed what stuff in ($139).

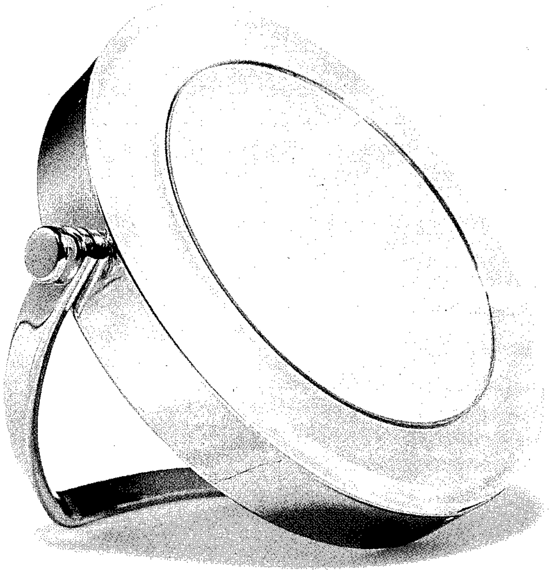
THE CIVILIZED TRAVELLER/*2003 Broadway, at 68th Street/212-875-0306; and 864 Lexington Avenue, near 65th Street/212-288-9190*



Thank Heaven for Little Girls' Dresses

Grown-up girls in their summer dresses inspired an Irwin Shaw short story; little girls in these just might trigger a novel. The tops are cotton and Lycra and very bathing-suit-ish, and the cotton seersucker skirts are gingham-checked. Could anything be cooler—or cuter? ($45; in sizes 12 months to 7 years.)

E.A.T. GIFTS/*1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th Street/ 212-861-2544*



Glam on the Lam

Tuck Kimball & Young's travel makeup mirror into your backpack and you can look glamorous even when camping out. Like its bigger cousins, this chrome mini lights up and offers 5X magnification; unlike them, it's battery-operated, so it can go with you no matter how far you roam ($25; batteries included).

S. FELDMAN HOUSEWARES/*1304 Madison Avenue, near 92nd Street/212-289-3961*

Tables of Content

Rich Phillips, of the furniture-shop-cum-bar Pinetree Lodge, does a fun take on the generally dreary business of recycling. He hunts down enameled-tin advertising signs from the forties and fifties (the kind that were popped in between the windows of convenience stores), adds recycled pine-board frames (with legs), paints them to match the bright tops, and comes up with funky bridge-size tables ($295 and $395; dependent on the rarity and condition of the signs).

PINETREE LODGE/*326 East 35th Street/212-481-5490*

Photographed by Steve Wisbauer

Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

SMARTCITY

Paris Matched

A guide to living *la belle vie* in New York, now that polished French style is back in fashion. By Nan Parry

WITH THE RUNWAYS ALL YVES SAINT Laurent–inspired pussy-bow blouses and prim court shoes this season, Gallic icon Catherine Deneuve is tête-à-tête with Brazilian bombshell Gisele as the fashion front line's belle du jour. But for those of us who didn't acquire natural chic in our *maman*'s milk, pulling off the pulled-together Parisian look can be more than a little daunting. Well, *calmez-vous, mesdames:* Here's how to live ladylike chic an ocean away from those BCBG beauties looking down their perfectly powdered noses.

For starters, slip on those Christian Louboutin slingbacks, grab your Jamin Puech boat-print bag, and sashay on down to **Patisserie Claude** for the best croissants in *le tout* New York. Greet the endearingly grumpy Claude with a brisk *Bonjour* as you push past the line of glaring customers and order one of his flaky-yet-fluffy pastries and a café-crème. The newsstand at the corner of Seventh Avenue and West 4th Street sells *Le Monde* (France's Gray Lady) and the fabulous weekly French *Elle,* excellent companions for a leisurely *petit déjeuner* in Washington Square Park.

All those fresh, French figures in their lacy lingerie: It's enough to make a *demoiselle* shiver under her YSL trench (or is it the Allegra da Verio version, $245 at Variazioni?). Time to replace your Calvin Klein gray marl ensemble with something a little more ooh-la-la at **Le Corset**, the SoHo boutique that could have you thinking you were in the 1er arrondissement, if it weren't for the ultra-friendly service. Affect an air of studied nonchalance as the sales assistants hand you Selima's elegantly fluid satin-silk tunics ($242), Fifi Chachnil's coquette-kitsch baby-doll bras ($115), Carine Gilson's pick-me-up pink and burgundy lace garters ($220): "Frenchwomen pay attention to zee little things," purrs shapely shop manager Pascele. "Zey know 'ow to pleez zer man. Chic is all in zee details."

For more of the details, drop by **A.P.C.** (a SoHo twist on the chichi Champs Élysées) for its classic stiff indigo jeans, trinket store **Agatha** for some *très*-glam rhinestone earrings, and **Sephora** for a pot of Bourjois sparkly shadow (made by Chanel but sold at a fraction of the price). Also, French general store **Le Gamin** is chock-full of "zee little things": chocolate-caramel bars, called Carambars, stuffed into old pots of crème fraîche, tubes of Elgydium toothpaste (a must to keep any wannabe Parisienne's pearly whites *comme il faut*), and pairs of "Tropeziennes," *faux*-crocodile thongs that will bring a touch of Saint Tropez to Southampton ($145).

On to a late lunch at **Les Deux Gamins** (the Robert Arbor–owned chain is spreading faster than Nutella on a Balthazar baguette), where the air contains more tobacco smoke than oxygen. Order something *léger,* perhaps a frisée aux lardons (a.k.a. a bacon salad). Don't eat too much; better yet, don't eat at all—just sip Perrier and smoke Camel Lights between courses. ("I know it's bad for you, but it's such a

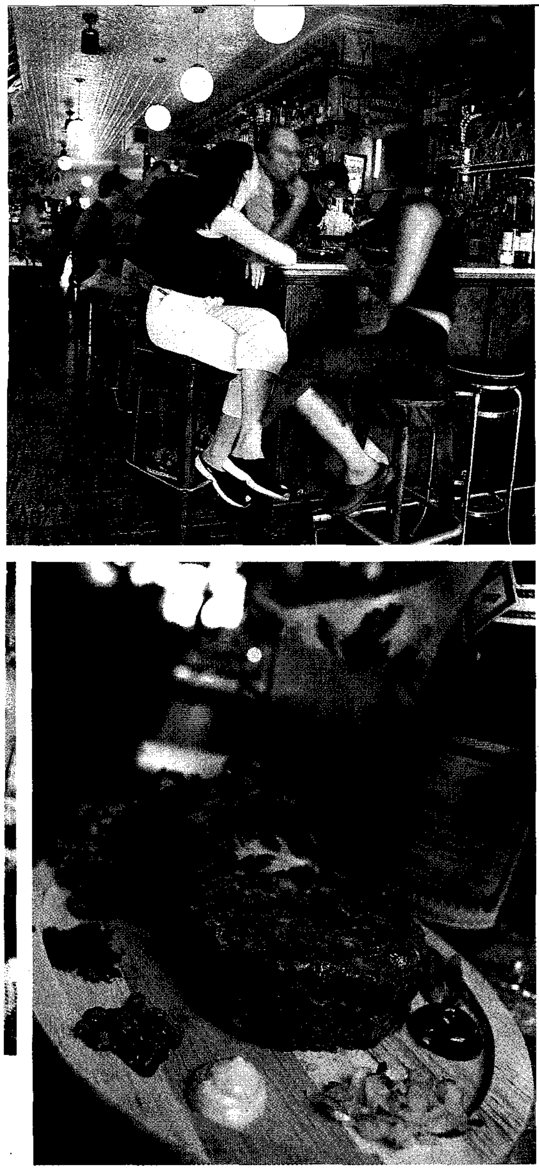
EXPERT TESTIMONY

Reel World

Blockbuster and its ilk may be sufficient for those who feel the need to cry through *Titanic* for the eighth time, but if your tastes run more toward the rare or rarefied, Robert Haller, director of collections and special projects at Anthology Film Archives, recommends contacting the Chicago-based Facets Multi-Media (800-532-2387, www.facets.org), which rents and sells videos through the mail. "It's highly specialized," Haller says; he recently purchased *Burning Soil* by F. W. Murnau, a 1922 film from the Munich Archives. Although Facets' new-releases list includes mainstream hits like *Buena Vista Social Club* and *Topsy-Turvy,* its real strength is in numbers: It carries 40,000 titles, 17,000 of which are available for rent. "These are films you couldn't fit in a video store," he says. "Unless you had two floors of Macy's and it was nothing but shelves."

MONICA KHEMSUROV

Photographed by Liz Steger.



RARE FINDS Clockwise from top left, Gérard at Louis Licari; the bar scene at Casimir; steak tartare at Casimir; the candy counter at Le Gamin.

graceful gesture," as Jean Paul Gaultier so wisely put it after sending his models cigarette-in-hand down the spring runway.)

A glance at your Cartier Tank tells you it's time to head uptown for an appointment with Gérard at **Louis Licari** (the one rendezvous for which it is not fashionable to be late). Louis may be the king of color, but Gérard is the count of cuts. His tip for achieving a fashionably French look? "You have two options: a straight Louise Brooks bob or a gamine Ines de la Fressange." Either way you'll fit right in with the grandes dames who sip tea (forget ladies who lunch) at **Payard Patisserie.**

As you make your way along 57th Street, indulge in a spot of *lèche-vitrine* (or window-licking): The storefronts read like an A–Z of Parisian chic: Chanel, Dior, Vuitton. Payard's delectable chocolate mousse and crème brûlée Élysées ($4.75) will inspire an aching need in the pit of your stomach. But recall that lingerie and order a small macaroon ($1) and pot of Lapsang souchong ($3.50) instead.

You thought tea and sympathy was a purely English prerogative? Stand corrected, *ma chère:* Mariage Frère's Earl Grey ($14 at Dean & Deluca) is the *only* thing to serve on lazy mornings with those biscottes, President butter, and Bonne Maman jam (all available at Balducci's). On your way downtown, stop by *très recherché* beauty haven **Aedes De Venustas** for L'Artisan Parfumeur's silk teabags of all-natural slip-in-your-pocket perfume ($10): essential aromatic accessories for *ce soir*'s tête-à-tête at **Casimir.**

Let your date know you prefer the more bohemian ambience at this Avenue B bistro to that of either Pastis or Balthazar—don't bother mentioning that it's possible to get a reservation here and that it's half the price. As you arrive with a nonchalant "Is that the time?," air-kiss your way around the close-set tables and head for the banquettes. Order a steak tartare (the raw egg comes on the side) with a bottle of Moulin-à-Vent. When the dim globe lights and lazy ceiling fans have lulled you into a fine fatigue, bid *au revoir* to your date and head home. Hastily kicking off your heels, pour a tulip glass of Camp Romain Single Distillery cognac and surrender to the persistent *pensée du jour:* Coco may have liberated ladies from their corsets, but the replacement rules are equally binding.

Patisserie Claude, 187 W. 4th St. (212-255-5911); Variazioni, 37 W. 57th St. (212-980-4900); Le Corset, 80 Thompson St. (212-334-4936); A.P.C., 131 Mercer St. (212-966-9685); Agatha, 610 Fifth Ave., near 50th St. (212-586-5890); Sephora, 636 Fifth Ave., at 51st St. (212-245-1633); Le Gamin, 114 W. Houston St. (646-654-6685); Les Deux Gamins, 170 Waverly Pl. (212-807-7357); Louis Licari, 693 Fifth Ave., at 54th St. (212-517-8084); Payard Patisserie, 1032 Lexington Ave., at 74th St. (212-717-5252); Casimir, 103 Ave. B (212-358-9683). ▬

NAVIGATOR

Q: I want my sons to experience volunteering. How can I find programs that will involve them with other teens?

A: Every YMCA in NYC has a "Leaders Club," where teenagers organize projects like reading to tots after school and neighborhood-park clean-ups. To find a branch near you, call 212-630-YMCA. In Brooklyn, the Prospect Park YMCA (357 9th Street; talk to Ed Michel, 718-768-7171) holds fund-raising car washes, bake sales, and phone-athons.

For longer term projects, check out the Queens-based Samuel Field YM-YWHA (58-20 Little Neck Pkwy.; call Hal Eisenberg, 718-225-6750, ext. 272). This youth group has worked with Habitat for Humanity, planned a festival for physically disabled adults, and distributed clothing to the homeless.

For groups of teens, the Youth Service Opportunities Project (15 Rutherford Place; call Ed Doty, 212-598-0973) arranges weekend work camps where young volunteers spend the night at YSOP headquarters near Union Square after preparing and serving dinners at soup kitchens citywide.

The 92nd Street Y (1395 Lexington Avenue; 212-415-5614) oversees 400 high-school students involved in community service. Adviser Sergio Alati helps each participant choose an activity, from bringing food to homebound elderly to manning water stations at the New York City marathon.

Not sure what you're looking for? Go to www.volunteermatch.org, a searchable database of volunteer opportunities. Options range from dog walking for the ASPCA to tutoring adult-literacy students.

AMY BOSHNACK

Illustration by Matthew Martin.

SALES & BARGAINS SHYAMA PATEL

The Inside Dish

Table for $200: *Stefan Beckman sets Calvin Klein's table (in the ads, anyway). We asked him to do ours, for the summer, on a budget.* **You provide the iced tea.**

CHIC SUMMER TABLEWARE CAN BE cheap, says Stefan Beckman, owner of the hip new SoHo furniture shop **Property** and a stylist for Calvin Klein Home and Banana Republic's ad campaigns. "Summer's fun—not serious. We went through that Shabby Chic thing where everything was white, gray, or beige," he explains. "That's boring and safe." With an afternoon and a $200 budget, Beckman sets us a lively table for six.

"There's color everywhere," he begins, flipping through bright rubber place mats at **Bed Bath & Beyond**. "In fashion, in furniture—it's *happening*." He takes six ($1.29 each), plus three citronella candles ($6.99 each), a chips-and-dip tray ($9.99—"tacky, but necessary"), and a white ice bucket ($4.99—"it's a good balance"). At **Fishs Eddy**, he adds six skinny glasses ($1.50 each—"perfect for summer drinks") and three yellow saltcellars ($3.95 each).

"I've found ice buckets, tissue holders, flip-flops . . ." Beckman says, dragging us, dubious, to 14th Street. **American Value Center** has a wacky, lemon-shaped candle ($4.99; "Go overboard!"). **Dee & Dee**'s good for freezer pops ($1 each—"This might be about popsicles, not flowers").

At **Pearl River**, he buys pink chopsticks "instead of forks?" ($2.50 for twenty). Sturdy yellow plastic plates are a find at **Crate & Barrel** ($2.95 each). A group of clear place mats is irresistible, and, he says, "we can layer them" ($3.95 each). A quick stop at **Macy's** turns up hot-pink napkins ($3.99 each) and a stand with 24 pieces of flatware ($30).

Now the only question is what to serve. "The best summer foods are colorful," Beckman muses. "Watermelon, corn on the cob. I'll need some very geometric crackers . . ."

Bed Bath & Beyond, 620 Sixth Ave., at 19th St. (212-255-3550); Fishs Eddy, 889 Broadway, at 19th St. (212-420-9020); American Value Center, 22 W. 14th St. (212-627-1555); Dee & Dee, 22 W. 14th St. (212-243-5621); Pearl River Mart, 277 Canal St. (212-431-4770); Crate & Barrel, 650 Madison Ave., at 59th St. (212-308-0011); Macy's (212-695-4400).

Picks of the Week

Bottega Veneta's fabulously sharp things are about half off: Bags are $160–$700; sandals are $160–$240; clothes are $300–$750. *635 Madison Ave., near 60th St. (212-371-5515); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–6 (till 7 6/12–6/17), Thurs. till 7, Sat. 11–6; 6/12–6/24.*

Vivienne Westwood is taking 70 percent off sexy men's and women's spring clothes, now $20–$1,000. *71 Greene St. (212-334-5200); A.E., M.C., V.; Thurs.–Sat. noon–6, Sun. 1–5; 6/15–6/18.*

Stuart Weitzman's sharp, urban shoes are on sale: 30 percent off the first pair, 40 off the next, etc. (originally $175–$275). *625 Madison Ave., near 59th St. (212-750-2555); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10–6:30, Sat. till 6, Sun. noon–5; 6/12–6/30.*

Tahari's classic work-friendly suits, dresses, and knits are on sale for 60 to 75 percent off, most under $200. *261 W. 36th St., second floor (212-947-8748); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon., Tues., Thurs. 10–7, Wed. 8–6, Fri. 10–6, Sat. 10–3; 6/12–6/17.*

Frette and **Ralph Lauren** linens are about 70 percent off, mostly under $60. *24 W. 40th St., first floor; A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Wed. 9–6:30, Thurs. till 7:30, Fri. till 6, Sat. 10–4; 6/13–6/17.*

Pixie Yates's cute, girlish spring samples are half off, from $20 for tanks to $100 for sequined dresses. Sizes P–L. *225 Lafayette St., Suite 511 (212-431-3150); cash only; Wed.–Fri. 10–6; 6/14–6/16.* ▬

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Photographs by Joe Scafuro.

e.commerce

TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS IN THE YEAR 2000

One year ago, e-commerce was an intriguing novelty. Today it's how business gets done. Not only are e-commerce sites revolutionizing how we shop and buy products, they are creating entirely new services that quite simply couldn't exist "off-line."

Talk about letting your fingers do the walking. The benefits are endless: Instant price comparisons. Painless searching and browsing without having to sift through items that don't interest you. Shopping any day, any time, morning, noon, or night–whenever you have a spare moment. A wider variety of products than you could ever find in one place. No more trudging from store to store searching for an elusive or out-of-stock item. No more wishing for information because you haven't had time to track it down.

The technology is here and financial transactions are both secure and guaranteed by most reputable vendors. The analysts agree: U.S. shoppers will likely spend over $61 billion online this year.

Here, we profile some of the Internet's most interesting e-commerce sites. So whether you're going online to save time and money or to take advantage of cutting-edge cyber services, read on. And of course, more information on each is only a click away!

Beverly Hood Allen **Creative Services Director** Christy Casamassima **Editor**
Bolle Design **Creative** Lauren Price & Keith Zasmir **Writers** Lory Conklin **Research**

e.commerce

Union Square Wines & Spirits' Tasting Salon

unionsquarewines.com

wonderful wines online

Union Square Wines & Spirits has always been a fabulous place to visit and browse—offering both casual shoppers and seasoned connoisseurs a wonderfully unique wine experience. Creating a Web site was a natural extension of this atmosphere—now you can visit this wonderful store and browse from anywhere on earth at any time of day or night.

Celebrated for incredibly personal service from their very knowledgeable staff, Union Square boasts a wine library featuring more than 4,000 selections ranging from timeless classics to hard-to-find gems.

With a new tasting salon upstairs on the mezzanine, the Sommelier Series, and guest chefs preparing great food paired with the perfect wines, Union Square is much more than just a wine shop. To prevent missing out on any of these terrific events, view their monthly calendar. Free wine tastings are available Wednesday through Saturday between 4 and 8 p.m.

With this new site (recently partnered with the wineaccess network), you get to visit online every day, 24 hours a day. You'll find wine descriptions, ratings, personalized wine portfolios, staff selections, wines of the month, and much more.

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To introduce the service, quixi is now offering a free trial of all of quixi's time-saving services this summer. Because, as quixi's's co-founder, Robert Pines, believes, "The best way to get things done is to have someone to do them for you." To become a charter member of quixi, call 1-800-Q-HELPER or go to quixi.com now.

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EdificeRex.com is the world's first building-specific Internet portal designed to create a unique online community for New York apartment dwellers. The site offers two tiers of access: one exclusively for those living in EdificeRex.com buildings and RexSpeed,® a wireless service for all Internet users.

The site offers online magazines that are tailored for any need you might have while living in New York. Topics range from The Kids (school news straight from the school, camps, and message boards) to The Apartment (top designers contribute their decorating know-how along with an exclusive resource directory) to The Table (inside scoops on restaurant reviews and home entertaining tips).

In addition to the magazines, EdificeRex.com allows instant access to your own building's information. The site allows you to submit work orders, update the status of current repairs, access building staff information, pay monthly charges, view legal documents (leases, bylaws), check the hours of operation of building amenities, and access the "Who's On Duty Now" function. You also have the opportunity to exchange information with your neighbors on everything from good local take-out places to the latest books.

Other features such as weekly auctions allow you to snag prizes such as impossible-to-get dinner reservations (each winning bid secures the reservation and proceeds go to charity). You can also request car service pickups rain or shine – free if the driver takes more than 20 minutes to arrive. Just think of it as access and control, information and indulgence, service and sophistication. It's a completely free service, so just register, click on the site and New York is at your fingertips. EdificeRex.com is accessible to tenants who reside in buildings managed by Insignia Residential Group, Apollo Real Estate Advisors, Blackacre Capital Management, Casden Properties, Milford Management Corporation, The Related Companies, and The Witkoff Group. New buildings are signing up every week.

continued at top of next column

webwoo.com

matchmaking for the millennium

Webwoo.com made its debut recently as an online matchmaking network. Singles looking for dates submit personal information, including a description of their ideal mate. The "dater" registers friends or family believed to be the perfect matchmakers. And that, in turn, provides the real power of the Webwoo network–because enrolled matchmakers in turn sign up their friends and family–who in turn, contribute their list of prospective "datees." Think of the possibilites. And it's really easy.

Webwoo targets single professionals between the ages of 25 and 55. A one-time $49 membership fee applies for the "dater" and there are free trial memberships available. The program is enhanced by Woo Concierge for assistance in making dinner reservations and ordering a car service (for a modest additional fee).

To encourage the matchmakers to participate enthusiastically, Webwoo.com offers "Frequent Matchmaking" rewards including a top prize of $10,000 for making a match that results in a marriage. Monthly prizes are also offered.

With more than 7,000 members and hundreds of successful matches (no marriages yet)–this site is jumpin.'

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EdificeRex

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products with a downtown vibe

The motto of the brand new Trendynow.com is "cool, hip and now," and the site's eclectic offerings mirror this concept, bringing a distinctly SoHo feel to the 'net. The site features a wide range of the latest in products and accessories aimed at the 18- to 40-year-old set. The owners pride themselves on offering distinctly unique products and services, including creative gift presentations, that can't be found elsewhere on the Internet or even at off-line retail stores.

Offerings range from jewelry and handbags to pillows, candles, and wall fixtures, to the perfect Hamptons party and house gifts, to sex-themed gift baskets.

Since the owner-operators have 18 years of mail-order experience between them, the site's customer service is superb.

MOVIES PETER RAINER

The *Sonnenschein* Boys

In the epic 'Sunshine,' Ralph Fiennes plays men from three generations of a Hungarian Jewish family, each determined to assimilate, each doomed.

ISTVÁN SZABÓ'S HIGHLY UNEVEN **Sunshine**, starring Ralph Fiennes in three separate roles, is an epic romance encompassing several generations of a Hungarian Jewish family as well as most of the twentieth century and its attendant political horrors. Szabó's script originally ran some 600 pages; the version that's on the screen, written in collaboration with the American playwright Israel Horovitz, lasts three hours. The results are schematic yet sprawling. We're watching the playing-out of a thesis, which could be summarized as *You can never escape your roots,* but along the way Szabó demonstrates the kind of grand-scale ambition one still sees in novels but rarely sees anymore in the movies. What I am speaking of here is *conceptual* ambition, not the bigger-is-better pomp and pageantry that most filmmakers mistake for breadth.

Darkness and light: Fiennes, with Molly Parker, in István Szabó's three-hour epic *Sunshine*.

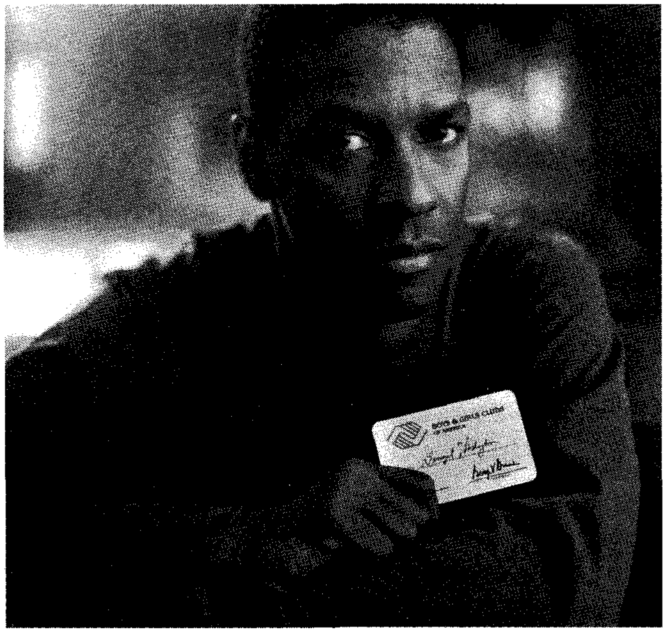
You certainly feel like you've been through something when *Sunshine* ends. But what, exactly? Szabó's specialty, notably in films like *Mephisto* and *Colonel Redl,* both starring Klaus Maria Brandauer, is dramatizing the bloody confluence of politics and matters of the heart. He is a fatalist who believes that history plays out our destinies. And yet he is drawn to the ways in which people fight the inevitability of their fates. He's drawn to decadence too; the most memorable moments in his movies are not the humanist ones but, instead, those passages in which the screen is wormy with terror and corruption.

The Sonnenscheins (the name means *sunshine* in German) are the family whose destiny is being played out. Emmanuel (David de Keyser), the patriarch, created the family fortune with the marketing of an herbal health tonic; his advice to his two sons, Ignatz (Fiennes) and Gustave (James Frain), is to "take nothing on trust, see everything for yourself." Gustave, in love with Ignatz's wife, Valerie (Jennifer Ehle), a first cousin raised within the family, becomes a firebrand physician who rails against the reigning Austro-Hungarian monarchy; Ignatz becomes a judge and staunch defender of the empire. With his father's blessing, he changes his surname from the Jewish-sounding Sonnenschein to Sors, an acceptably Hungarian appellation. Neglecting his wife, who despises his accommodationist cravings, Ignatz is a caricature of middle-class respectability, a poseur whose pose has become the man.

His son Adam (Fiennes), an even fiercer assimilator, grows up into a lawyer and champion fencer who converts to Catholicism in order to compete at the highest levels. A gold-medalist at the 1936 Olympics in Berlin, he ultimately is done in by the Fascist forces he refused to foresee. Adam's young son, Ivan (later played by Fiennes), who narrates the film, watches as his father is tortured and murdered before his eyes in a concentration camp, and survives to revenge himself as a Communist—before falling victim to yet another strain of totalitarianism.

Szabó carefully sets up the three characters played by Fiennes to represent the phases of a man's life: Ignatz wants power, Adam glory, Ivan redemption. He gives each of them a distinct look, too, as a beard gives way to a mustache and ultimately to a more sunken, sallow countenance. Casting Fiennes in all these roles is something of a stunt, but at the most basic level of our not confusing one man with the other, he brings it off. Missing, however, is the spellbinding performance that would unify this behemoth of a movie. Szabó's films require not only heroic protagonists but heroic actors to play them, someone like Klaus Maria Brandauer. (What has happened to him?) Fiennes's soulfulness can be wearying. He's too elegantly refined, too effete, too Dirk Bogarde–ish to carry the day. His resonant blankness doesn't allow us to see behind the mask, and in roles like these, that's a near-fatal flaw.

The meanings of this movie seemed coerced rather than arrived at. If we are meant to interpret *Sunshine* as a cautionary tale about the dangers of denying one's roots, we come face-to-face with the realization that for the Sonnenscheins, it ultimately mattered little to their survival whether they declared themselves Jews. Would a scenario in which Ignatz and Adam embraced their Jewishness have resulted in a far different fate? Name change or no, Hitler and Stalin were still waiting in the wings. In one unsubtle scene, Ivan is asked why no one



Denzel Washington

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among the thousands of prisoners was moved to save his father when there were only three officers in command. At times, Szabó seems to be implying that his characters' accommodations brought on the dictators. The family, starting with Emmanuel, is never shown to be terribly rooted in Jewish tradition anyway. That may be part of the point, but we are being asked to mourn a lost cultural bond that has never been fully established for us.

There's something uncomfortably punitive about the way Szabó frames this story. Ignatz's wife, now a wise old matriarch (played radiantly by Rosemary Harris, Jennifer Ehle's mother), speaks of the family's fate as a Jewish fate. Is the assimilationist dream of wanting to belong such a grievous malady? And if one takes the larger view that many of these people have indelibly compromised their individuality, then why do they yet seem so individual?

For all its scope and intermittent power, *Sunshine* ultimately seems like a family squabble that Szabó has politicized into epic proportions. The brother-vs.-brother infighting, the messing-around with each other's wives, the affairs and recriminations and capitulations would be just as likely to occur in Boise as in Budapest. Inflating their importance by presenting them against the backdrop of the Holocaust and the Gulag in the end deflates them. Whenever Szabó inserts documentary clips of the Jewish ghetto, or the Hungarian uprising of 1956, the acted-out drama is vastly diminished by comparison. Conceptual epics are wonderful things, but the concept here is as deficient as the curative powers of the Sonnenschein-family tonic.

In brief: THE UNDERGROUND RAVE CULTURE in San Francisco is given the touchy-feely treatment in Greg Harrison's **Groove**, a sweet, disposable concoction that at times resembles one of those sixties American International Pictures like *The Trip*, with some Frankie and Annette thrown in, and at other times resembles a seventies disco flick. Despite all the drugs ingested, everything going on inside the warehouse during this all-night odyssey is a lot closer to chill-out than to freak-out. Located somewhere inside all the techno-thump is your classic boy-meets-girl scenario. Some things never change. . . . If ecstasy is the drug of choice in *Groove*, then Kenneth Branagh's **Love's Labour's Lost** seems to be high on Halcion. He's taken Shakespeare's peerless piece of frivolity and revamped it into a frothy thirties-Hollywood musical complete with song-and-dance numbers by Cole Porter and Gershwin. The froth quickly curdles.

Peter Rainer's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

ART **MARK STEVENS**

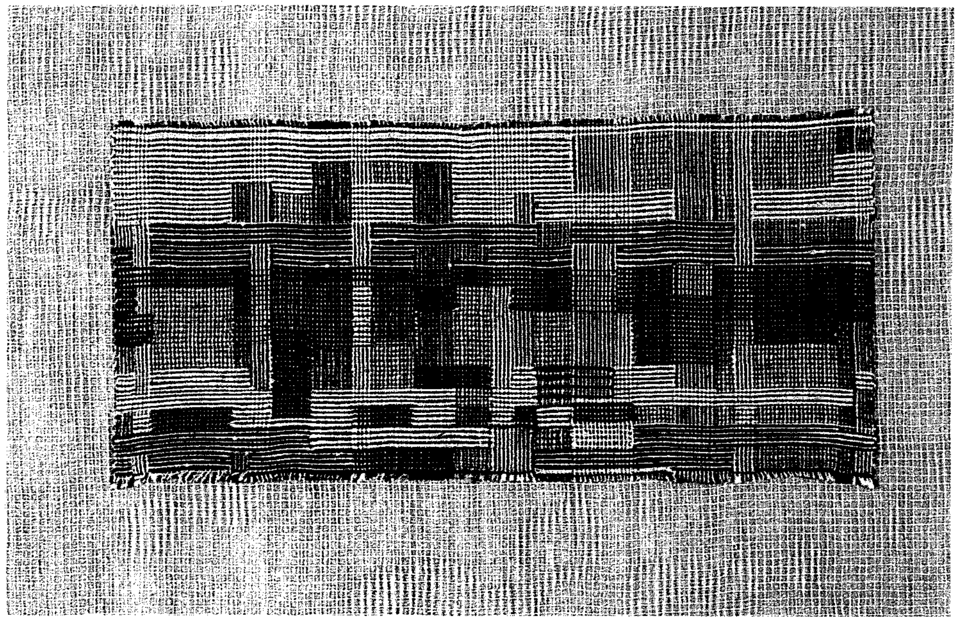
Dream Weaver

A fascinating show on the Bauhaus-trained textile artist Anni Albers may finally move her out of the shadow of her more famous husband.

IN THE FIFTIES, PAINTERS ENJOYED ANALYZING THE distinctive character of Mondrian's brushstroke. They would admire the slight waver of an edge, for example, or the no-nonsense application of a field of paint. In doing so, they were mounting an implicit defense: Mondrian was not, as some fools believed, a "mechanical" painter of abstract geometric forms. He was instead a deeply personal artist with a sensual, even visceral appreciation for an ideal world—a dreamer who had nothing whatsoever to do with running a line along a ruler. The same argument could be made for the work of Josef and Anni Albers, the German couple who immigrated to the United States in 1933 from Nazi Germany. Like Mondrian, the Alberses made rigorously abstract pictures that seem to unite the earthy and the metaphysical, the personal and the platonic.

Of the two, Josef (1888–1976) is much better known. Every museum seems to have an example from his series "Homage to the Square," and he was an influential figure in the art world as a teacher at Black Mountain College and at Yale. His wife, Anni (1899–1994), is too often treated as a kind of artful appendage to the master. She was a "textile designer" and maker of "crafts"—an interesting figure, that is, but not a painter. The exhibit **Anni Albers**, now at the Jewish Museum, should help correct this injustice. Organized by Nicholas Fox Weber and Pandora Tabatabai Asbaghi, the show includes more than 200 works, including wall hangings, pictorial weavings, various fabric designs, and prints. Anni's early weavings were made at the Bauhaus, the legendary German school where Josef taught. The Bauhaus artists hoped to break down visual experience into its fundamental qualities—its alphabet—and did not believe in the established hierarchies of art and craft. Instead, infused with utopian dreams of a new world, they sought to remake the arts into a revolutionary and unified vision of the modern.

At the Bauhaus, Albers earned her diploma with a sound-absorbing and light-reflecting wall covering made for an auditorium. She continued for much of her life to create inventive fabrics intended to be useful in some way, many of which are on view in the exhibit. But she also began to make what are called pictorial weavings—works hung flat on the wall like paintings—especially after she and her husband moved to America. Although these images typically have a strong rectilinear or geometric structure, the rippling beauty of the weave and the beguiling texture of the cloth add a softening, playful, even quixotic note. The works are at once lively and restful; many retain the utopian inflection of her youth. In *The Pasture,* the gentle grid suggests the order of a well-laid-out field, the complementary reds and greens speak of a harmony between animal and land, and the rough weave conveys an impression of clods of grassy earth and bumpy swellings of ground. The play of rectangles in *Cityscape,* in turn, has the jazzy syncopation—and underlying order—of the modern city.



Urban legend: Albers's *Cityscape* (1949).

Albers could create extraordinary effects. Some strands of silver thread woven into an intricate design could add a sparkling of light to a piece of cloth; the weaving-together of dusky and pale planes could establish a powerful sense of receding space. She was not an artist who ordinarily made social and political comments in her work, but the exhibition does include *Six Prayers,* an important piece about the Holocaust that has the dignified presence of religious ritual. The six weavings resemble prayer shawls. The interlacing of discordant lines suggests both control and mayhem, darkness and light; human beings appear woven of good and evil on the loom of nature. As a historical figure, Albers is a fascinating study in both restraint and freedom. She was bound to a husband and tied to a "craft," yet always proudly—and grandly—refused the role of victim. She made a virtue of necessity, much as a great poet uses the constraints of rhyme to find a new thought. ▬

Mark Stevens's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Photograph by Tim Nighswander.

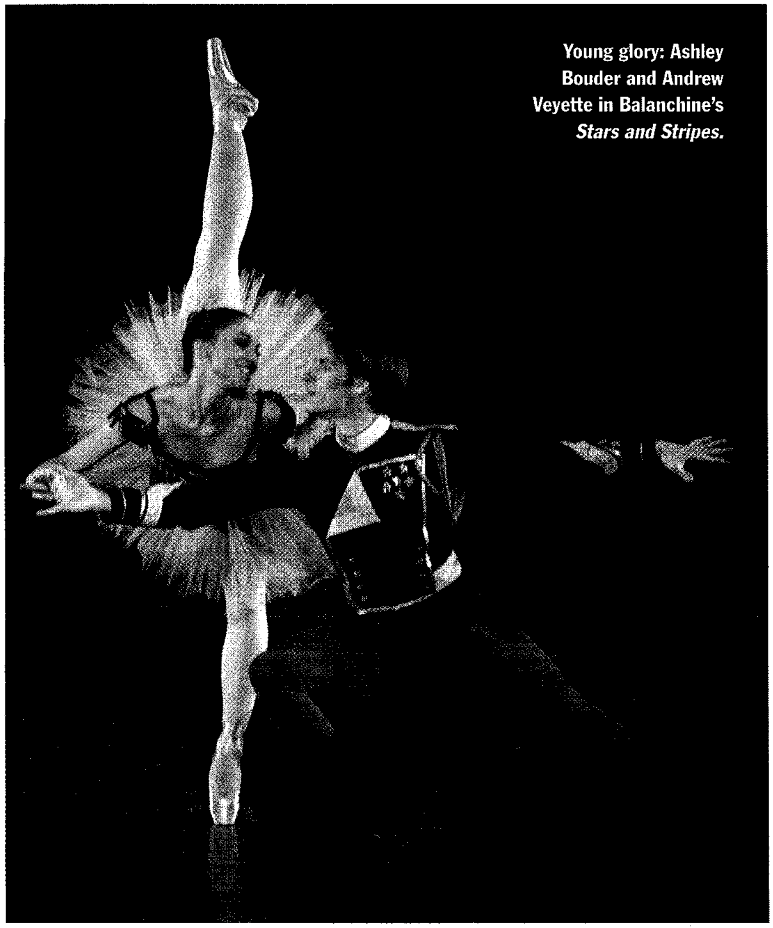
DANCE **TOBI TOBIAS**

Class Dismissed

The report cards are in for the students of the School of American Ballet—and for their counterparts in the platitudinous new movie 'Center Stage.'

THIS YEAR, THE ANNUAL **School of American Ballet Workshop Performances**—a showcase for the advanced students of the celebrated academy that feeds into the New York City Ballet—provided no transcendent experiences. Two factors contributed to this disappointment. First, though a slew of uncannily competent pre-professionals strutted their stuff, not one of them combined fine-honed athleticism with the inexplicable poetry essential to memorable dancing. Second, two of the three ballets chosen to display the young performers posed stylistic challenges they're not yet equipped to meet.

Balanchine's *Danses Concertantes,* staged by Susan Pilarre in the revised version created for NYCB in 1972, has twofold peril built right into it. With its staccato tempi, its eccentric twists and turns, its extravagant leg extensions and cat's-cradle couplings, the intricate choreography poses a challenge even to seasoned technicians. It simply invites mishaps that can't be concealed. Then there's the highly wrought style—acerbic, ironic, rich in references to theatrical history—that gives the ballet its distinctive profile. This, too, is beyond the reach of the youngsters—as well as most of their elders these days.



Young glory: Ashley Bouder and Andrew Veyette in Balanchine's *Stars and Stripes.*

Difficulties with style gravely undermined the dancing-school scene from August Bournonville's *Konservatoriet,* the Danish choreographer's homage to the studios of Paris, where his dance training received a final polish in the 1820s. The distinctive Bournonville style preserves many qualities of French Romantic-period ballet that were abandoned long ago by the French and have increasingly been neglected of late by the Danes themselves. Physically, it requires quicksilver footwork, elevation that's as buoyant as a soap bubble, and a sculptural use of the head and torso in complement to the lower body. Temperamentally, it requires a relaxed, unaffected demeanor, the performer ingratiating himself with his audience through his apparent joy in dancing and his natural charm. These traits are the antithesis of the sharper, speedier, flatter, and more artificed SAB-NYCB style—as the Workshop rendering of *Konservatoriet,* despite valiant effort, made all too clear.

Nevertheless, it's good to see the tradition of grappling with the Danish inheritance continued after the death of Stanley Williams, who was its former guardian at SAB. Balanchine professed himself to be an admirer of Bournonville's way with step combinations, and the NYCB has had a long history of absorbing the marvelous male dancers Denmark produces—among them Peter Martins, the current artistic director, and company principal Nikolaj Hübbe, who staged this production.

Stars and Stripes, mounted by Suki Schorer, showed the SAB dancers to far greater advantage, being choreographed as an entertainment in Balanchine's straightforward American Beauty style. Without betraying the basic tenets of classicism, *Stars* allows its women to be ballerinas, showgirls, and cheerleaders all at once, while their male counterparts are feisty soldiers, cavaliers when need be, but rough and ready, audacious ones. The thirteen-strong guys-alone regiment of the piece, danced with terrific energy, precision, and alacrity, showed off the near-miraculous expansion in numbers and skill of the boys' and young men's contingent at SAB, a phenomenon that promises to be of utmost significance in the future of ballet in America.

I SAW NICHOLAS HYTNER'S **Center Stage** AT A PUBLIC SCREENING in a picture palace opposite Lincoln Center, where much of this teen-dream dance melodrama was shot. With a handful of exceptions, my fellow viewers at this late-afternoon showing were girls in early adolescence—very chirpy, very sweet. Though they are, by default, the niche audience for this film (which origi-

Photograph by Paul Kolnik.

nally had higher aspirations), it falls beneath even their modest level of emotional and intellectual sophistication.

Set in a ferociously selective dance academy (modeled on SAB) that feeds into a world-class company, the movie is all stock types and stock plot—somewhat updated, to be sure, from *The Turning Point,* but even less believable than that *Red Shoes* wannabe and, worse yet, less potent in terms of fantasy. *Center Stage* incorporates just about every platitude about classical dancing that has ever flourished. The idea that a single performance can make or break a career provides the very scaffolding of the story. What I call the anatomy myth—that heart counts more than an ideal physique for dancing—serves as a central theme. A raunchily energetic jazz-class scene and some dirty dancing in a club demonstrate how hopelessly uptight ballet is compared with Terpsichore's earthier manifestations. And so on, and on. Not one of these hokey notions is made convincing. Blame for this can be shared among Hytner; the screenwriter, Carol Heikkinen; and the cast. Most of the roles are taken by dancers, and most of these dancers—from San Francisco Ballet newcomer Amanda Schull as the dewy aspirant to American Ballet Theatre virtuoso Ethan Stiefel as the company star and resident Lothario—can't act.

Despite the prodigious gifts for movement of its huge cast, *Center Stage* avoids sustained attention to actual dancing. The passages of ostensible performance onstage are rendered as an agitated string of fragments. Perhaps that's just as well, given the material being performed. Broadway's darling, Susan Stroman, provides a motorcyclist-among-the-sylphs affair, while ballet's young man of the moment, Christopher Wheeldon, carries out the tutus-in-the-starry-night assignment. Both concoctions are just what you'd expect. Stiefel demonstrates his mettle in solo work from *Stars and Stripes* by you-know-who, whose invention shows up the other choreography for what it is.

Classical dancing captures our imagination because it embodies the human aspiration to something purer and grander than what is within our ordinary reach. To practice it involves ceaseless, single-minded labor and frequent heartbreak. People keep doing it and people keep watching it for what it offers, if only in fleeting moments: ecstasy. When *The Red Shoes*—to my mind still the most magical film based on these premises—was made in 1948, a substantial audience shared these ideas. Today, when we want ecstasy, we pop a pill. Does it help to think of *Center Stage* as a casualty of this shift in society's mind-set? ▬

Tobi Tobias's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Photographed by Mary Bloom.

Seven-year old actress Hallie Eisenberg with League Orphan "Brandy".

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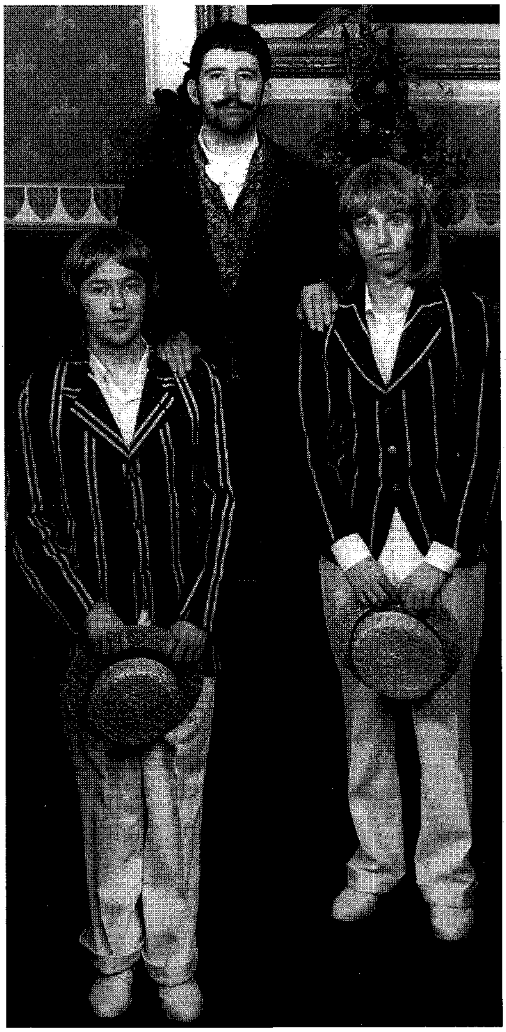
POP MUSIC **ETHAN SMITH**

For Whom Belle Tolls

Glasgow septet Belle and Sebastian have always made orchestral maneuvers in the dark. On their new album, they get self-conscious about it.

FROM THE MID-SIXTIES heyday of garage rock to the next decade's punk explosion to the ascendance of grunge, rock's do-it-yourself ethic has been synonymous with loud and fast—and a limited emotional palette. Except a funny thing happened as the generation of punk fans raised on Nirvana grew up, formed bands, and began looking for another emotion and a fourth chord: They stayed "indie"—recording for small labels on the cheap and disdaining commercial success—but decided to trade in their Ramones obsessions in order to idolize pop maestros like Burt Bacharach and Brian Wilson.

At first listen, Glasgow's seven-member Belle and Sebastian seems firmly in that mode—the band sounds like it formed after its members met at a meeting of a Nick Drake fan club. (In fact, singer-guitarist Stuart Murdoch put the band together as his final project for a college music-business class.) But its first two albums, *Tigermilk* and *If You're Feeling Sinister,* immediately established Belle and Sebastian as more than the sum of its eclectic influences—drummer Richard Colburn called the then-octet "a sixteen-legged stramash that sounds like Nick Drake, Love, and Donovan." The group balanced its singsong melodies and school-orchestra instrumentation (the band includes a cellist, a violinist, and a trumpeter) with a name nicked from an obscure animated French TV series and rainy-day lyrics that range in mood from melancholy to just plain mopey. Its members also cultivated a practiced guilelessness—refusing most interview requests and saying they'd rather play for friends at home than tour clubs—that began to wear thin once they became more competent as musicians.



Great Scots: From left, Belle and Sebastian's Mick Cooke, Stevie Jackson, and Chris Geddes.

On **Fold Your Hands Child, You Walk Like a Peasant** (Matador), Belle and Sebastian gets self-conscious—at least about its own insouciance. Murdoch even has a chuckle at his own expense on "Nice Day for a Sulk," a midtempo falsetto romp with plinking keyboards that reinforce the song's easy self-deprecating humor. The lyrics even reference English rocker Manfred Mann, further sending up the artificiality of the band's rustic shtick.

In a move that would have been unimaginable on previous albums, Belle and Sebastian even gets a little funky on "Don't Leave the Light On Baby," which opens with a loping Rhodes keyboard figure, adds some James Bond–worthy strings, and builds to a rousing chorus worthy of *Dusty in Memphis.* (Sadly, the funniest and funkiest song the band's ever recorded didn't make it onto *Fold Your Hands.* Released as a pre-album teaser, the sitars-'n'-congas rave-up "Legal Man" features flatly hilarious innuendos like "I'll render any services you may reasonably require.")

Of course, much of Belle and Sebastian's charm still comes from its feigned innocence. Listening to "The Model," which offsets Murdoch's matte-finish vocals with perky harpsichord and strings, is like being at a party where there's a lull in conversation punctuated by an embarrassing revelation. At the end of the second verse, Murdoch sings, "She met another blind kid at a fancy dress"; then the music pauses and he continues, "It was the best sex that she ever had." It's this kind of counterintuitive jolt that makes Belle and Sebastian so unsettling: Here you are, half ignoring the words and tapping your foot to a pretty tune, when suddenly there's a rude lyrical shock.

In a larger sense, the shock is that Belle and Sebastian have grown out of their awkward adolescence. And they sound all the more interesting for having done so in full view of their fans. If *Fold Your Hands* were their first album instead of their fourth, if they had sprinkled their sadness with cynicism right from the start, Belle and Sebastian would still be charming. But they're all the more enthralling for having *learned* to laugh through their tears. ■

Ethan Smith's reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Photograph by Stuart Murdoch.

HAL RUBENSTEIN

Top of the Hill

Blue Hill dispensed with all the flash that dominates the current scene, and still got my attention; the equally subdued Tocqueville is a labor of love.

WITH NEW DINING SPOTS OPENING FASTER than H&M can sell $17 bikinis, restaurateurs have come up with many novel ways to make their addresses notable. (Note that none of them involve the dispensing of four-star food.)

First, there is the Balcony Scene. At Village, Guastavino's, and Ruby Foo's, Romeos can finally join their Juliets up, up, but not nearly far enough away, where closer-to-the-gods seating affords them panoramic views of bald spots and ceiling treatments, and the opportunity to work on their enunciation, as they pledge their troths against the rising and ricocheting tumult from below.

Or one can go Chancing in the Dark. The shadow play and mysteries never end at Commune, Icon, and Hell's Kitchen. Imagine eating on the beach under a new moon. What's the menu say? Where is the waiter? What am I eating? Who am I sitting with? With only one votive candle per table, you haven't a prayer.

But can any evening ever be as memorable as one spent seated either with or near the Knights of the Long Table? What hath Asia de Cuba wrought? The freestanding lunch counters now traversing the middle of too many dining rooms (even Pastis has a coy variation of it) are a striking exercise in forced bonhomie, an invitation to bad manners and bad come-ons.

See *anything* you like?

At the risk of sounding like someone who chooses Diana Krall over Jennifer Lopez, would you prefer a manageably sized, convivial, genteel but well-lit room, eating lovely, unfiery food, free of confusion, not shoulder-to-shoulder with strangers, a bit closer to sea level?

Actually, **Blue Hill** is a bit below the shoreline, since it is in the basement of a Greenwich Village townhouse. But there is something easeful and secure about this uncluttered room with its warm umber banquettes. Part of that is due to a subtle but audacious dropping of an already low ceiling in order to create the intimate recessed lighting, causing the room to glow from an unspecified source. In fact, the spare space is startling for anyone who remembers its prior incarnation as 75 Washington Place, which sadly incorporated behind-door-No.-2-style early-American furniture under framed prints of schooners and scenes of seventeenth-century New Amsterdam. It was like eating in a DAR card room.

If Blue Hill is reminiscent of anything in recent memory, it is Veritas, the wonderfully unassuming and tranquil hideaway that stunned everyone two years ago with a confident, trend-bucking display of ethereally elegant food in a setting that could sport the sampler ISN'T IT NICE TO BE GROWN-UP? Blue Hill is more informal, more innocently youthful, but mature enough not to push its concept of a refined neighborhood restaurant beyond its limits. Its servers are smart, informed ambassadors, and are even more impressive for how they manage, in a small, square room, to stay out of the way unless needed. Both the wine list and its menu are short, well-chosen, and affordable.

Chefs Dan Barber and Alex Eurena's only overt nod to modishness is a sweetly soft asparagus soup under a cloud of Parmesan foam. Otherwise a penchant for citrus and astringency permeates their appetizers. A multi-ingredient salad called "spring" initially offers a fresh-mowed taste until the lemony vinaigrette kicks in. The muskiness of smoked trout is rendered more forceful and appealing by a lime-scented gazpacho. Seviche of bass is in a bright, balanced wash of grapefruit and mustard oil one night, but the juice overpowers it on a second try. Eel and apples with foie gras? It provoked winces on the menu. But it provoked a second order when the first got scarfed in a flurry. And skate in a sauce of brash green garlic doesn't even need the sweet shrimp ravioli around it.

Entrées exhibit a more diverse range of flavors. A sauce pistou offers appropriately piquant accompaniment to a salmon slow-cooked until all trace of its trademark pungency was gone, replaced by a sweet, almost floral aroma. The malleable taste of braised cod is

Kind of blue: Blue Hill's low-key dining room; (inset) the asparagus soup with parmesan foam.

Photographs by Joe Scafuro.

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wisely exploited by its three side dishes—a mushroom tart, pencil-asparagus salad, and velvety herring roe. Halibut in a hen-o'-the-wood-mushroom stew is not a love match, but it almost works. The poached duck is delectable, however. Delicate and sweet, served with artichoke purée, tender as a last wave. Hanger steak is as close as this kitchen gets to in-your-face: sinewy, a bit briny, and succulent, surrounded by barely sweet turnips. And "Not Another Roast Chicken" is slow-cooked until it almost has the lightness of poached white meat—an unorthodox way to present a staple, but it does fulfill its promise.

Reading the menu, not one dessert tempted me. But there isn't one dessert at Blue Hill I wouldn't hesitate to order again. Well, maybe it wouldn't be a mad dash for the vanilla-bean rice pudding, though the passion-fruit foam has some kick. But the luscious crème Catalina in a blood-orange stew, a chocolate bread pudding dense as ganache, and a supremely cheeky rhubarb-and-mint soup are thoroughly appealing, thoroughly consistent ways to end a meal here.

What a pleasure to get up satiated but not stuffed, not deaf, and not needing to negotiate a grand staircase or wishing you could fit a flashlight in your Fendi bag. There may be more spectacular mountains offering unforeseen horizons at their summits, but Blue Hill is an effortless peak to climb. The view is peaceful and quiet. And that's just dandy.

Blue Hill, 75 Washington Place (212-539-1776). Dinner only, Monday through Saturday 6 to 11 P.M. Appetizers, $8 to $14; entrées $18 to $23. All major credit cards.

IN *VARIETY* A FEW WEEKS AGO, EDITOR PETER Bart wrote how any film production described as "a labor of love" is destined to stink like *Battlefield Earth* (Travolta's affair of the heart). In Bart's kingdom, the phrase is a euphemism for the runt of the litter, the thing no one else wants. Thankfully, it is just the opposite in restaurants, probably because there are no other intermediaries between those toiling with passion and conviction and the customers they hope to serve.

Tocqueville is an odd near-triangle of a space that appears to have been rassled into comfortable submission with generous seating. There are traces of various aborted design concepts interrupting the walls and ceiling. And its colors are more harmonious in the evening, when the room has a Chanterellian glow. During the day, the apricot-and-blue walls appear to have been cribbed from faded drawings of a Tuscan *carnevale*. But what really shines brightest at the heart of this gentle destination is Tocqueville's two owners, chef Marco Moreira and his wife, Jo-Ann Makovitzky, who have operated their catering business Marco Polo (now located next door) for ten years.

In their case, love conquers . . . if not all, then certainly odd lighting sockets and skewed pigments. Anyone would be delighted to savor Moreira's saffron-flecked and lemon-tinged Billi Bi soup with fat-and-happy mussels bobbing about. Ever see the silly look of blissful delirium kids get when they see Mickey at Disney World for the first time? The initial taste of a risotto of sweet pea, spring morels, and wild leek is almost that good. Quarter-size slivers of summer truffle can't ever overshadow the refreshing kick of green-and-white asparagus in a truffled vinaigrette. A salad with a sugar-beet mousseline fades against its contemporaries, and a beautifully roasted quail is almost hijacked by too many highfalutin buddies (it's stuffed with dumplings, foie gras, and truffles).

But rack of Colorado lamb is a rare treat, not just because the lamb is braced by heady braised artichokes and red wine but because superb rillettes of herb-marinated lamb shoulders are a rapturous bonus. The wasabi crust on the salmon is something. Unfortunately, that something adds nothing to the salmon. And diver scallops and foie gras are one of those shotgun weddings that tantalize half a table and cause dismay on the other end. The pan-roasted chicken breast with porcini mushrooms and root vegetables is almost too nourishing to waste on summer, however. And the minute steak is a minute you will remember. (Note that one side is served raw, as it should be.)

Desserts have a gleaming, lissome polish to them. Lemon gratin is just dreamy. Blackberry tart with almond crust leaps off the fork. Warm chocolate cake soothes as its mint ice cream braces. Banana upside-down cake is a warm bath plus a big fluffy bathrobe. And then there is the passion-fruit tart, such a swift unerring kick right in the coccyx, you may believe you can fly.

Can you imagine if you were sitting at a long table when you first tasted any of Tocqueville's goodies? All those people watching, wanting, yearning, raising their forks in anticipation of your generosity and sense of community. Is that the real you? If not, stick to places like Blue Hill and Tocqueville, so no one ever discovers what a selfish hedonist you really are.

Tocqueville, 15 East 15th Street (212-647-1515). Lunch, Monday through Friday 11:45 A.M. to 2:15 P.M.; dinner, Monday through Saturday 6 to 10:30 P.M. Appetizers $8 to $16; entrées $22 to $33. A.E., M.C., V. ■

Hal Rubenstein's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

cue

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Gimlet-eyed fashion photographer **Louise Dahl-Wolfe** gets a showcase at FIT (page 79)

Picture Perfect

movies

Humanité . . . Shaft Redux . . . L'Atalante

Premiere
De Winter's Tale

Pharaon De Winter, the protagonist of Bruno Dumont's controversial sophomore effort *Humanité*, is a police detective who's as bumbling as Inspector Clouseau—without the laughs. In fact, there's no comic relief at all during the film's somber two hours and 28 minutes. The story takes place in Bailleul, a dreary working-class town in Northern France, and revolves around the rape and murder of an 11-year-old girl. De Winter (Emmanuel Schotté, pictured, left, with Philippe Tullier) is far too traumatized, and far too dim-witted, to actually investigate the crime. Instead, he pedals through town on his bike, spends time in galleries gazing perplexedly at paintings, and becomes increasingly enamored of his sullen next-door neighbor Domino (Séverine Caneele), who's encumbered with a loutish boyfriend (Tullier). "I wanted to write the character of an insecure, awkward cop ever since my first film, *The Life of Jesus*," Dumont explains through a translator. "I had been working with an amateur actor who couldn't play the role of a police sergeant: He wasn't confident enough to pull off his lines. I wondered what would happen if I built a film around a detective who's incredibly ill-at-ease." What happened is the film garnered three awards at Cannes last year, including the Grand Jury Prize. But many critics have been skeptical: *Humanité*'s pacing is achingly slow, and it's obvious who the murderer is from the get-go. Dumont couldn't care less: "The murder is merely a way of bringing these characters together. The themes of the film are explored not in the crime but in the characters' relationship to one another." So what are those themes? "The same in every movie: life, love, pleasure, death, and sex." *Humanité* opens June 14 at Film Forum.

DEREK DE KOFF

New Films

★**All About My Mother**—Pedro Almodóvar's movie about a mother, magnificently played by Cecilia Roth, who becomes a caregiver to an entire carnival of lost souls is his best in years. It's a heavily sentimentalized vision of femalehood, a cross between Tennessee Williams and Ross Hunter. In Spanish with English subtitles. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Cinema Village; The Screening Room.*

American Beauty—Kevin Spacey plays a middle-aged zero living out a life of quiet desperation in spic-and-span suburbia with a harridan real-estate-agent wife (Annette Bening) and morose daughter (Thora Birch) who despise him. The film's attempts to turn its characters into more than the sitcom cutouts they essentially are doesn't work. It's like a sportier, homegrown version of all those Antonioni-ish movies about the depleted upper-middle classes zombified by ennui. Sam Mendes, celebrated for his direction of *Cabaret* and *The Blue Room* onstage, makes his movie debut; the script is by Alan Ball. (Rainer; 9/20/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

American Pimp—The Hughes Brothers' first feature-length documentary examines the wide and not-so-witty world of pimps: the expensive clothes, the flashy automobiles, the fat bankrolls—not to mention the multitude of women that are used and abused. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *BAM Rose Cinemas.*

American Psycho—Christian Bale plays the designer serial killer and Wall Street hotshot Patrick Bateman in this overconceptualized movie adaptation of Bret Easton Ellis's controversial, overconceptualized novel. Director Mary Harron has done an admirable job paring down Ellis's numbing catalogue of conspicuous consumptions, and the film is less gory than the book. The movie comes across as a classy slasher flick. (4/24/00) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *The Screening Room; Loews State.*

Battlefield Earth—Based on an L. Ron Hubbard novel and starring Scientologist John Travolta, this sci-fi adventure takes place in the year 3000, by which time the earth will be colonized by mineral-consuming aliens. (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG-13) *UA Movieworld.*

Better Living Through Circuitry—Jon Reiss's exhaustive feature-length documentary covers the last ten years of rave culture, and is chock-full of rowdy party footage and even more drawn-out interviews with hipsters like Superstar D.J. Keoki and Psychic TV's Genesis P-Orridge. (NR) *Cinema Village.*

The Big Kahuna—Kevin Spacey, Danny De Vito, and Peter Facinelli are industrial-lubricant salesmen holed up in a Wichita hospitality suite in this okay adaptation of a play by Roger Rueff. The acting is sharp, but isn't it about time American playwrights gave this salesman-as-metaphor-for-just-about-everything shtick a rest? (Rainer; 5/8/00) (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Big Momma's House—*The Nutty Professor* meets... *The Nutty Professor* in this Martin Lawrence vehicle, which finds the would-be funnyman playing an FBI agent who has to dress up as an obese Southern grandmother in order to nab some crooks. *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea West; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Gemini; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Clearview's Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Bossa Nova—The music and the scenery are as important as any of the situations involving Amy Irving and her Portuguese-speaking supporting cast in a comedy about mostly middle-aged singles looking for sex and love. In Portuguese, with subtitles, and English. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; UA Gemini; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Butterfly—This film—a huge hit at the Sundance Film Festival as well as the recipient of thirteen Goya (Spanish Oscar) nominations—stars Spanish megastar Fernando Fernán-Gómez as a kindly schoolmaster who helps a timid new student adapt both to his campus and to the world around him. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R). *Opens 6/19.*

Center Stage—*The Madness of King George* director Nicholas Hytner turns out this story about the aspirations of young ballet students vying for a place in a prestigious dance company, starring Amanda Schull as a determined ballerina. (1 hr. 53 mins.; PG-13) *UA Movies at Bayside.*

The Cider House Rules—Michael Caine, Delroy Lindo, and Tobey Maguire star in Lasse Hallström's

'Cue' cover photograph courtesy of the Museum at FIT

Berkman *continued from page 37*

sured them it wouldn't happen; he had no plan to restore the dividend until 2002.

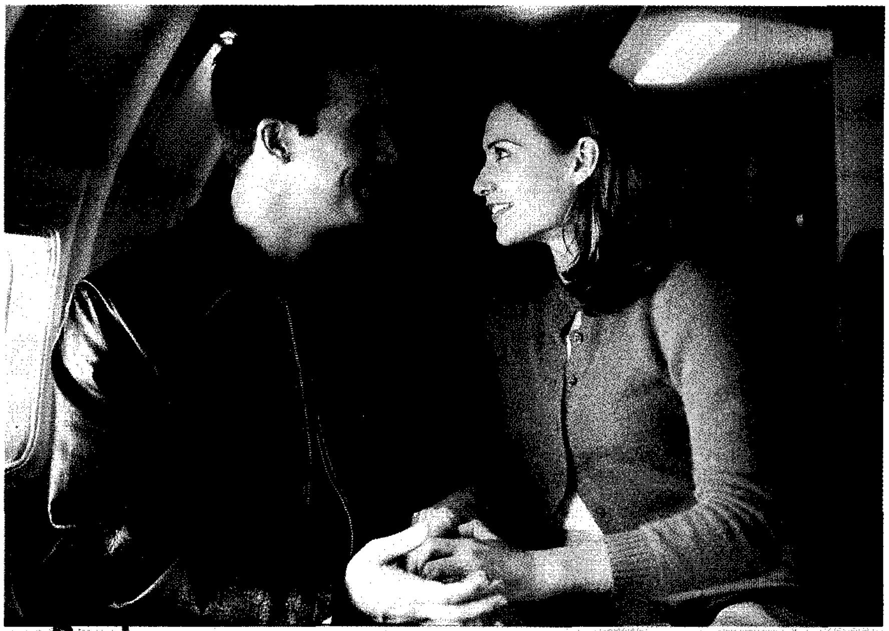
The new team never had a chance to get the ailing company in order. By the last week of May, unable to refinance Reliance's debt, Steinberg announced his intention to sell both his company and his belongings. On Wednesday the twenty-fourth, his art collection went on display at Richard Feigen's new gallery on East 69th Street, where a few hundred people grazed on Terra Chips, gave the once-over to Saul's paintings, and chatted about his personal life. *Is he getting divorced?* someone asked. *Why is he selling?*

The next day, at precisely 1 P.M., as 30 Sotheby's workmen began disassembling the exhibition of Steinberg furniture to prepare for Friday's sale, Gayfryd was just eleven blocks away, lunching with designer Arnold Scaasi at a back-corner table in Amaranth, as sure a sign as any that Reliance was not going under. Sources at Sotheby's claim she was especially reluctant to sell her silver and porcelain. Perhaps in a burst of optimism, Gayfryd even withdrew one lot from the sale—lot 17, two Chelsea Strawberry Leaf sauceboats, circa 1755, estimated at $4,000 to $6,000.

At 7:40 on Friday morning, just two and a half hours before the start of the auction, the news of Reliance's prospective sale ran across the tape. As 25 people quietly worked the phones, occasionally shouting numbers into the room, a fatigued yet hopeful mood prevailed, giving the auction a bit of the feel of a TV telethon. Just after a George II black-japanned tilt-tripod table that had once been "The Property of a Lady" sold for $16,000, the auctioneer had an announcement to make. "New York State law does not permit the sale of bedding," he awkwardly read from his notes, and so lot 253, a George III bedstead, sold for $42,500, not including mattress. In an hour, it was all over.

In the aftermath of the sale, the Steinbergs went to Quogue for a quiet Memorial Day weekend with five of their children. Saul took a long walk on Dune Road with his family and talked about the strange path his life had taken. "I think they felt their father could use some love and support," says a source close to Steinberg.

Saul and Gayfryd will spend the summer on Long Island, "pooping out," as an art dealer close to them puts it, or in New York, where they are looking for a townhouse in which to live with their daughter, their maid, and their remaining objects. "Gayfryd—she loves a project," enthuses a close friend. "She can create a wonderful environment out of nothing." ■



Photograph by Murray Close.

Previews

Haven't We Met Somewhere Before?

Give Freddie Prinze Jr. the benefit of the doubt and call him brave. Although even 11-year-old 'Tiger Beat' enthusiasts bolted from his last venture—the romantic teen comedy 'Down to You'—he's gone and starred in 'Boys and Girls,' yet another (wait, let me guess!) romantic teen comedy. This one co-stars Claire Forlani as his love interest, but we won't give away whether they hook up in the end. That would ruin it. Begins June 16.

sweet coming-of-ager, based on the novel by John Irving. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; PG-13) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Cinéma Vérité: Defining the Moment—Peter Wintonick's film—part road movie, part history, and part homage—is a documentary about documentaries, examining some of the century's finest nonfiction films. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Cirque du Soleil Journey of Man—The breathtaking acrobatics of this world-famous troupe come to town in the form of an enormous 3-D movie, which interprets the entire history of humanity using gymnasts and trapezes. (45 mins.; G). *Sony IMAX Theatre.*

★**Croupier**—Mike Hodges, the much underrated English director, teams with screenwriter Paul Mayersberg in this sharp, cool drama about a would-be novelist, smashingly played by Clive Owen, who works as a croupier in a posh London casino. (Rainer; 5/1/00) (1 hr. 29 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Dinosaur—This latest Disney animated feature uses digital techniques against mostly live-action backdrops, and the cost of the whole shebang is said to top $140 million. The visual expressiveness of the dinos is expert, but the script is the usual homiletic Disney dishwater. Thankfully, it's not a musical. May be too scary for little kids. (Rainer, 5/29/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG) *Clearview's Waverly; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Clearview's Olympia; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**East Is East**—The great Indian actor Om Puri towers in this jagged, well-made comedy about a Pakistani father in England trying to cope with his unruly family and his own fundamentalist ways. It could have come across as a mixed-race *Life With Father*, but the complexity of Puri's performance transforms it. (4/24/00) (Rainer, 1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Crown Gotham; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**East-West**—A hokey, melodramatic, enjoyable Cold War drama from France about a Russian émigré physician (Oleg Menchikov) who returns to Stalin's postwar police state with his French wife (Sandrine Bonnaire) and pays the price. Catherine Deneuve plays the French actress who helps save the day, and her cheekbones and lip gloss have never seemed so politically correct. In French and Russian with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

8½ Women—Peter Greenaway's homage to Fellini involves a father and son who, after watching *8½*, transform their estate into a bordello and immediately embark upon numerous sexual escapades. (2 hrs.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Erin Brockovich—Julia Roberts plays a high-heeled, cleavage-enhanced, tough-talking, sparsely educated, twice-divorced mother of three who also spearheads an investigation leading to the largest payoff ever made in a direct-action lawsuit in this intermittently enjoyable crusading-underdog movie directed by Steven Soderbergh. For a while, it promises to be something more than conventional; it has a nice, uncondescending feel for the little moments that make up little lives. Albert Finney plays the lawyer who is also Erin's foil, and his underplaying is a boon amid all the posturing and righteousness on display. (Rainer; 3/27/00) (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *UA Gemini.*

Final Destination—A young man gets a premonition and tells his friends that their plane is going to crash. They don't get on, but they die anyway. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

The Filth and the Fury—Julien Temple creates yet another documentary about the Sex Pistols, this time without letting Malcolm McLaren take all the credit. New concert footage and an interview with Sid and Nancy. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Film Forum.*

The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas—The Flintstones take us back to Fred and Barney's youth, when they were courting their future wives. Mark Addy and Stephen Baldwin star as Fred and Barney, respectively. Features Alan Cumming in dual roles. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG) *Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Frequency—Jim Caviezal plays a Queens cop who, courtesy of a rip in the space-time continuum and an old ham radio, communicates with his firefighter father (Dennis Quaid), who perished in a blaze in 1969. The radio isn't the only thing that's ham in this misguided hunk of heartfelt mumbo-jumbo. (Rainer; 5/8/00) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *UA Union Square; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 84th Street; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai—Forest Whitaker gives a resonant and affecting performance as a hit man who pores over ancient samurai texts in this allusive Jim Jarmusch movie that is by turns irritating and inviting. (Rainer; 3/20/00) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

★**Gladiator**—Ridley Scott's latest is an attempt to make a Roman epic on the scale of *Spartacus* or *Ben-Hur* while, at the same time, presenting us with a hero, Russell Crowe's Maximus, who is monumentally withdrawn. Crowe's intensity holds the film together. As the Roman general who becomes a slave and then a gladiator and a folk hero, he radiates a force-field thicker than any armor. Richard Harris, Joaquin Phoenix, and, in his last role, Oliver Reed contribute some entertaining moments. (Rainer; 5/15/00) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Gone in Sixty Seconds—Nicolas Cage stars in this update of the 1974 classic about a thief who has to pull off one final heist—stealing 100 cars—in order to save his younger brother's life. (PG-13) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; CC Sutton; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Grass—Woody Harrelson narrates this rather hilarious examination of the U.S. Government's anti-marijuana crusade, bringing together loads of bizarre newsreels linking pot to heroin addiction, murder, rape, and even Communism. (NR; 1 hr. 20 mins.) *Film Forum.*

Groove—See Rainer, page 59. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Loews State; Sony Lincoln Square.*

★**Hamlet**—Michael Amereyda's overconceptualized nouveau version of Shakespeare's high-body-count classic is set in a present-day fortresslike New York and features the youngest and most grad-student-ish Hamlet in memory, affectingly played by Ethan Hawke. Streamlined and clotted with references to our consumerist media culture, Denmark here is Denmark Corp. The film is notable mostly for its occasional daring and for some of the performers, including Diane Venora (Gertrude), Sam Shepard (the Ghost), Liev Schreiber (Laertes), and, yes, Bill Murray (Polonius). (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**High Fidelity**—John Cusack is the owner of a retro record store in Chicago whose girlfriend (Iben Hjejle) has just walked out on him in this raffish, highly entertaining comedy directed by Stephen Frears. It's one of the few comedies around that really get into the way men try to make sense of themselves. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea.*

I Dreamed of Africa—The African continent, with its sun-baked earth tones, goes well with Kim Basinger's lily-of-the-valley loveliness in this spacious, lackadaisical swatch of inspirationalism about real-life Kuki Gallman, who, with her husband and young son, left a life of privilege in Venice for the poetic hardships of Kenya. Tragedy ensues. (Rainer; 5/15/00) (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG-13) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

The Interview—This Kafkaesque psychodrama from Australia stars Hugo Weaving as a passive young man who awakens one morning to find himself locked in a room opposite two brooding detectives. (1 hr. 43 mins; NR). *Opens 6/16.*

Jesus' Son—Billy Crudup stars in this adaptation of Denis Leary's cult novel, which tells the tale of a young, heroin-addicted road warrior named FH (short for Fuckhead) and the rotating roster of kooky low-lives that have passed in and out of his life. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R). *Opens 6/16.*

Keeping the Faith—Edward Norton is a hotshot priest and Ben Stiller is a hotshot rabbi in this wan romantic comedy that wants us to think Noël Coward but too often has us thinking Aaron Spelling. Jenna Elfman plays their childhood friend and mutual love interest. (4/24/00) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's 59th Street East; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Kikujiro—A 9-year old boy (Takeshi Kitano) goes in search of the mother he's never met, and in turn forms an unexpected friendship with a street thug ("Beat" Takeshi Kitano, who also directs). (1 hr. 56 mins.; PG-13) *Quad Cinema; CC Eastside Playhouse.*

Love and Basketball—First-time writer-director Gina Prince-Bythewood's movie is about a girl ball player (Sanaa Lathan) and her on-again-off-again romance with the star player (Omar Epps), with whom she grows up. Most of it is mawkishly heartfelt, but Lathan gives a performance that seems lit from within. (Rainer; 5/1/00) (2 hrs. 6 mins.; PG-13) *Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Bay Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Love's Labour's Lost—See Rainer, page 59. (1 hr. 35 mins; PG) *Paris Theatre.*

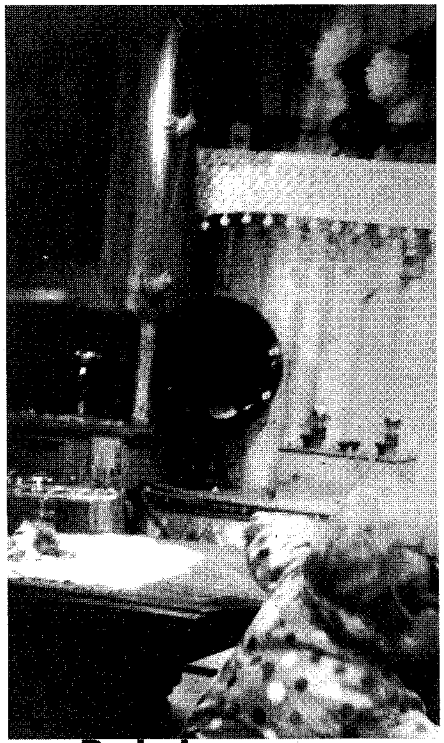
Luminous Motion—In this bizarre black comedy, a 10-year-old boy (Eric Lloyd) and his booze-drenched, wallet-swiping mother (Deborah Kara Unger) have the time of their lives motel-hopping through life in a beat-up Chevy—until Mom catches the eye of a Coors-swilling carpenter. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

Mission: Impossible 2—Tom Cruise is back in this James Bond-ish sequel with mythic overtones courtesy of director John Woo. The mythologizing, the slo-mo ceremoniousness of the action scenes, the hero/villain dualisms, the flutterings of doves isn't really supported by the mostly standard-issue thriller-movie tropes. Cruise is pretty much the whole show, and he's all business. The humorlessness of the enterprise, and of his performance, is wearing. Thandie Newton co-stars as the love interest, and she's touching without having much more to do than your average Bond girl. (6/5/00) (2 hrs., 6 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Passion of Mind—Demi Moore plays a woman with alternate identities. One is real, one is a dream. How can you differentiate them? One persona is a New York literary agent, tense, childless; the other is an earth mother in Provence who reviews books for the *Times*. The two halves of her life are equally dull, in different styles of dullness, with matching dull performances. (Rainer, 6/5/00) *UA Union Square.*

Pop & Me—First-time filmmaker Chris Roe's documentary about his adventures traveling around the world for six months with his dad, Richard. The saga, which won top honors at the L.A. Independent Film Festival, examines cultural, religious, and lifestyle differences within various father-son relationships. *CC Village East.*

Road Trip—A raunchy comedy that aims, apparently, to outdo *American Pie* finds four friends traveling 1,800 miles in search of a smutty videotape accidentally mailed to one of their girlfriends. Co-stars Beckin Meyer, Tom Green, and Andy Dick. (1 hr. 45 mins. ; R) *Loews Village; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre*



Revival

French Bliss

One of the greatest films of all time, 'L'Atalante' was director Jean Vigo's last work. He died in 1934 at the age of 29, less than a month after it was released. It went on to deeply influence Renoir, Bertolucci, Truffaut, the whole French New Wave, and just about every other filmmaker who ever saw it. For one week, the Film Forum will present a new 35-mm. print of this tale of two quarreling lovers (which also has the definitive Frenchman-smoking-a-cigarette-with-his-navel scene). Begins June 16.

Phototgraph courtesy of Film Forum.

Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza.

Romeo Must Die—Hong Kong film veteran Jet Li is an ex-cop looking to avenge his little brother's murder in gang-torn Oakland. Li hooks up with pop star Aaliyah in her film debut as the rival gang leader's daughter in this hi-fi action flick based loosely on *Romeo and Juliet.* (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Loews State.*

Rules of Engagement—In yet another movie about military discipline, a colonel turned lawyer played by Tommy Lee Jones must defend his friend (Samuel Jackson), who saved his life in Vietnam but is now accused of killing civilian demonstrators. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *Loews State.*

Screwed—Norm Macdonald is a bitter chauffeur who, with his best friend (Dave Chappelle), plans to kidnap his boss's dog. But when the pet escapes and returns to her, she thinks her driver's the one who's been kidnapped. Lots of violent slapstick. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Shadow Boxers—This documentary on women boxers focuses on Lucia Rijker, a Dutch-Indonesian athlete who defies most stereotypes about the sport. (1 hr. 12 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Shanghai Noon—Director Tom Dey attempts to make a wacky Western by casting Jackie Chan as a klutzy Imperial Guard to the Emperor of China who's trying to rescue a kidnapped princess, with the help of a petty thief (Owen Wilson). (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay; UA Hylan*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

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TITAN A.E.

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TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX PRESENTS A DON BLUTH FILM A GARY GOLDMAN PRODUCTION IN ASSOCIATION WITH DAVID KIRSCHNER PRODUCTIONS "TITAN A.E." STARRING THE VOICE TALENTS OF MATT DAMON BILL PULLMAN JOHN LEGUIZAMO NATHAN LANE JANEANE GAROFALO AND DREW BARRYMORE MUSIC SUPERVISOR GLEN BALLARD MUSIC BY GRAEME REVELL EXECUTIVE PRODUCER PAUL GERTZ PRODUCED BY DAVID KIRSCHNER GARY GOLDMAN & DON BLUTH STORY BY HANS BAUER AND RANDALL McCORMICK SCREENPLAY BY BEN EDLUND AND JOHN AUGUST AND JOSS WHEDON DIRECTED BY DON BLUTH & GARY GOLDMAN

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN
For rating reasons, go to www.filmratings.com

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Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.

The Skulls—*Dawson's Creek* star Joshua Jackson plays a New Haven townie who gets accepted to Yale—which is good—and then joins a secret, elitist fraternity, which is bad. Very bad. (PG-13) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Small Time Crooks—Woody Allen's new movie isn't just minor, it's minuscule. Allen and Tracey Ullman are a working-class Manhattan couple on the shady side of the law who strike it rich. Allen plays up the comedy of nouveau riche bad taste, but his comic affinities are elsewhere; most of what we see here is labored. Best reason to go: Elaine May's marvelous turn as a holy-fool dimwit. (Rainer, 5/29/00) (PG-13) *CC Village East; UA Union Square; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Beekman; UA East; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Pavilion; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Sunshine**—See Rainer, page 59. (2 hrs. 55 mins; NR.) *UA Union Square; Loews 72nd St. East.*

Time Code—Mike Figgis's movie utilizes state-of-the-art digital video camera technology to tell four separate, related stories, all shot in one take and projected onto a screen split into four panels. The result is less aesthetic breakthrough than stunt. Despite the cast, which includes Stellan Skarsgård, Saffron Burrows, and Salma Hayek, the black comedy plots wouldn't be especially worth watching on one screen, let alone four. (Rainer; 5/8/00) (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

★**U-571**—Jonathan Mostow's WWII sub thriller is engagingly old-fashioned. Matthew McConaughey is the lieutentant who commanders the takeover of a German U-boat in order to seize a coding machine called the Enigma. Harvey Keitel and Bill Paxton also turn up in uniform. (Rainer; 5/1/00) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Up at the Villa—Enervated adaptation of the Somerset Maugham novella about murder and romance set in Fascist Tuscany and starring Sean Penn and Kristin Scott Thomas as unlikely conspirators. (Rainer; 5/15/00) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Waverly; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Virgin Suicides—The material—five suburban adolescent girls kill themselves off, poetically, inexplicably—is perhaps too woozy for the rueful, mythological treatment it gets here, but debut director Sofia Coppola has a fine, fresh eye and a way with actors, among them Kirsten Dunst, James Woods, and Kathleen Turner. (Rainer; 5/1/00) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

The Woman Chaser—In this sharp satire based on Charles Willeford's novel of the same name, a highly manipulative used-car salesman and ladies' man (Patrick Warburton) suddenly takes stock of his life and decides he needs to change—and so begins his career in show business. . . . Co-stars Lynette Bennett, Eugene Roache, Delaina Mitchell, and Emily Newman. (1 hr. 30 mins; NR). *Begins 6/14.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) *Gladiator; Shanghai Noon.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *East is East; Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai; Groove; Hamlet; Luminous Motion; Time Code.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *Big Momma's House; High Fidelity; Pop & Me; Small Time Crooks.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *8½ Women; All About My Mother; Better Living Through Circuitry; Shadow Boxers.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Dinosaur; Up at the Villa.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *Grass; The Filth and the Fury.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; Road Trip; The Virgin Suicides.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Bossa Nova; Child of Chabanne; Croupier; East-West; Kikujiro.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) *All About My Mother; American Psycho; Cinéma Vérite: Defining the Moment.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway(212-253-2225) *Dinosaur; Frequency; Gladiator; Passion of Mind; Shanghai Noon; Small Time Crooks; Sunshine; U-571.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *Big Momma's House; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Road Trip; Shanghai Noon.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *Dinosaur; Gladiator; High Fidelity; Road Trip; Shanghai Noon; The Virgin Suicides.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Big Momma's House.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; Small Time Crooks.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *Dinosaur; Frequency; Gladiator; Mission: Impossible 2; Small Time Crooks.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *Dinosaur; Hamlet; Shanghai Noon.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *East is East.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *Kikujiro.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *Gone in Sixty Seconds.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Keeping the Faith.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Gladiator.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *American Beauty; The Cider House Rules; I Dreamed of Africa; Price of Glory; Reindeer Games; The Skulls.*

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *Gone in Sixty Seconds; Love and Basketball; Mission: Impossible 2; Shanghai Noon; Small Time Crooks.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Gladiator.*

Loews Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Gladiator.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Psycho; Groove ; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *Love's Labour's Lost.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Dinosaur; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Shanghai Noon.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *Small Time Crooks.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *Croupier; East-West; Road Trip; The Big Kahuna; The Virgin Suicides; U-571; Up at the Villa.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Big Momma's House.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Sunshine.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Mission: Impossible 2.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Gladiator; Mission: Impossible 2; Road Trip.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *Small Time Crooks.*

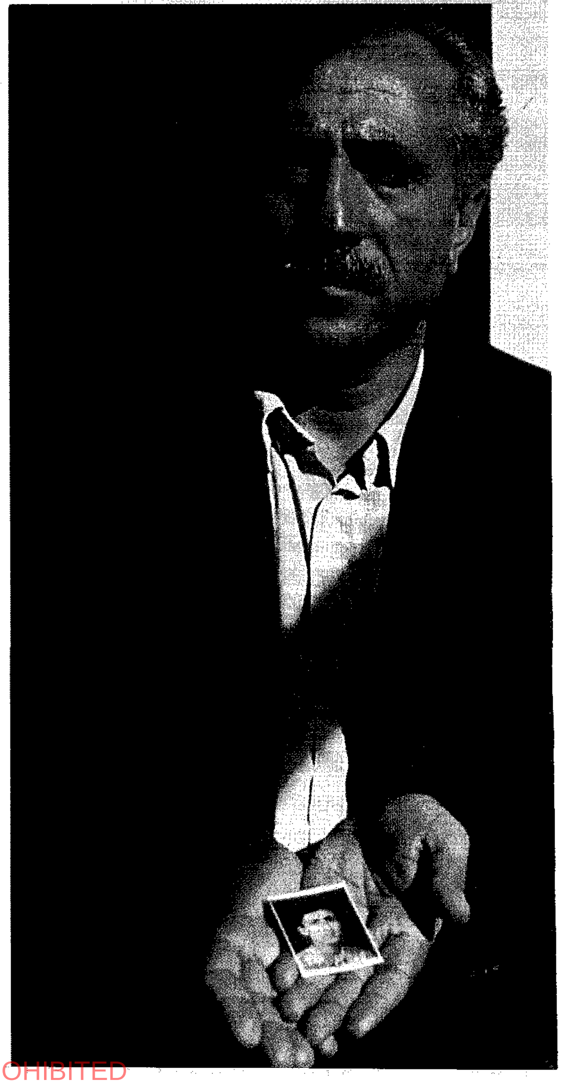
UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *Big Momma's House; Bossa Nova; Erin Brockovich.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Big Momma's House.*

Festivals
Bleeding Arts

Over the next fifteen days, the eleventh annual Human Rights Watch International Film Festival will be screening 30 different films from twelve countries, including *Invisible Revolution*, a fly-on-the-wall exposé of skinhead culture; *Public Enemy*, an in-depth look at the Black Panther movement; and *Good Kurds, Bad Kurds: No Friends but the Mountains* (pictured). Begins June 14.



Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Big Momma's House; Mission: Impossible 2.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Dinosaur; Small Time Crooks.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *Croupier; East Is East; East-West; Hamlet; The Decalogue: Parts 1 & 2; Up at the Villa.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *Frequency; Mission: Impossible 2.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *Big Momma's House; Gladiator; Mission: Impossible 2; Shanghai Noon.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *Big Momma's House; Dinosaur; Gladiator.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Dinosaur; Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Groove; Road Trip; Shanghai Noon; Small Time Crooks.*

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *Big Momma's House; Dinosaur; Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Love and Basketball; Mission: Impossible 2; Road Trip; Shanghai Noon.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *Dinosaur; Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; Road Trip; Shanghai Noon.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *Big Momma's House; Dinosaur; Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; Road Trip; Shanghai Noon.*

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *Adwa; American Pimp; Croupier; The Virgin Suicides.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *Boys Don't Cry; The Cup; Rules of Engagement; The Road to El Dorado.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *Big Momma's House; Dinosaur; Mission: Impossible 2.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *Dinosaur; East-West; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Road Trip; Small Time Crooks.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *Big Momma's House; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert La. (718-277-0303) *Big Momma's House; Dinosaur; Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Love and Basketball; Mission: Impossible 2; Road Trip; Shanghai Noon; The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *Big Momma's House; Dinosaur; Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; Road Trip; Shanghai Noon; Small Time Crooks.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *Dinosaur; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; Road Trip; Shanghai Noon.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *Big Momma's House; Dinosaur; Gladiator; Mission: Impossible 2.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *Dinosaur; Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; Road Trip; Shanghai Noon.*

Queens

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *Big Momma's House; Dinosaur; Gone in Sixty*

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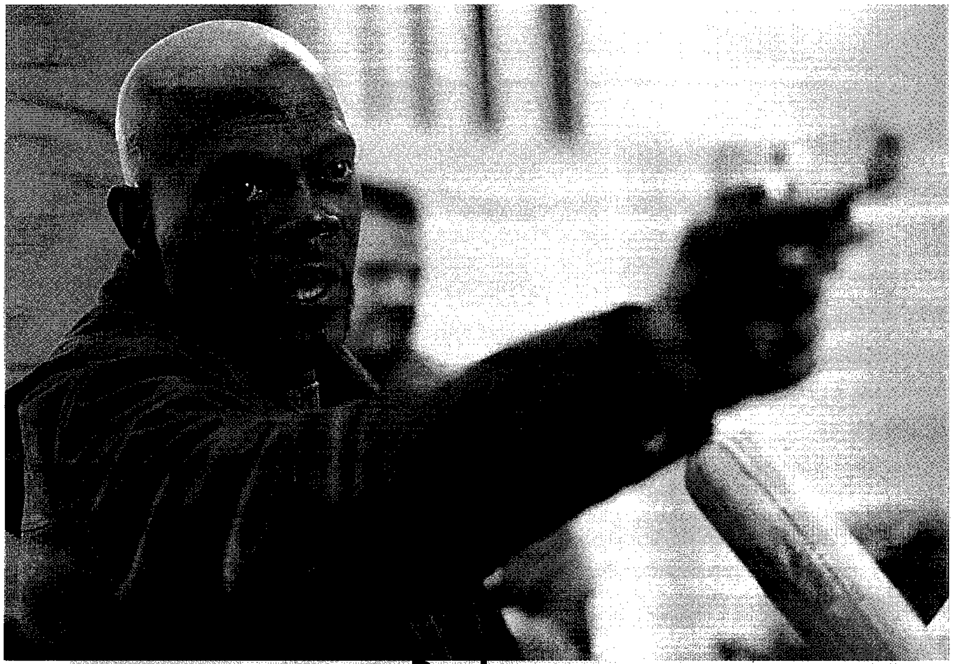


Previews

Shafted

"Who is the man that . . . ?" Oh, let's just skip the rest, since you're probably sick to death of everyone quoting Isaac Hayes's original "Theme From 'Shaft'" in the name of street cred. But be prepared for a whole new generation of would-be sex machines as Samuel L. Jackson stars as Shaft the Second in John Singleton's overhaul of the 1971 blaxploitation classic. Opens June 16.

Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; Road Trip; Shanghai Noon.

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *Dinosaur; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *Big Momma's House; Dinosaur; Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; Road Trip; Shanghai Noon.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Big Momma's House; Mission: Impossible 2; Shanghai Noon.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *Dinosaur; Final Destination; Frequency; Mission: Impossible 2; Running Out of Time; Screwed; Small Time Crooks; The Big Kahuna; The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas; The Virgin Suicides.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *Bossa Nova; Croupier; East Is East; East-West; Keeping the Faith; U-571; Up at the Villa.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *Big Momma's House; Dinosaur; Gladiator; Mission: Impossible 2; My Dog Skip; Road Trip; Shanghai Noon; The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *East-West; Frequency; Up at the Villa.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *Dinosaur; Mission: Impossible 2.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *Big Momma's House; Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Road Trip.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *Center Stage; Small Time Crooks.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *Big Momma's House; Shanghai Noon.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *Dinosaur; Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; Road Trip.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *Big Momma's House; Frequency; Gladiator; Road Trip.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *Big Momma's House; Center Stage; Road Trip.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *Battlefield Earth; Big Momma's House; Dinosaur; Gladiator; Mission: Impossible 2; Road Trip; Small Time Crooks.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *Big Momma's House; Dinosaur; Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; Road Trip; Shanghai Noon; Small Time Crooks; The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *Dinosaur; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; Road Trip; Shanghai Noon.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *Big Momma's House; Dinosaur; Frequency; Gladiator; Gone in Sixty Seconds; Mission: Impossible 2; Shanghai Noon; Small Time Crooks; The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 6/25: "*The Sopranos*: The First Two Seasons." 6/17: *The Sopranos*, Episodes 17–20. 6/18: *The Sopranos*, Episodes 21–24. 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—6/15: *Ashes and Diamonds* (1958); *Kanal* (1957). 6/16: *Kanal*; "Rudy Burckhardt and Friends: Works in Cinema, Program I." 6/17: *Ashes and Diamonds*; "Rudy Burckhardt and Friends: Works in Cinema, Program II." 6/18: *Kanal*; *Ashes and Diamonds*; *Zorns Lemma* (1970); "Rudy Burckhardt and Friends: Works in Cinema, Program III." 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—6/13: *M*A*S*H** (1970). 6/14: *The Hard Way* (1942). 6/15: *Charulata* (1964). 6/16: *Miller's Crossing* (1990). 6/17–6/18: *Village Voice* Best of '90s. 6/17: *Underground* (1995). 6/18: *Naked* (1993). 6/19: *The Long Goodbye* (1973). 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Cinema Classics—6/13–6/15: *Visions of Light* (1993). 6/16: *The War Zone*; *The Wizard of Oz*. 332 E. 11th St. (212-675-6692); $5.

Film Forum—Through 6/15: "Sapph-O-Rama!" 6/13: *Calamity Jane* (1953); *Queen Christina* (1933). 6/14: *The Hunger* (1983); *Personal Best* (1982). 6/15: *The Brandon Teena Story* (1998); *Hide and Seek* (1996). 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—Opening 6/14: "The 11th Annual Human Rights Watch International Film Festival." 6/14: *Invisible Revolution* (2000); *Showdown in Seattle: Five Days that Shook the WTO* (2000); *Harmed Forces* (1999); *Borders* (1999); *Spoils of War/Botin de Guerra* (1999); *A Civilized People* (1999). 6/15: *Spoils of War/Botin de Guerra; A Civilized People; Invisible Revolution; Showdown in Seattle; Pathos* (1999). 6/16: *Abandoned: The Betrayal of America's Immigrants* (2000); *Made in the Youth S.A.* (2000); *Spoils of War; A Civilized People; Edge of the City* (1957). 6/17: *Invisible Revolution; Showdown in Seattle; Abandoned: The Betrayal of America's Immigrants; Made in the Youth S.A.; Pathos; Edge of the City.* 6/18: *Spoils of War; Harmed Forces; Borders; Pathos.* 6/19: *The Lady* (1999); *Harmed Forces; Borders*. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $8.50, $5 for members, $4.50 for seniors, $3 for "Movies for Kids."

Museum of Modern Art—Through 6/27: "From The Archives: Early Sound Cinema." 6/15: *King Kong* (1933). 6/16: *Mädchen in Uniform* (1931); *Revolt of the Fishermen (Vostaniye rybakov)* (1934); *Million Dollar Legs* (1932). "Cineprobe: Donna Cameron." *Die Honigbiene* (1997); *The Clown* (1998). 6/18: *Applause* (1929). 6/19: *The Love Parade* (1929). 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with $10 admission, $6.50 for students and seniors, no admission fee for children 16 and under when accompanied by an adult.

Ocularis—6/18: *The Apple* (1998). 6/19: "Sub Liminal Cine." At Galapagos, 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn; 718-388-8713. $5.

Symphony Space—Through 6/13: "The Ebony Screen: Films of Many Africas." 6/13: *Le Franc* (1994); *La Genèse* (1999). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); $8, $5 members.

The Screening Room—"Midnight Blaxploitation Film Series." 6/16–6/17: *Foxy Brown*. Weekend Classics: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961); *Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory* (1971). 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $9 ($6 for Sunday-brunch patrons).

Tonic—"Monday Night Film Series." 2/19: *Follies Brood* (1997). 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7501 or visit www.tonic107.com); $5.

Two Boots Pioneer Theater—6/13–6/14: *Mifune* (1999). 155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300); $9, $6 for seniors.

YWCA Cine-Club—Through 7/30: "The Surreal World of Luis Buñuel." 6/15–6/16: *Daughter of Deceit (Le Hija del Engano)* (1953). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Photograph by R. Arpajou.

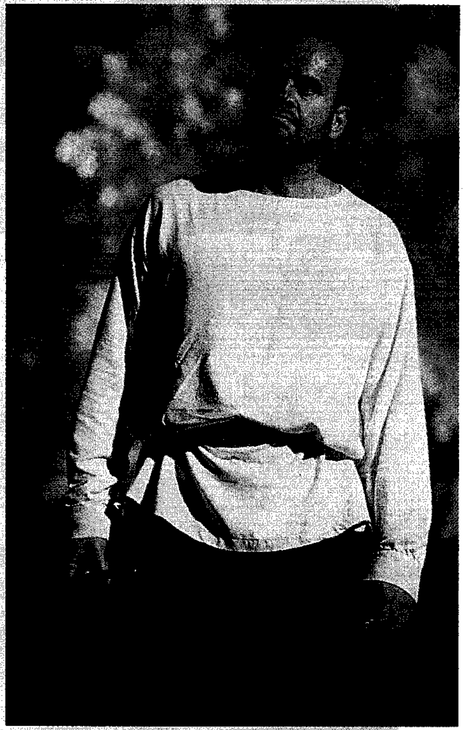
theater

Sebastian Bach...*Macbeth*...Sarah Jones

Opening
I, Mac

For sixteen years, audiences have tracked the splendid neuroses of the shrink Frasier Crane from *Cheers* to *Frasier.* So it's already shocked a few Kelsey Grammer fans to see the actor playing the murderous Macbeth, who could be the good doctor's worst patient ever. "Frasier Crane would at least say Macbeth has some unresolved rage issues," Grammer speculates, "and maybe that he's suffering from some loss issues due to the loss of his child." But Grammer—who studied with co-star Diane Venora at Juilliard until he was kicked out—has a long history of stage experience, and understudied in what he terms a "misguided" Philip Anglim production of *Macbeth* in 1982. "When the dreadful-review thing happened," Grammer recalls, "Anglim was hurt by it all, and I took over for a while." Grammer admits, "I was stuck in a production that I thought had missed the mark," and, at age 25, "I didn't have the weight—the life experience—to pull it off." Moreover, that production, he recalls, was too lethargic: "When you take it too slow, it can actually be harder to understand, not easier. When it's slowed down to such a degree, it's almost as if the performer is talking down to the audience. We have our heady pauses"—Grammer pauses—"but we hope that we can earn them." His second chance, a new *Macbeth* directed by Terry Hands, who directed the Royal Shakespeare Company for 25 years, is a lean, fast-paced production; it clocks in at under two hours with no intermission, but cuts just five of Macbeth's lines. Grammer envisions an intense *Macbeth* full of "fire and passion and conviction," and says he's excited to play the kind of regular guy who might say, "Yeah, we had a dinner guest, and we decided to kill him." Grammer laughs—maybe a little too excitedly—before adding, "That kind of crap happens, you know? You don't think it should, but it does!" In previews for a June 15 opening. (See "Broadway.")

Logan Hill



Broadway

Previews and Openings

Macbeth—Kelsey Grammer and accomplished Shakespearean actress Diane Venora star in this summer's highest-profile Shakespeare. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box Theater, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Now Playing

Aida—The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. Directed by Robert Falls with a book by Linda Woolverton and David Henry Hwang. Sets and costumes by Bob Crowley. $25–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays Annie Oakley, the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back (No, not the mouse). $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Cats—So many ways to skin a cat—but none of them seem to work! $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. Through 9/10. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200).*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Contact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Its two shorter pieces and concluding longer one are of uneven merit but never without interest. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Copenhagen—A major hit in London, Michael Frayn's heady play about what might have happened when German physicist Werner Heisenberg visited Niels Bohr in 1941 stars Philip Bosco, Blair Brown, and Michael Cumpsty. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

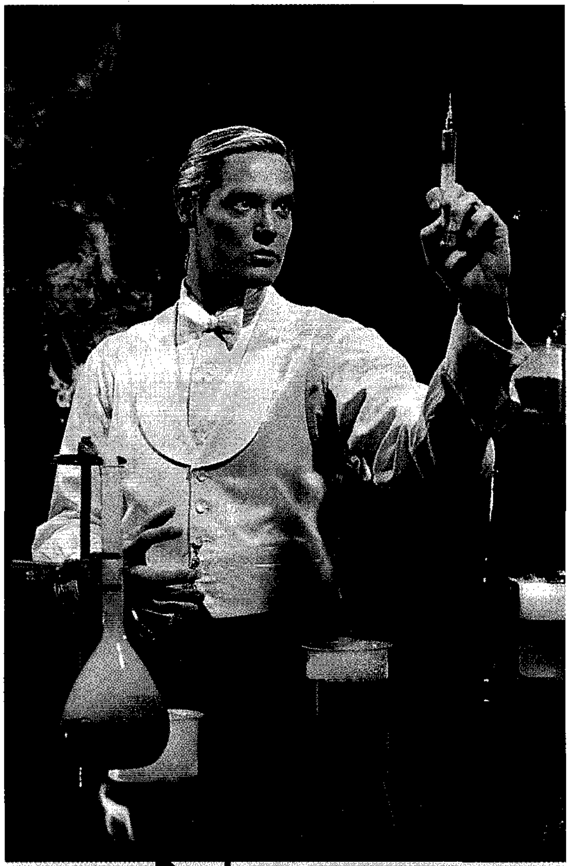
Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—Other performers have invented running stage personas for themselves like Australia's Barry Humphries and his Dame Edna Everage, but have they been this amusing? I am prepared to declare him the funniest man in today's theater. Also the funniest woman. (Simon: 11/2/99.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/2. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dirty Blonde—Brash actress-author Claudia Shear stars in her new play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of Mae West, sampling delicious vignettes from the life of the woman who said, "I'm no angel, but I've spread my wings a bit." $55–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation, but the lead does have his haircut. $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at

Photograph by Joan Marcus.



Previews

Call VH1!

Now that former hair-band front man Sebastian Bach (pictured) is taking over the maniacal lead in 'Jekyll & Hyde' on June 13, it begs the question: Who's next? Alice Cooper as Radames in 'Aida'? Axl Rose as Prof. Harold Hill? Ozzy Osbourne as J. C. Superstar? Or Winger's front man Kip as Werner Heisenberg? If only we could get all of the hard-rock alums together and revive 'Hair'! (See "Broadway.")

3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jackie Mason—Much Ado About Everything—Jackie Mason is not so funny as Dame Edna (who is?) but still damned funny. He is politically incorrect, and glories in it with ecstatic gloat. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $65–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jesus Christ Superstar—Yeah, he's the Messiah, but what he really wants to do is sing. $26–$81. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly.* $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. Through 12/31. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).*

A Moon for the Misbegotten—Thanks to Eugene O'Neill's artistry, the character of Josie is true enough to be a riveting character when incarnated by the right actress, and Cherry Jones is a transcendent actress; when Cherry is in bloom, she is, like her namesake trees, worth a pilgrimage from the four corners of the earth. As James, Gabriel Byrne gives a complementarily moving performance as a lost soul in a dying body, whom we watch superbly enact the painful rites of a redemption as his flesh visibly wastes away. There is a meatiness, a tenacity of grip, and, finally, a grandeur, which this production captures. (Simon: 4/3/00.) $60–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Music Man—Back in 1957, Meredith Willson's *The Music Man* made a star out of Robert Preston; the current revival should do the same for Rebecca Luker. As she has steadily demonstrated, she is blessed with the voice, the looks, and the acting talent of a musical-comedy diva. As Marian Paroo, the librarian of River City, Iowa, who goes from tight-lipped spinster to glowing inamorata in this happy show, Miss Luker gives a performance as detailed, nuanced, and cherishable as ever turned a performer into a legend. Susan Stroman's production has other assets as well, but Craig Bierko, the incumbent Harold Hill, gives an impersonation of Preston rather than a performance. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $40–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Real Thing—The clever Tom Stoppard tells a fairly simple story as trickily, as cleverly as possible. He has lots of fun with his assorted adulteries, and his dialogue suitably sparkles. The current revival is less pleasurable than the 1984 American premiere, which had the proper sets and was better directed. Still, Stoppard is one of our few brainy and literate dramatists and once again warms up Broadway's intellectual climate by several balmy degrees. (Simon: 4/24/00.) $35–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).*

The Ride Down Mt. Morgan—Shakespearean star and Starfleet captain Patrick Stewart plays Lyman Felt, a bigamist businessman who must confront his two wives after a terrible accident, in Arthur Miller's drama. $55–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/23. *Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

Riverdance—This revamped version returns to New York. $25–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).*

Rose—In Martin Sherman's new play, Olympia Dukakis plays a Jewish woman who sits on a Miami Beach park bench and reflects on her life. $30–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45 St. (212-239-6200).*

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! $30–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

True West—Sam Shepard's dysfunctional brothers are brought back to life by two old friends: Philip Seymour Hoffman and John C. Reilly, most recently spotted together in the film *Magnolia.* Matthew Warchus (*Art*) directs. $65–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/18. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre, W. 50th St., West of Broadway (212-239-6200).*

The Wild Party—Toni Collette, Eartha Kitt, and Mandy Patinkin throw a Jazz Age bash in a new musical, the second this season with the same title and source, by Michael John LaChiusa and George C. Wolfe. $40–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Bubbly Black Girl Sheds Her Chameleon Skin—This new musical with book, music, and lyrics by Kirsten Childs stars LaChanze (*Ragtime, Once on This Island*). Directed by Wilfredo Medina; choreography by A. C. Cuilla. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 6/20 opening. Through 7/9. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

The Comedy of Errors/The Iliad: Book One—The British and American Aquila Theatre Company returns with two performances in repertory. $20–$35. *Errors*: Thurs. at 8 and Sat. at 3 and 9. *Iliad*: Fri. at 7 and 9, and Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for 6/29 and 6/30 openings, respectively. *Hemmerdinger Hall, 100 E. Washington Square Place (212-307-4100).*

Eat the Runt—Audience members pick which roles the eight Mefisto Theatre company members will play in this surreal story about the hiring of a grants manager at an art museum. $12, $35 after 6/27. Wed.–Mon. at 8; Tues.–Sun. at 8. *Altered Stages, 212 W. 29th St. (212-760-5940).*

F-Stop—Olga Humphrey's new comedy follows a photographer who falls for a martial-arts star and gets caught up in a kidnapping. $12. Fri., Sat., and Mon. at 8. In previews for a 6/26 opening. Through 7/15. *HomeGrown Theatre, 2628 Broadway, at 99th St. (212-229-7500).*

It Ain't Over 'Til the First Lady Sings—Hailing from that most unfunny city, Washington, D.C., the cornball political comedy troupe Capitol Steps brings jokes about Hillary, Rudy, etc. to our punchline-starved city. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:30. In previews for a 6/15 opening. Through 9/2. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Joe Fearless (A Fan Dance)—*Sports Night* onstage: a rabid fan tracks his b-ball obsession in Liz Tucillo's

Photograph by Eduardo Patino.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

new play. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. In previews for a 6/19 opening. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

lichigan Impossible—Robert Christophe's new comedy tracks a part Irish, part African-American, part Native American man's search for identity. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. In previews for a 6/21 opening. In previews for a 6/21 opening. Through 9/22. *John Houseman Studio A, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

leil Simon's Hotel Suite—This collection of Neil Simon one-acts set in hotels promises more tiny bars of soap than Broadway has seen in a long while. *Hotel* manager is John Tillinger. Guests include Helen Carey, Randy Graff, Leigh Lawson, and Ron Orbach. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 6/15 opening. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

Iff the Meter—John Ahlers directs Peter Zablotsky's new play about a cabdriver and an investment banker who concoct a get-rich-quick scheme together. $35. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. Previews begin 6/14 for a 6/22 opening. *Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. (212-532-8887).*

itraight-Jacket—To conceal his sexuality and keep his starring role in *Ben Hur,* a leading man marries the studio boss's secretary in Rock Hudson–era Hollywood. Written and directed by *Spin City* producer Richard Day. $47.50. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 6/18 opening. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-307-4100).*

iyria, America—Four pals struggle with their sexuality in a conservative Syrian Jewish community. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Previews begin 6/9 for a 6/12 opening. Through 7/8. *Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. (212-604-4222).*

Vomen Wonders—This festival of plays by American women features actress Judith Light and readings of *A Raisin in the Sun* by Lorraine Hansberry, *Look Homeward, Angel* by Ketti Frings, and *Trifles* and *Suppressed Desires* by Susan Glaspell. $15. Call for schedule. Through 6/28. *Century Center Ballroom Theatre, 111 E. 15 St. (212-982-6782).*

Now Playing

lnonymous—A novelist who works in advertising is set up with a batty nutritionist and a mafioso in Glen Merzer's new comedy. Directed by Pamela Berlin (*Steel Magnolias, Crossing Delancey*). $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and Sun. at 3. *McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-279-4200).*

3lue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

fhe Bomb-itty of Errors—A hilarious, funky-fresh "add-rap-tation" of the Bard's classic and one of the best comedies of the season. $20–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *45 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).*

Bruce Vilanch: Almost Famous—A one-man show about the mad, mad, mad world of Tinseltown by *Hollywood Squares* regular and comedy writer Bruce Vilanch. $35–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8:30. Through 7/1. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (212-307-4100).*

Closet Land—Radha Bharadwaj's new play about a successful children's book writer who encounters a repressive regime. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 6. Through 6/18. *New York Performance Works, 128 Chambers St. (212-969-0166.)*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle of John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $40–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-997-1780).*

Current Events—A California senator navigates personal politics at home in David Marshall Grant's new play, directed by David Petrarca (*Fuddy Meers*). $40. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *MTC Stage 2 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

De La Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dinner With Friends—Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

The Donkey Show—A fantastic, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. Very fun. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

for colored girls who have considered suicide/when the rainbow is enuf—The twenty-fifth-anniversary production of Ntozake Shange's work stars Jackée and is directed and choreographed by George Faison. $45–$49. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. Now featuring the disco hit "Stayin' Awake." $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

Fully Committed—For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, and exuberantly enacted by Mark Setlock, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

The Ginger Man—Dublin Theatre presents Irish scribe J. P. Donleavy's adaptation of his novel of the same name. $30–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/2. *Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (212-581-4125).*

The Harmfulness of Tobacco/A Phoenix Too Frequent—The National Asian-American Theatre Company presents one-acts by Chekhov and Christopher Fry. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 6/17. *Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd St. (718-623-1672).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Fri., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Jitney—This is the revised version of August Wilson's first play, the start of what became a ten-part series, still in progress, about African-American lives, one play per decade. Here the seventies are viewed through the goings-on in the office of a gypsy-cab company in the Pittsburgh of 1977. It is so vividly written, acted, and directed (by Marion McClinton, a Wilson specialist) that it keeps you steadily amused, concerned, and moved. All performers are flawless. (Simon: 5/8/00.) $51. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).*

Kiki & Herb: Playing for Time—The downtown duo's first open-ended Off Broadway run. $12–$15. Fri.–Sun. at 7:30. *Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

The Laramie Project—In November 1998, one month after Matthew Shepard's murder, director Moisés Kaufman (*Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde*) traveled with his company to Laramie, Wyoming, just as Shepard's death was becoming a catalyst for hate-crime legislation nationwide. Six visits and several hundred interviews later, Kauf-

Opening
Surface Appeal

In *Surface Transit,* the very talented performer-poet-playwright Sarah Jones portrays, among others, a hip-hopper, an Italian cop, a Jewish bubeleh with whooping cough, and a mother, when the former Nuyorican champ's Danny Hoch–produced performance opens June 14 at P.S. 122. (See "Off–Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Erin O'Brien.

man and members of his company present a set of sampled monologues about the town and the murder. $25–$55. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).*

Lydie Breeze—Reconstruction-era idealists attempt to create a utopian commune in John Guare's reworked five-hour play. Idealistic audience members will need to sit through the two halves on consecutive nights, or both parts on Sats. and Suns. $90–$110. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 7/2. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-460-5475).*

Murdered by the Mob—Interactive off-line entertainment. $55. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 7. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (800-687-3374).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed.–Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

Night Maneuver—Two brothers battle in this 1983 play by Howard Korder (*Search and Destroy, A Boy's Life*). $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5. Through 7/9. *Trilogy Theatre, 341 W. 44th St. (212-489-1632).*

Night of the Assassins—Jose Triana's play about three siblings locked in a basement, who re-enact the murder of their parents. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 6/25. *Intar 53 Theatre, 508 W. 53rd St. (212-279-4200).*

Our Lady of Sligo—Sinéad Cusack plays the lead in Sebastian Barry's drama about the destructive relationship of an Irish couple. $30–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/2. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).*

Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes. $50–$80. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A comedy by Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change*, about four meddling Italian-American grandparents. $49.50. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist and the detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (212-695-3401).*

Proof—More math onstage! Mary-Louise Parker plays a young woman who faces an elusive mathematical proof, a would-be lover, and Dad, a very sharp mathematician. Directed by Daniel Sullivan (*Moon for the Misbegotten*). $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. *MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 *(212-239-6200).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fanny-boos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. 6/13–6/25: Linda Ellerbee, Calista Flockhart, and Lisa Gay Hamilton. 6/27–7/9: Melissa Joan Hart, Carol Kane, and Phylicia Rashad. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Wake Up and Smell the Coffee—The latest one-man wonder by Eric Bogosian (*subUrbia, Pounding Nails in the Floor With My Forehead*). $29.50–$49.50. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).*

What You Get and What You Expect—Christopher Ashley (*The Country Club, Currently of Palm Beach*) directs Jean-Marie Besset's play about two architects vying for the world's first extraterrestrial commission: a monument on the moon. $45. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-460-5475).*

When They Speak of Rita—The Foote family presents a new drama by Daisy Foote, starring Hallie Foote and directed by Pulitzer- and Oscar-winning writer Horton Foote. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/26. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (212-333-4052).*

Off-Off Broadway

And God Created Great Whales—Avant-garde composer-performer Rinde Eckert, with Nora Cole, presents a musical-theater performance about a composer who loses his mind while racing to finish an opera based on *Moby Dick*. Presented by Foundry Theatre (*Gertrude & Alice, Convention of Cartography*). $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4. *DTW's Bessie Schönberg Theatre, 219 W. 19th St. (212-924-0077).*

The Butter and Egg Man—The Jean Cocteau Rep presents George S. Kaufman's 1925 comedy, in which a midwestern doofus learns about Broadway, the hard way. $24–$30. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 3. Through 6/25. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).*

Chekhov Vaudevilles—Aaron Beall, the new director of Nada Show World, presents eleven of Chekhov's vaudevilles in the renovated porn palace. $15–$20. Call for schedule. *Nada Show World Theater, 42nd St. and Eighth Ave. (212-586-7829).*

The Designated Mourner—In Wallace Shawn's new play, Shawn halfheartedly mourns the passing of elitist culture, as Deborah Eisenberg and Larry Pine play elitists who are inexplicably executed. Only 30 tickets available for each performance—how exclusive! $20. Mon.–Sat. at 7. Through 7/15. *21 S. William St. (212-532-8887).*

Echo Park—The Apollo Theater plays host to Kurtis Blow and others in a musical history of hip-hop's genesis. $25–$35. Call for schedule. Through 7/31. *Apollo Theater, 253 W. 125th St. (212-307-7171).*

The Glass Menagerie—Patricia McAneny stars in the Tennessee Williams classic. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 6/25. *Theatre: Cap21, 15 W. 28th St. (212-501-7426).*

Hands Afire—Firebrand Stacey-ann Chin, one of New York's best and fiercest spoken-word performers, rants and reflects on a childhood in Jamaica, her immigration to New York, her sexuality, her family, and Giuliani, who, she threatens, she wants to make "so scared he has to hire two black butch bodyguards." Directed by Will Pomerantz. $15. Sundays at 9:30. Through 6/25. *45 Bleecker, 45 Bleecker St. (212-505-2367).*

Happy Anniversary—Lou Reda's new gay romantic drama about a writer and his partner, set in San Francisco. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9:30, Sun. at 7. Through 7/2. *Grove Street Playhouse, 15 Grove St. (212-532-8887).*

High—Asian American performance trio Slant, who do a fantastic tribute to Connie Chung, present their sixth musical show. $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:30, Sun. at 2:30 and 7:30. Through 6/25. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).*

Louise Bourgeois: I Do, I Undo, I Redo—A biographical work about the French-born sculptor by Brazilian actress Denise Stoklas, with sets b Bourgeois herself. $15–$20. Thurs.–Sun. at 8, Sun at 3: 30. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212 475-7710).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistant with swords, steal your watch, yank rabbits fron hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $25–$27.5 Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan S (212-307-4100).*

The Picture—Tony Torn stars in Eugene Ionesco classic, in which a "Large Gentleman" haggle with a painter over a work of art. $15. Throug 7/1. *CHA, 135 W. 42nd. St. (212-206-7188).*

A Place Like This—Despite eviction notices, the Presen Company has persevered, and now presents a self reflexive play about the theater written and directe by C. J. Hopkins. Through 6/17. *Present Compan Theatorium, 198 Stanton St. (212-420-8877).*

Poor Fellas—A comedy about minor-league baseba players by former athlete Marc Palmieri. $12 Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 6/24. *Phil Bosakowsk Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (212-532-8887).*

Romeo and Juliet—Moonwork presents the ultimat tear-jerker. $15. Wed.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 3. Throug 6/25. *Connelly Theater, 220 E. 4th St. (212-279 4200).*

Sexotheque—Downtown solo favorite Mike Albo first play is set in a dystopic future where teenag TV viewers are enslaved by a racy new danc show. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 6/24. *Krain Theater, KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-777-6088).*

Surface Transit—Talented spoken-word performe actress, and playwright Sarah Jones presents he one-woman show. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30, Fri. an Sat. at 11. 6/14–8/26. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212 477-5288).*

Velo/city—Toronto-based company Parallel Exit presents a wordless performance piece that track three identical office workers. $12. Wed.–Sun. at 8 6/14–7/2. *Walker Space, 46 Walker St. (212-662 1080).*

Onstage The Moonies

Without props, without a set, and without Leo, Moonwork Theater Company is staging 'Romeo and Juliet' (from left, Jenny Burleson, Monique Vukovic, and Gregory Sherman), so expect it to make up for the minimalism with an abundance of inventiveness and a whopping total of 38 cast members. Through June 25 at the Connelly Theater. (See "Off–Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

art

Louise Dahl-Wolfe...Ilya and Emilia Kabakov

Photography
Wolfe in Chic Clothing

The best fashion photography captures much more than just ravishing clothes, as is proved by "Louise Dahl-Wolfe, The American Image" (Museum at FIT, Seventh Avenue at 27th Street; through August 12) and its companion book, *Louise Dahl-Wolfe: A Retrospective* (Abrams; $45). The legendary Dahl-Wolfe (1895–1989) was trained in painting, color theory, decoration, design, and architecture—and not a scrap of that background was forgotten when she turned to photography. "I paint in light," she liked to say, and the color palettes of her pictures are at once lush and subtly modulated. Her compositions place the mannequin in space with unerring skill, making the figure in her outfit-of-the-moment a pivotal point—but hardly the only point—of a wider world. Dahl-Wolfe, it's said, did a lot for the image of the American woman. She freed her models from the conventional attitudes of frozen perfection inherited from European couture, posing them more naturally, often in motion. She took models out of the claustrophobic studio to shoot outdoors, in striking landscapes and architectural settings. Most important, perhaps, she managed to make a woman look sensuous without turning her into an object of the buyer's scrutiny. The women caught in Dahl-Wolfe's lens have the chiseled features and impossibly lithe bodies required by the glamour trade. But they're not all glossy surface. Creatures of the photographer's imagination, they have mystery, and a warm, quiet attentiveness, as if they were listening and waiting to respond.

Tobi Tobias

Galleries
Solos
Madison Avenue and Vicinity

John Bowman—Recent paintings of stages and theaters that blend reality and fiction; through 6/30. Winston Wächter Mayer, 39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

Frederic Edwin Church—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and sketches by the nineteenth-century American landscape painter; through 7/15. Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (212-744-2300).

Elena Climent—New paintings and watercolors of interior scenes with windows looking out on remembered landscapes of the artist's past; through 6/29. Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (212-288-2213).

Willem de Kooning—Paintings and drawings of abstracted female figures from the John and Kimiko Powers collection; through 6/30. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (212-744-2313).

André Raffray—Paintings, drawings, and works in other media that re-create great masterpieces of the past by Courbet, Duchamp, Mondrian, Picasso, Turner, and others; through 7/7. Moeller, 167 E. 73rd St. (212-988-4500).

57th Street Area

Robert Arneson—A survey of the ceramic self-portrait sculptures from the seventies and eighties; through 7/21. Franklin Parrasch, 20 W. 57th St. (246-5360).

Eugenie Baizerman—Still-life and figurative paintings by a Polish-born artist (1899–1949); through 7/28. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-1223).

Andy Goldsworthy—Two new site-specific works, including a wall made of clay and a "rush line" drawing composed of reeds woven together; through 7/17. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470).

William Kentridge/Steve McQueen—New drawings and small figurative bronze reliefs/A film and a slide projection. Through 7/14. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).

Cindy Kolodziejski/Chris Staley—Ceramic pots that pay homage to the forms and narrative traditions of Victorian ceramics/Recent cups and tea bowls. Through 7/7. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (212-246-2205).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Herbert Bayer—Paintings, drawings, photographs, and photomontages by the Austrian-born artist and designer (1900–1985) who studied at the Bauhaus, served as one of its directors, and later lived and worked in the United States; through 7/21. Kent, 67 Prince St. (212-966-4500).

Ellen Berkenblit—Recent paintings and drawings; through 7/15. Kern, 558 Broadway (212-965-1706).

Louis Monza—Drawings from the sixties through early eighties by a self-taught, Italian-born artist (1897–1984) who was a socialist and pacifist and spent most of his life in California; through 7/21. Ross, 568 Broadway (212-343-2161).

Ulrike Ottinger—Film stills by a German avant-garde filmmaker; through 7/7. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (212-966-9074).

Huang Yong Ping—"TaiGong Fishing, Willing to Bite the Bait," a sculpture installation comprising store-bought and fabricated fishing equipment by a Chinese artist who often uses Chinese folklore as a reference; through 7/1. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (212-941-1775).

Ben Potter—Paintings and sculptures that refer to the natural world; through 7/28. Gibson, 568 Broadway (212-925-1192).

Chelsea

John Ahearn—Painted cast-plaster portraits of the artist and members of his community on New York's East 100th Street; through 7/28. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (212-367-7474).

Laylah Ali—Paintings from the artist's ongoing "Greenhead" series that depict enigmatic interactions between prisoners, amputees, ecclesiastical figures, policemen, and other characters; through 7/7. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-255-1121).

Michael Brennan—Recent paintings; through 7/15. Schoormans, 508 W. 26th St. (212-243-3159).

Deborah Butterfield—New cast-bronze sculptures of horse forms; through 7/30. Thorp, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-6565).

Greg Chann—Large-scale drawings on vellum that combine chance and deliberate actions; through 6/30. Thatcher, 529 W. 20th St. (212-675-0222).

Walton Ford—New watercolors of animals in scenarios that offer a whimsical history of Western perceptions of the subcontinent; through 6/30. Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Günter Förg—Recent abstract paintings that draw on the works of Barnett Newman, Clyfford Still, and other Abstract Expressionists; through 7/28. Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (212-206-9100).

Roberto Juarez—New large-scale abstract paintings whose compositions of lines, circles, and squares were influenced by the renovation of Times Square as viewed through the windows of the artist's studio; through 7/31. Miller, 524 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Dylan Stone—A project that comprises snapshot photographs of each block of the island of Manhattan; through 7/7. Klagsbrun, 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-3335).

Photograph courtesy of the Museum at FIT.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Mike Wilson/Oona Stern—Paintings, drawings, and collages by "Tattoo Mike," who performed as the "Illustrated Man" at the Coney Island Sideshow for ten years until his death in 1996, as well as photographs of the artist by Marcus Leatherdale, McDermott & McGough, Andy Warhol, and others/An installation made of carpet that viewers can walk into. Through 6/29. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (212-463-9666).

Other

Jane Masters—Silverpoint drawings of overlapping biomorphic forms that suggest studies of natural phenomena; through 7/14. Davies, 23 Commerce St. (212-243-6840), Wed.–Fri, 12–6, Sat. 12–5.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (212-249-8950). "Art of the Americas From the Chase Manhattan Collection: Icon + Grid + Void," paintings, sculpture, and photographs from the bank's collection by North, South, and Central American artists, among them Caldas, Ceemin, González-Torres, Porter, Rockburne, Serrano, Vaisman, Wall; through 7/30.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (212-794-0550). "The Collector as Patron in the Twentieth Century," postwar and contemporary art from the collections of five prominent living collector-patrons, including Agnes Gund, Marieluise Hessel, Bebe and Crosby Kemper, Mary and Jim Patton, and Bea and Phil Gersh; through 7/31.

Salander O'Reilly—20 E. 79th St. (212-879-6606). New watercolor landscapes by Graham Nickson; paintings by the self-taught artist Gandy Brodie; works on paper depicting cityscapes and landscapes by Paul Weingarten; through 6/30.

57th Street Area

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (212-759-2345). "Gone Fisching: Selected Paintings of Summer," works that depict images of summer leisure by 27 gallery artists, among them Brown, Dodd, Holland, Kraft, Nick, Rickert, Sullivan, through 8/31; works on paper by the American realist John Button (1929–1982), through 7/7.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082). Works by 72 American artists illustrating the various movements in American art from 1910 through 1975, among them Burchfield, Castellon, Dove, Gottlieb, Porter, Ryan, Tobey, von Wiegand; through 8/10.

Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (212-888-1122). "Water," works on the theme of water by Cage, Cook, Kass, Weber; through 7/21.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (212-219-0473). "Private Worlds," works by Amos, Banach, Greenwold, Heffernan, Greenwold, Kardon, Tewes, Wong, others; through 7/8; "On Translation: The Adapter," a collaborative project between Muntadas and the Department for Public Appearances; through 7/8.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (212-226-3970). "Anywhere But Here," works by Ancalmo, Brambilla, Goldfarb, Katchadourian, Yasinsky, others; "Transitional Home," works by Chalayan, Coates, Dixon, Thorogood, others; project by D'Nell Larson; through 7/22.

Deitch Projects—76 Grand St. (212-343-7300). "Sentimental Education," an exhibition curated by David Rimanelli for which 12 artists were asked to create their own visual responses to Gustave Flaubert's novel, *Sentimental Education*; through 7/29.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (212-966-7745). "Neo," works by 22 emerging artists working in the New York area selected by the directors and cofounders of Exit Art, Jeanette Ingberman and Papo Colo; through 8/19.

Gering—476 Broome St. (212-226-8195). "Three Degrees of Separation," a collaboration between Janet Cohen, Keith Frank, and Jon Ippolito, in which an argument unfolds statement by statement around the walls of the gallery; photographs of parking garages by a Berlin-based artist; through 6/30.

Hoffman—429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676). Works in glass or depicting glass, by Africano, Averbuch, Calderon, Frey, Hirst, Raffael, others; through 7/29.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956). Project Space 1: Recent works by Mark Hadjipateras; Project Space 2: Recent works by Bill Burns; through 7/1.

Audiello—526 W. 26th St. (212-675-9082). "Nothing in Common," works by Djerejian, Fisher, Hawkins, Kurland, Mesa-Pelly, Rowley; through 7/21.

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727). "Opulent," paintings and sculpture that emphasize sumptuous textures, physical density, and richness of color, by Benglis, Burton, Cemin, Milhazes, Ofili, Perrone, Taaffe, Uslé; 6/14–9/1.

Cooper—534 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105). Works that explore aspects of color, form, and light by Aldrich, Cinto, Elliasson, Fernández, Gillick, Marclay, Pardo; through 7/21.

Dee/Glasoe—529 W. 20th St. (212-924-7545). Works that explore sexual ambiguity, by Amer, Craig-Martin, Currin, Hoey, Phillips, Schorr, Wada, others; through 7/22.

Feigen Contemporary—535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0500). "Maximal Minimal," works by Blake, Bovasso, Gwyn, Kaneda, Lyon, Rosmarin, Uglow, others; through 8/4.

Greene Naftali—526 W. 26th St. (212-463-7770). "Kool Aid," works by Gartrell, Inoue, James, Korty, Pruitt; through 7/29.

Hearn—530 W. 22nd St. (212-727-7467). Works by Elrod, Prieto, Zilm; through 7/1.

Sikkema—530 W. 22nd St. (212-929-2262). Drawings and works on paper by Dentz, Dupuis, Herrera, James, Muniz, Pepe, Root, Sillman; through 7/14.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (212-924-4212). "Women of the World: A Global Collection of Art," works by women artists from 177 countries around the world that express each artist's experience of being a woman; through 7/15.

Photography

Baumgartner—418 W. 15th St. (212-633-2276). New photographs by Baker, Geiger, Jennings, Kereszi, Lambert, Pearlstein, Schaesberg; through 7/29.

Manuel Alvarez Bravo—A 50-year survey of the Mexican modernist's abstractions, beginning with his earliest works of the twenties; through 7/8. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059).

Maude Schuyler Clay—Black-and-white photographs of the Mississippi Delta flatlands; through 7/14. Meyerowitz, 580 Broadway (212-625-3434).

Cuban Art Space—124 W. 23rd St. (212-242-0559). Photographs of Havana by nine American photographers, among them Alonso, Borstein, Lewin, O'Dell, Whitaker; through 7/8.

Günter Forg—Color photographs of the Bata Shoe Works, in Zlijn, Czech Republic; through 7/14. Burgin, 243 W. 18th St. (212-462-2668).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "James Nachtwey: Testimony." A retrospective of works by the documentary photographer known for his images of human conflict and struggle; through 7/23. . . . "Nathan Lyons: Riding First Class on the Titanic," the culmination of a 30-year project by Lyons featuring 200 black-and-white sequenced images revealing his unique view of America and its social landscape; through 6/18.

Stuart Klipper—Large-scale panoramic color photographs of landscapes in Antarctica; through 7/7. Richardson, 560 Broadway (212-343-1255).

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (212-317-7596). "The Pulitzer Prize Photographs: Capture the Moment," featuring more than 100 Pulitzer Prize–winning photographs taken between 1941 and 1999; through 9/23.

John Phillips—Photographs of the poet and pilot Antoine de Saint-Exupéry taken shortly before he disappeared while flying on a reconnaissance mission from Sardinia to the south of France in 1944; through 7/1. Scalo, 560 Broadway (212-334-9393).

Tokihiro Sato—Photographs that record movement through specific locations; through 7/28. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (212-255-8450).

Rocky Schenk—Photographs of highways, trees, the sea, and other everyday sights manipulated to read as painterly abstract compositions; through 7/7. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (212-517-3766).

Juergen Teller—Photographs from the projects "Go-Sees" and "Miss Worlds," the former chronicling a year of meetings between the London-based photographer and aspiring models and the latter a series of portraits of Miss World contestants; through 7/28. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (212-965-0753).

Weegee—The first exhibition devoted to the photographer's distorted images, among them distortions of Marilyn Monroe, Richard Nixon, the Empire State Building, and Coney Island; through 7/28. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (212-243-0200).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Judy Chicago: Resolutions: A Stitch in Time." A millennium project that is a collaboration between Chicago and a group of needleworkers using a variety of techniques; through 9/3. . . . "Sandy Skoglund: Breathing Glass." An installation in the museum's atrium space consisting of thousands of miniature, mechanized dragonflies; through 9/3. . . . "Tommy Simpson: Garden of the Heart." The sculptor and furniture designer's own life-size version of an ancient Persian garden; through 9/3. . . . "Peter Chang: A Visionary." Jewelry and sculptural objects by a Glasgow-based jewelry designer; through 9/3. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Body Art: Marks of Identity." The history of body art in the U.S., Europe, Africa, New Zealand, and elsewhere, highlighting objects and practices dating back to circa 2000 B.C.; through 8/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Good Business is the Best Art: Twenty Years of the Artists in the Marketplace Program." Works by Tomie Arai, Rina Banerjee, Prudencio Irazabal, Fabian Marcaccio, Sara Sosnowy, and others; through 9/3. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"William Merritt Chase: Modern American Landscapes, 1886–1890." Paintings of outdoor scenes in Brooklyn and Manhattan by the American landscapist; through 8/13. . . . "Maxfield Parrish, 1870–1966." The first critical survey of the works of the American artist, including paintings, drawings, prints, photographs, artifacts, and ephemera; through 8/6. . . . "Vivian Cherry: A Working Street Photographer 1940s–1990s." Photographs documenting social conditions in the Lower East Side garment industry, Depression-era Harlem, Brooklyn neighborhoods, and Times Square, as well as images showing the 1950s demolition of Manhattan's Third Avenue El; through 8/6. . . . "Realm of Marvels: Building Collections for the Future." Works from almost every major area of the museum's holdings, representing nearly every culture and almost all of recorded time; through 6/18. . . . "African Masterworks From the Collection of Beatrice Riese." African art collected by the painter Beatrice Riese, who has lived in New York since 1949; through 9/10. . . . "Urban Glass." A collaboration between Urban Glass, the New York Center for Contemporary Glass in downtown Brooklyn, and the Brooklyn Museum of Art, consisting of works by contemporary glass artists that were inspired by objects in the museum's collection; through 9/3. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"National Design Triennial: Design Culture Now." Recent works by 83 American designers and design firms; through 8/6. 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Dahesh Museum—"In the Footsteps of Goethe: Paintings and Drawings From German Collections." Plein-air sketches and finished paintings of the Italian landscape by Achenbach, Böcklin, Ittenbach, von Schadow, and other German artists who trained at the Düsseldorf Academy between 1826 and 1859; through 8/19. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (212-759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Rodney Graham and Bruce Nauman: . . . the nearest faraway place . . ." A selection of new and earlier works by both artists that reflect their shared interest in the myth of the American West; through 6/18. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square*"; through 6/18. . . . "Donald Judd *Untitled*, 1976." A piece from 1976 that is considered one of the late artist's seminal works and comprises fifteen plywood boxes; through 6/18. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Part III: *In Medias Res*"; through 6/18. . . . "Time Traced: Rodney Graham and Vera Lutter"; through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Frick Collection—"Michelangelo to Picasso: Master Drawings From the Collection of the Albertina, Vienna." Drawings by Chagall, Dürer, Klimt, Pollock, and others on loan from the Graphische Sammlung Albertina (Graphic Art Collection Albertina), one of Europe's greatest repositories of works on paper; through 6/18. 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Rudy Burckhardt and Friends: New York Artists of the 1950s and '60s." Photographic portraits of artists by Burckhardt, who died last year at the age of 85, juxtaposed with works by those artists from the New York University Art Collection, as well as a selection of Burckhardt's films and photographs of New York cityscapes; through 7/15. 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780); Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"1900: Art at the Crossroads." An exhibition organized in collaboration with the Royal Academy of Arts, London, offering a radical reassessment of artistic cross-currents at the turn of the century, featuring works by Balla, Bouguereau, Degas, Eakins, Kandinsky, Matisse, Mondrian, Picasso, and others; through 9/10. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 students and seniors.

Japan Society—"For the New Century: Japanese Treasures From the Asian Art Museum of San Francisco." Paintings, sculptures, ceramics, and lacquerware spanning 3,000 years; through 7/9. 333 E. 47th St. (212-832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–6; $5 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"Anni Albers." The first comprehensive New York exhibition of the Bauhaus-trained textile designer's work, including more than 200 works created between 1924 and 1978, among them unique wall hangings and weavings, drapery and upholstery fabrics, wall coverings, fabric swatches, texture studies, room dividers, jewelry, prints, and drawings; through 8/20. . . . "Paris in New York: French Jewish Artists in Private Collections." Paintings and sculpture by Jewish artists working in Paris from 1907 to 1939, among them Marc Chagall, Sonia Delaunay, Jacques Lipchitz, Amedeo Modigliani, Chaim Soutine, and Max Weber; through 6/25. . . . "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far." An interactive children's exhibit that evokes life in two late nineteenth-century Jewish households; through 10/30. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Vernacular Photographs From the Thomas Walther Collection." Anonymous photographs dating from the twenties through the sixties; through 8/27. . . . "American Modern: 1925–1940—Design for a New Age." More than 100 objects from the museum's collection and from the John C. Waddell Collection, including furniture, clocks, appliances, lamps, posters, and textiles; through 1/9/01. . . . "The Art of Japan From the Mary Griggs Burke Collection." Paintings, sculptures, ceramics, and other works dating from the second millennium B.C. to the early nineteenth century; through 6/25. . . . "Painters in Paris: 1895–1950." Paintings by Bonnard, Braque, Chagall, Léger, Matisse, Picasso, and other artists who worked in Paris; through 12/31. . . . "Perfect Documents: Walker Evans and African Art, 1935." Photographs by Evans depicting the African sculpture exhibited in MOMA's groundbreaking 1935 exhibition; through 9/3. . . . "Art and Oracle: Spirit Voices of Africa." African sculpture and objects dating from the sixteenth to the twentieth century; through 7/30. . . . "The World of Scholars' Rocks: Gardens, Studios, and Paintings." More than 30 scholars' rocks from the collection of the Richard Rosenblum family; through 8/20. . . . "David Smith on the Roof." A selection of stainless-steel sculptures displayed on the Iris B. Gerald Cantor Roof Garden; through 11/30. . . . "Fireworks! Four Centuries of Pyrotechnics in Prints and Drawings"; through 9/17. . . . "John Singer Sargent: Beyond the Portrait Studio, Paintings and Drawings From the Collection." Works made by the artist (1856–1925) during his travels in Europe and America; through 9/10. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 seniors and students.

Morgan Library—"Treasures From the Royal Tombs of Ur." An exhibition organized by the University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archeology and Anthropology comprising jewelry, musical instruments, tools, weapons, cylinder seals, human remains, and other objects and artifacts from the ancient Sumerian city-state of Ur; through 9/10. . . . "Saint-Exupéry's Little Prince." A selection of Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's original preparatory drawings for *The Little Prince*, as well as pages from his revised handwritten manuscript; through 8/20. . . . "Sacred Songs: Illuminated

Installation
Palace Coup

Last seen in Madrid, where it was shown in the Reina Sofía's Crystal Palace, Ilya and Emilia Kabakov's witty "The Palace of Projects" arrives at the 69th Regiment Armory (Lexington Avenue between 26th and 27th Streets; June 16 through July 13) this week courtesy of the Public Art Fund. The spiraling, nautilus-shell-shaped architectural structure (40 feet tall by 80 feet in diameter) invites New Yorkers to experience ordinary Soviet citizens' dreams, problems, and obsessions; it houses more than 65 projects—including models, paintings, and writings—offering suggestions for coping and self-improvement.

Choir Books." Music manuscripts used in the liturgy of the Catholic church during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; through 10/15. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Art of William Edmondson." The first major New York retrospective of sculptures by the self-taught American sculptor since 1937, when he was the first African-American artist to have a one-person show at the Museum of Modern Art; through 8/27. Two Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Making Choices," the second cycle of MOMA2000 exhibitions: "The Marriage of Reason and Squalor." A survey examining opposites as they occur in single works of art; through 9/19. . . . "The Raw and the Cooked." Works by unschooled, outsider, and naïve artists; through 9/19. . . . "Useless Science." The efforts of artists who mimic the methods and conventions of artists; through 9/19. . . . "The Dream of Utopia/Utopia of the Dream." Abstract and Surrealist works by Dalí, Ernst, Malevich, Mondrian, others; through 8/22. . . . "Modern Living 1." Post–World War I designs from the de Stijl, Bauhaus, and Constructivist movements; through 8/22. . . . "Walker Evans & Company." Photographs by Evans and by photographers who influenced him or were influenced by him; through 8/22. . . . "Modern Art Despite Modernism." Works by Albright, Balthus, Cadmus, Feud, Hopper, Rivera, others; through 8/22. . . . "Art Is Arp." Works from the twenties, including wood reliefs, string reliefs, cardboard cutouts, prints, illustrated books, collages, and sculpture; through 8/22. . . . "Giorgio Morandi Etchings"; through 8/22. . . . "War." Works created in response to the threats and effects of mass mobilization and violence; through 8/22. . . . "Graphic-Photographic: The European Revolution in Graphic Design and Photography in the 1920s"; through 8/22. . . . "New York Salon." A cross-section of painting and sculpture that marked the beginning of the New York School's rise to prominence; through 9/26. . . . "The Observer: Cartier-Bresson After the War"; through 9/26. . . . "Seeing Double." An exploration of the theme of pseudoscience through artworks that mimicked scientific methods, and of the absurd as a philosophical, literary, and artistic concept; through 9/26. . . . "Shigeru Ban: A Paper Arch"; through 8/1. . . . "Project 70: Jim Hodges, Beatriz Milhazes, Faith Ringgold." Banners by each artist displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 10/31. . . . "Projects 72: John Armleder and Piotr Uklanski"; through 8/1. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues., Thurs. 10:30–5:45, Fri. 10:30–8:15 (4:30–8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Under the El." Images of New York City life in prints, watercolors, and drawings from the museum's collection; through 12/3. . . . "New York Now: Contemporary Works in Photography." Images of New York and New Yorkers from the museum's collection; through 10/15. . . . "Elegant Plate: Three Centuries of Precious Metals in New York City." Objects of silver, gold, and other metals from the museum's collection that were used in or near New York from the early eighteenth century through the twentieth; through 9/24. . . . "Ordinary People, Extraordinary Lives: 100 Years of Labor in New York City." Photographs and oral histories documenting the lives of New York City's workers over the past century; through 7/16. . . . "New York: Songs of the City." More than 50 pieces of lavishly illustrated sheet music for songs celebrating New York; through 9/10. . . . "The New York Century: World Capital, Home Town, 1900–2000." An exhibition of objects from the museum's collection conceived by the design firm Pentagram; through 7/9. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Louise Dahl-Wolfe, The American Image." A full-scale retrospective of the noted fashion photographer's work, including still-lifes and portraits of Mae West, Cecil Beaton, Eudora Welty, and others; through 8/12. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design—"American Spectrum: Paintings and Sculpture From the Smith College Museum of Art." A traveling exhibition drawn from one of the foremost institutional collections of eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century American art, including works by Albers, Homer, Hopper, Inness, Kline, O'Keeffe, Sargent, and others; 6/20–9/10. . . . "The Watercolors of Charles Hawthorne." Watercolors spanning the years 1915 to 1930 by the founder of the Cape Cod School of Art; through 7/30. . . . "Stuart Davis in Gloucester." Approximately 45 paintings and watercolors of Gloucester on Cape Ann in Massachusetts made by the artist between 1915 and 1934; through 7/30. 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12-5, Fri. 10-6; $5.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Picturing the Modern Amazon." Images of physically strong women in paintings, drawings, videos, sculptures, photographs, and other media by more than 60 contemporary artists, among them Matthew Barney, Judy Chicago, Nicole Eisenman, Jane Hammond, Mary Ellen Mark, Nancy Spero, and Cindy Sherman; through 7/2. . . . "Tiborocity: Design and Undesign by Tibor Kalman." A retrospective of the late designer's work in print, film, video, and product design, including more than 200 pieces from his personal collection; the archives of M&Co., the design firm he founded in 1979; and his contributions as editor-in-chief of the Benetton-sponsored magazine *Colors*; through 8/7. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs.–Sat. 12–8 (free Thurs. 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society—"New York Inside Out." A juried exhibition of photographs by New Yorkers documenting their own lives at home; through 8/20. . . . "Stork Club." An exhibition tracing the history of New York's legendary nightclub through letters and business records, photographs, menus, and accessories bearing the nightclub's logo; through 10/1. . . . "Magnum Our Turning World, Photographs 1989–1999." Works by photographers who work or worked for the legendary photo agency; through 6/18. . . . "Jessie Tarbox Beals: On Assignment." Works by America's first female photojournalist; through 7/9. . . . "Without Sanctuary: Lynching Photography in America." Photographs documenting lynchings in America from the 1870s through the 1950s; through 8/13. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center—"Around 1984: A Look at Art in the Eighties." Works by a selected group of artists who were practicing in the eighties, among them Basquiat, Bickerton, Clemente, Cragg, Calle, Halley, Holzer, Kapoor, Koons, Salle, Schnabel, Steinbach, Sherman; through 9/30. . . . New works by Rob Pruitt, Ricardo Ribenboim, and Luca Vitone; through 6/18. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art—"Art at Work: Forty Years of the Chase Manhattan Collection." More than 120 contemporary artworks from the bank's collection, by Acconci, Barney, Clemente, Close, Gober, Nauman, Prince, Sherman, Wegman, others; through 10/1. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Tues.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

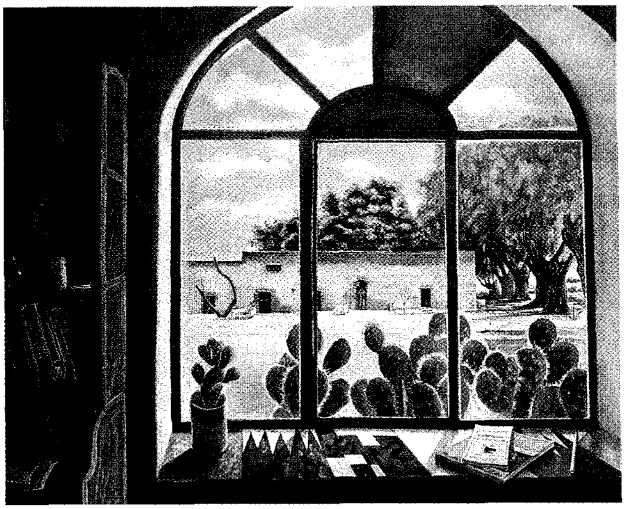
Whitney Museum of American Art—"Carnival Strippers: Photographs by Susan Meiselas." Photographs of women who perform strip tease for a living taken at rural New England fairs in the seventies; through 9/10. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun 11–6, Thurs. 1–9 (pay what you wish every Thurs 6–9); $10, $8 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Shahzia Sikander: Acts of Balance." The first one-person museum exhibition of the Pakistan-born artist's work, comprising an installation of wal paintings and a mural-size, three-panel painting that combine Islamic and Hindu artistic traditions with elements of Western art and popular culture through 7/7. 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550) Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000) 6/16 at 10 and 2: "Wine." On view from 6/10 6/20 at 10 and 2: "Coins." On view from 6/17.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (212-606-0430) 6/14 at 10: "American Furniture, Silver, Folk Art, and Decorative Arts." On view from 6/10. 6/15 at 10: "American Paintings and Sculpture." On view from 6/10.



Talent Since the early seventies, Elena Climent has drawn on her memories of her Mexico City childhood in her paintings and watercolors of interiors and still life. In her most recent work, however, the Chicago-based artist has peppered her interiors with glimpses of the world outside, incorporating views of remembered landscapes seen through windows (above, *Window With Ranch in Coahuila,* 1999). At Mary-Anne Martin Fine Art, 23 East 73rd Street; through June 29.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). 6/14 and 6/15 at 10: "Jewelry, Watches, Silverware and Coins." On view from 6/10.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000). 6/14 at 10:15 and 2: "Antiquities." On view from 6/10. 6/15 at 10:15 and 2: "Jewelry." On view from 6/10. 6/17 at 10:15 and 2: "Comic Books." On view from 6/10. 6/20 at 10:15 and 2: "Watches." On view from 6/17.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710). 6/15 at 10:30 and 2: "Photographic Literature & Photographs." On view from 6/10.

Photograph courtesy of Mary-Anne Martin/Fine Art.

restaurants

Rockin' Lobster...Super-Premium Yogurt

Manhattan

Lower New York

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—The jewel-toned Financial District branch of the popular Turtle Bay bar and lounge serves the same extensive selection of wine and beer, and a similar menu of appetizer-size plates they call "international tapas." Typically creative selections include a barbecued-buffalo sandwich, shrimp satay with hoisin sauce, and a wild-mushroom quesadilla. *55 Liberty St., second fl. (212-791-WINE). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ecco—Old-world charm, an excellent seasonal antipasto, and classic renditions of such Italian standards as pasta, veal chop, lobster fra diavolo, and osso buco. Very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. Live piano music on Friday and Saturday night. *124 Chambers St. (212-227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Greatest Bar on Earth—This, the most casual component of the Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers, curious club kids, and the inevitable tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes global bites like fried calamari, barbecued ribs, and sushi. Live music Tuesday through Saturday. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (212-732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (212-274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tasting Rosé-Colored Glasses

In a bid to transform Rockefeller Center into our own little sun-dappled French Riviera—with just as many camera-toting tourists—Morrell Wine Bar and Café has started serving at sidewalk tables and initiated a summer-long rosé festival. Thirteen seasonally apt blush wines have been selected from vineyards representing wine-growing regions everywhere from the south of France to the South Fork, and are being poured by the $5 to $17 glass. Berets optional. (1 Rockefeller Plaza; 212-262-7700.)

Wild Blue—In an intimate room that's warm and plushly comfortable but doesn't try to compete with the famous view, chef Michael Lomonaco's menu is solid, superlative American, with a touch of the steakhouse. Exceedingly moist chicken gets a Med-rim treatment with olives and preserved lemons, and buttermilk fried oysters with chipotle cream and spoon bread are an inspired take on an American classic. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7107). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC; V.*

Photograph by Carina Salvi.

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the 6th Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (212-982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (212-254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Telephone Bar & Grill—This East Village fixture was serving classic pub grub like shepherd's pie and fish and chips long before anyone thought of British comfort food as trendy. A youngish crowd gathers here for happy hour (Mondays through Fridays, 4 to 7p.m.) and for a typically hearty Irish breakfast on weekends. *149 Second Ave. (212-529-5000). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunted explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished explorers may keep up their strength—a menu of American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpkin tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, and "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. *91 Seventh Ave. S. (212-989-7701). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (212-620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Osteria Fiorentina—Live piano and violin music lend this casual Italian restaurant that old-time Village ambience. The menu offers standards like risotti, open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops. *281 Bleecker St. (212-633-2941). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-round backyard garden is available for private parties. *69 Macdougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel—Commuters and business travelers will be glad to know they can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, whether for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal of such French-influenced American fare as foie gras French toast, tuna tartare, and ribeye of veal with Swiss chard. *42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with chipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metro Fish—Hearty fish dinners with all the fixin's in a "nautical townhouse" setting. Live lobsters, crabs, and other fresh seafood platters are simple, satisfying, and reminiscent of the sort of shore dinners served in seaside towns along the Northeast coast. Those with more of a culinary wanderlust can sample the house-special bouillabaisse. *8 E. 36th St. (212-683-6444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

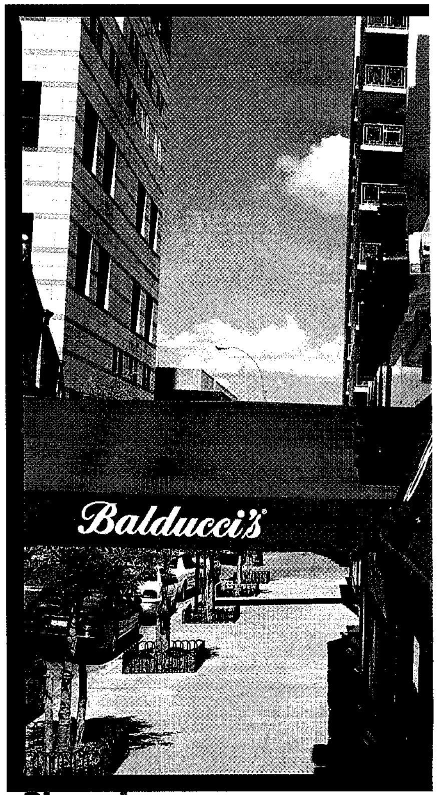
Metronome—This 10,000-square-foot Flatiron space is especially well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner (or foursome) will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with goat cheese, and za'atar-crusted rack of lamb, prosciutto, and Brie over herb risotto—satisfying. Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturday. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

The Pump Energy Food—There simply isn't any way to cheat at this self-billed "Physical Fitness Restaurant," which is actually more of a takeout shop with a counter and handful of stools. The falafel is baked, not fried; the tuna is low-sodium and all the egg dishes are whites-only. In fact there's no fried food at all, no oil period, not even a soda in the house. In what may be a redundancy, a section of the enormous menu is categorized as "plain food." *113 E. 31st St. (212-213-5733) Also, 40 W. 55th St. (246-6844). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St (212-683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*



Shopping
In With the New

The Upper West Side has always been blessed with a surplus of gourmet markets but a dearth of gourmet restaurants, making it a great place to cook and a not-so-great place to eat out. This Thursday, Balducci's (the Greenwich Village landmark and, after a buyout last year, the newest link in the Sutton Place/Hay Day supermarket chain) continues the geocultural tradition by colonizing one of the very few locations north of Columbus Circle deprived of goose eggs, $12 tins of imported tuna, or maple-flavored sheep's-milk yogurt. The 7,000-square-foot Balducci's Lincoln Square features an on-premises kitchen, a new range of natural-yeast artisanal breads, made-to-order sandwiches, and a growing inventory of Hay Day–brand peanut butter, applesauce, and dried fruit. (155A West 66th Street; 212-653-8320.)

Photograph by Luke Hoverman.

Tivoli Bar and Grill—This midtown restaurant aspires to attract a hip, young crowd. Thus, live music on Thursday night, a D.J. on Saturdays, and a menu heavy on seafood like raw shellfish, fish and chips, and lobster ravioli in seafood broth. There's also a happy hour, with all its attendant grub: chicken wings, mozzarella sticks, nachos, and a complimentary appetizer of the day. *515 Third Ave., nr. 34th St. (212-532-3300). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (212-243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (212-683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Applebee's Neighborhood Grill & Bar—This national chain invades Manhattan's freshly scrubbed and reinvented 42nd Street with an eager-to-please, affordable menu heavy on burgers, steak, and fajitas. Out-of-towners will feel right at home. *234 W. 42nd St. (212-391-7414). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (212-398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (212-243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Fusion@Ohm—One of the new crop of all-in-one entertainment centers: dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an international fusion menu that features Vietnamese vegetable spring rolls, rigatoni bolognese, and pistachio-crusted chicken breast with morel sauce. *16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Hush—This Flatiron venture is part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate the New American menu, served in shareable portions. *17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers a full roster of antipasti, salads, thin-crust pizzas, and pastas—over two dozen of them. *120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht Dining Cruises—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: a collaboration with some of the city's biggest culinary talents, featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown, Aquavit's Marcus Samuelsson, and Montrachet's Remi Lauvand and dessert creations from Payard Pâtisserie, all prepared by World Yacht's executive chef Wayne Tuman. Jacket required. Reserve. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Della Femina—Jerry Della Femina tapped Kevin Penner, the very talented chef from the adman's Hamptons hot spot, to supervise the stoves at his Manhattan outpost. His city food places the same premium on high-quality ingredients in dishes like day-boat halibut, langoustines with black truffles, and rib-eye steak. Sit at the bar, converse with the very able and accommodating bartender, and try to guess the identity of every A- and B-list celebrity in the collage of caricatures. *131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. *9 E. 46th St. (212-983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. *405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Christian Delouvrier's masterful classic French cooking. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (212-339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Maloney & Porcelli—A midtown steakhouse with something extra, courtesy of consulting chef David Burke's contributions—including something called "angry lobster"—plus whole leg of lamb, an extensive wine list, and an innovative menu of American classics. A second-floor party room has a fireplace and skylights. *37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.—It's hard not to feel like a king surveying his kingdom from the balcony of the awesomely renovated Grand Central Terminal. And it's easy, with David Walzog's high-protein menu, to eat like an athlete: Choose from Maine lobster, a 44-ounce double porterhouse for two, barbecued short ribs, pepper-crusted buffalo sirloin, and a superlative New York strip. There's a private dining room and a private smoking room. And if you (or your progeny) so desire, you can mark the occasion with a trip to the souvenir shop, for basketball- or steak-themed paraphernalia like baby rattles and dog bones. *23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—Since its swanky renovation by David Rockwell, this midtown landmark has undergone several chef changes. Andrew Chase has infused the menu and the retro-feeling dining room with new spirit by way of inspired new dishes like coriander-crusted duck breast with Bartlett pears, onion tart with potatoes and bacon, and loin of rabbit with confit and foie gras ravioli. Plus a special cocktail-hour canapé menu, to be enjoyed in the monkey-mural bar with nightly piano music. *60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nino's Positano—As is the wont of upscale Italian restaurants, this one—a more serene, mural-painted version of Nino's uptown—specializes in the food of a certain region, in this case, the south, and Positano in particular. But the menu still manages to read like the greatest hits of the Italian kitchen, with appetizers like Caprese salad, truffle-buttered asparagus with Parmesan, and lemony fried artichokes. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. Whole roasted branzino is filleted tableside, making it almost as dramatic as Nino's famous lobster fra diavolo for two. *890 Sec-*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

ond Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (212-759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oscar's—This contemporary American brasserie is named for the Waldorf-Astoria's longtime maître d', Oscar Tschirky, creator of such legendary dishes as the Waldorf salad and veal Oscar. The menu leans toward updated classics like yellowfin-tuna tartare and smoked Hudson Valley foie gras with truffled red-wine marmalade. Designer Adam Tihany transported the history-laden dining room into the twenty-first century with a much-needed face-lift. *Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (212-872-4920). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has broken with mealtime tradition. Rather than offer straightforward appetizers and entrées, Gras divides his menu into categories like ocean/river (lobster soup flavored with chestnuts), field/forest (seaweed and field greens), black truffle (Venetian pasta), and farm (rabbit chop wrapped in pasta). And rather than price each individual dish, he charges by the number of courses one selects: $54 for three, $67 for four, and up. The sommelier's suggested wine pairings are available for an additional price, and jackets are required. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig 'n' Whistle on Third—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf, plus panini sandwiches. Live music Saturday night, and "Irish breakfast" brunch offered on weekends. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (212-486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Aquavit—An elegant midtown respite for sophisticated Scandinavian food, set in the glass-enclosed atrium of the former Rockefeller mansion. The menu offers delicately flavored Swedish versions of tea-smoked duck, lobster salad, venison, and, of course, gravlax and herring. *13 W. 54th St. (212-307-7311). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bar Code—Good clean fun is the revitalized Times Square mantra, and this 24/7 interactive entertainment arcade targeting adults dishes it out. Those who wish to revisit their childhoods—if those childhoods were spent in a high-decibel-level video arcade—celebrate here with chocolate martinis, Mud Slides, B-52s, and the kind of food (wings, pizza, burgers, pot stickers) that doesn't distract too much from the high-tech games. *1540 Broadway, nr. 46th St. (212-869-9397). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Brasserie Bit—With David Ruggerio supervising the kitchen at this new theater-district restaurant, customers can expect a bit of Italian cooking to seep into the French-American brasserie menu. Pre- or post-curtain appetites are sated with hearty fare like braised short ribs with olive-oil-enriched mashed potatoes, and garlic-roasted pork shank. Want something less heavy-duty? Try the European tapas, served at the serpentine zinc bar. *258 W. 44th St. (212-869-4440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ASK GAEL

Can I get a deal on lunch at Petrossian's new cafe?

Not if you're longing for caviar. I had fantasies of elegant open-faced sandwiches, pressed caviar with crème fraîche, perhaps, or even deviled-egg salad when I asked an old beau to join me for lunch at the new Petrossian Café. "I chose the only table with fresh flowers," he whispers, as I join him on the small, dowdily dressed balcony above the retail shop and bakery. I look for lunch on the menu. "What is this," I cry, "tartines of chocolate and salt?" The waiter's smile is beatific. Ah, sandwiches . . . I order. Alas, smoked salmon is overwhelmed by its murky spread on its banal baguette. And foie gras loses the struggle with marinated onions, pepper and fleur de sel on multigrain. "I can't believe I brought you here for this," I apologize to my friend. "Let me make it up with caviar." "Beluga," the waiter suggests. "125 grams." I don't even have to check the price ($300) to chide him with a booming "no." We'll have less expensive Osetra, 30 grams, with crème fraîche, and not toast but blinis. (They cost $16 extra for the two of us and come without the hoity-toity accessories of caviar next door.) Yet even this chintzy amount of caviar restores a certain magic to our auld lang syne. Clearly, tarts and sweet "Teasers de l'Instant" ($6 to $8) are the lure here, made to order (none too speedily)—I order two from column A. "Blinchik," the waiter informs us, is caramel emulsion with salt, ginger, molasses jelly, roasted pear, vanilla ice cream, coconut juice, and walnut biscuit . . . What madness. And its throwaway plastic tumbler is hardly Petrossian. Well, the weird melange is actually quite good. As is grapefruit layered with honeyed lemon juice, crème anglaise, orange zest, and pine nuts, and the blackberry-blueberry tart with pepper, orange zest, ginger preserves, and lime-jelly cubes. Though I could do without its tarragon banner and the fork-resistant crust. Now, with a pot of tea and the tip, we've spent $117. I linger to order some carryout: a few little cakes (tuna, chorizo, lemon-vanilla), two melting chocolate gateaux, and a "Teaser to Go." The chef is summoned from the kitchen to slip on rubber gloves and laboriously layer green-apple preserves with marinated carrot julienne, fleur de sel, and popcorn caramelized with a small blowtorch at the last minute into the plastic tumbler. It takes a very long time, as does the exquisite wrapping, in two-tiered see-through plastic boxes tied with Petrossian bows. Is this the ultimate of mix-ins? Is this genius, a joke, or the last gasp of a howl for attention? Let's vote. (911 Seventh Avenue, near 58th Street; 212-245-2217.)

Photograph by Carina Salvi.

Object of Desire
Jason's Crustacean

Yikes—they actually have interesting food in the financial district! Jason Hice, under the mentorship of Eberhard Müller, has put in a new menu at the ultra-Colonial-era Bayard's. For the summer, this lobster with fresh mango, basil, and field greens is an exceedingly bright and fresh starter to a warm-weather meal. (1 Hanover Square; 212-514-9454.) PETER KAMINSKY

ité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

a Rosina—A convenient pretheater location, specializing in homemade pasta and other casual Italian fare, like baked polenta marinara and veal scallopine. Try the $19.99 prix fixe dinner or the $12.95 lunch. *342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

stiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (212-245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

a Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (212-688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

angan's—American cuisine in a theater-district shrine to the stars of stage and screen. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks and herb-crusted rack of lamb to crab cakes and marinated duck breast. Theatergoers will want to know about the $23.50 prix fixe dinner, and music lovers about the live jazz and blues on Saturday night and the Sunday jazz brunch. *150 W. 47th St. (212-869-5482). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

e Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

es Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

ocal—This theater-district American bistro has lots of cozy booths and turns out sophisticated, refreshingly imaginative fare with international accents but doesn't go overboard. Try the pan-seared scallops with Maine crab cake and sweet-corn chowder; the roasted North Atlantic salmon with spring vegetables; and the excellent desserts. *224 W. 47th St. (212-921-2005). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

artini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

orrell Wine Bar & Cafe—The inspired idea behind this unique restaurant (adjacent to the relocated Morrell wine shop) is to serve a menu that integrates perfectly with the wine list—no small feat, since the inventory runs to 1,000 different bottles and a hundred by-the-glass selections. The kitchen incorporates vino into the victuals, as in Barolo-braised lamb shank with chestnut-flour polenta, and the foie gras club sandwich with *porto* marmalade. Seating is at the serpentine bar, behind it, and on a mezzanine level. *1 Rockefeller Plaza (212-262-7700). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—This place is always buzzing, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (212-265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (212-246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Utsav Festive India—Only the bar of this regional Indian restaurant is located at street level; the contemporary dining room itself is built into a bridge spanning two midtown skyscrapers. The lunch buffet costs a paltry $10.95, while à la carte entrées include ginger rack of lamb, tandoori filet mignon, and Bengali fish paturi. The management promises a line-up of food festivals highlighting the varied cooking styles of the subcontinent. *1185 Sixth Ave., nr. 46th St. (212-575-2525). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Vago—This Northern Italian midtowner makes its own pasta and breads along with house specialties like warm sea-bass carpaccio, venison medallions sautéed with chestnuts, and roasted baby pheasant with black-truffle sauce. The wine list is extensive, and the dining room is adorned with frescoes, alabaster sconces, and cherrywood trim. *29 W. 56th St. (212-765-5155). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) on the sixth floor and rooftop terrace of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like chicken breast with lentils, roasted vegetables, and polenta. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (212-715-0500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn Diner USA—"The Finer Diner" serves a gourmet reworking of the foods of everyone's favorite borough, from fragrant chicken soup with challah to a "fifteen-bite hot dog," with refreshments like Penfolds Cabernet and chocolate malts. *212 W. 57th St. (212-581-8900). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant—Just four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regulars alike manages to be unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time. Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù, braised short ribs in a sauce of dark beer and sage with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tuna with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has a cult following. *11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (212-754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nirvana—The only Indian restaurant with a superb fifteenth-floor-view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, biryanis, kababs, tandooris, and vegetarian dishes. *30*

Photograph by James Baigrie.

Shopping **In the same way that post-Pritikin Americans have embraced the cheese course (what better to chase a steak-frites than a liquefying wedge of Vacherin?) we've dispensed with the notion that yogurt must, by its salutary nature, be low-fat, and blame Greek restaurants with their luscious honey-drizzled whole-milk yogurt for this shift in public perception. And thanks to George Likitsakos, owner of the Upper East Side's Likitsakos market and the American distributor of Total Greek Yogurt with Honey, a Metamorfossi import, the same indulgent experience is now widely available in plastic twin-pots right alongside Dannon and Stonyfield Farm, everywhere from Fairway to Gristede's. To approximate the Dionysian experience in a less extravagant manner, if you must, buy Total 0%, the nature-defyingly thick and creamy fat-free version, and drizzle your own honey.**

Total
with Greek Honey

Central Park So. (212-486-5700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan in an intimate, romantic townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Attracts serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (212-249-6619). (M) MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (212-223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows to nestle against. Fine French-American cooking (torchon of foie gras with cranberry-kumquat compote, pan-roasted lobster with Armagnac jus), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka–worthy chocolate tea. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Trata—With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and salads, and its simply grilled seafood (sushi-quality octopus, for instance), this bustling Upper East Side sideline of the Patsy's pizza chain offers an affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milos, where the chef used to work. *1331 Second Ave., nr. 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers' Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (212-234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mormando's Steakhouse—Steak, cigars, and bluepoint oysters with salmon caviar—who could ask for anything more? Well, if you could, there's also a grilled seafood special (Maine lobster, oysters, and jumbo shrimp), and a dining room with a skylight. *73 W. 71st St. (212-874-3474). (M) AE, DS MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began i Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai beef rendang, and sarang burung in environ that strive to evoke the tropics. *24 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (212-769 3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan French-Mediterranean cuisine is a beautiful to look at as it is delicious t eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tende duck and wild mushrooms, and velvet foie gras with peach coulis, and sav room for a glass of port to accompany th amazingly rich and well-chosen chees course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, wit the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza top-rated New American West Sider is luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak truffles, and foie gras, which makes th $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch i served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79t St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partner from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay hav brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbu Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain and all the currently trendy territories (Goa Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is homey place for upscale down-home food lik chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering baker counter, with homemade, award-winning jam and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensationa antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230 0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak fo four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your ow house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, a Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole i great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooke pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the wee and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's alway worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offering look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St. at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by David Lazarus.

in concert

Alan J. Lerner...Bebe Miller Company

Classical Music

Eddie Daniels, Clarinet, and the Little Orchestra Society—Perform *Seasons in Blue,* a jazz adaptation of Vivaldi's *The Four Seasons,* 6/14 at 7:30. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $30–$40.*

Elizabeth Hainen, Harp, and Members of the Philadelphia Orchestra—Play chamber works by Handel, Rosetti, Tournier, Fauré, Caplet, and Krzywicki, 6/14 at 8. *Weill Recital Hall, 541 W. 57th St. (212-247-7800); $32, $14 for seniors.*

Sarah Schwartz, Violin, and Elizabeth DiFelice, Piano—Perform Beethoven's Tenth: Violin Sonata in G Major, op. 96, 6/14 at 1. *The Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008, ext. 2717); $5.*

Alan J. Lerner, Lyricist—Lerner is the subject of a tribute, along with the composers with whom he collaborated; performances by Christine Andreas, Kaye Ballard, Kristin Chenoweth, Michael Feinstein, Robert Goulet, and others, 6/14 and 6/15 at 7:30. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $24–$88.*

Toby Twining, Vocals—Performs his unique mix of classical, popular, and world-music techniques with Fast Forward, a composer who plays the Trinidadian "pan," 6/15 at 8. *James Cohan Gallery, 41 W. 57th St. (212-755-7171); $10.*

Eos Orchestra—Performs an all-Mozart program on 6/16 at 7 and Holst's *The Planets* on 6/21 at 7 in "Evening Stars at a Glance." *The World Trade Center Plaza, Church St. between Vesey and Liberty Sts. (212-435-6600); free.*

Paul Winter, Saxophone—Celebrates summer solstice with a world-music ensemble including Irish singer Karan Casey and Uilleann-piper Jerry O'Sullivan in *Celtic Solstice,* 6/16 at 7:30 P.M. and 6/17 at 4:30 A.M. and again at 7:30 P.M. *The Cathedral of St. John the Divine, 1047 Amsterdam Ave., at 112th St. (212-662-2133); $15 for sunrise performance and $28–$45 for evening performances.*

The Pablo Ziegler Quintet for New Tango—Performs with Gary Burton, Joe Lovano, Paquita Rivera, and dancers from *Forever Tango* and *Tango Argentino* in "Passion and Swing," 6/17 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $20–$50.*

David Krakauer, Clarinet, and Klezmer Madness!—Perform two sets as part of the "Klezmer Sundays" series, 6/18 at 1:30 and 3. *Tonic, 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7504); $10 for one set, $15 for two.*

Opera

Amato Opera—Presents Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro,* 5/20–6/18; call for times. *319 Bowery (212-228-8200); $25, $50 gala, $20 seniors and children under 12.*

Dance

American Ballet Theatre—Continues its spring season through 7/1; call for performance schedules and prices. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000).*

New York City Ballet—The Diamond Project series premieres a new work by Peter Martins, music by John Adams, starting 6/17 at 8; call for additional performance schedules and prices. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-870-5570).*

Bebe Miller Company—Presents *Verge,* a work in progress, and her acclaimed solo *Rhythm Studies,* 6/15–6/17 at 8:30 and 6/18 at 7:30. *St. Mark's Church in the Bowery, 131 E. 10th St. (212-674-8194); $15.*

Dance Galaxy—Celebrates its second anniversary with new dances by Ann Marie D'Angelo and Adam Miller as well as works by George Balanchine, Daniel Levans, and Toni Pimble, directed by Judith Fugate and Medhi Bahiri, 6/13 at 7 and 6/14–6/16 at 7:30. *Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. (212-874-1061); $25, $15 for children between 6 and 14.*

Laz Brezer, Choreographer and Soloist—Performs his own works as well as choreography by Kei Takei, and a new solo by Daniel Nagrin in "100 Ways," 6/15–6/17 at 8 and 6/18 at 3:30 and 8. *La MaMa Experimental Theater Club, 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710); $15 on Thursday and Sunday, $20 on Friday and Saturday.*

The Neta Dance Company—Premieres *The Orchid Show,* a multimedia collaboration between choreographer Neta Pulvermacher and English rock band XTC, 6/15–6/17 at 8 and 6/18 at 3 and 8. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (212-255-5793, ext. 11); $20, $15 for dancers.*

Troika Ranch—Presents *The Chemical Wedding of Christian Rosenkreutz,* an exploration of the tension of transformation through the experience of two Christian Rosenkreutzes living in different eras, 6/15–6/18 at 8. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (212-647-0202); $15, $40 for 6/15 benefit concert.*

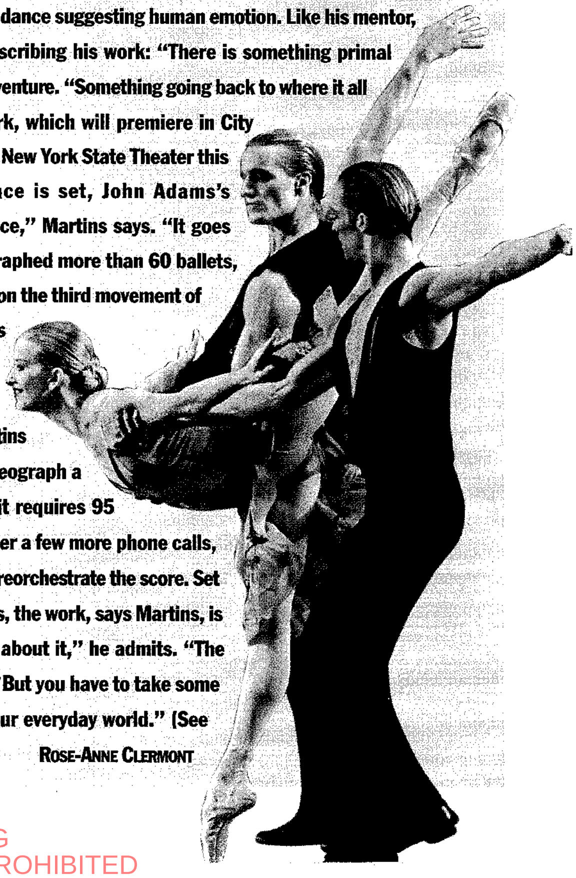
Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Preview
Lost in Space

Lately, Peter Martins has had his head in the clouds, or, to be more precise, in a nebula. Flipping through *The Invisible Universe,* by David Malin—a book he discovered at the Hayden Planetarium—the ballet master in chief of the New York City Ballet stares in awe at the celestial wonder. "It's the weirdest thing I've ever seen," he says. "It also looks like the inside of a human body, a pulsing heart." Martins, a disciple of George Balanchine whose ballets tend to be abstract, says the book's illustrations inspired him to make a dance suggesting human emotion. Like his mentor, Martins can be maddeningly vague in describing his work: "There is something primal about this ballet" is about as far as he will venture. "Something going back to where it all started." The other influence on this work, which will premiere in City Ballet's ongoing Diamond Project series at New York State Theater this week, is the music to which the dance is set, John Adams's *Harmonielehre.* "It's a very emotional piece," Martins says. "It goes straight to the gut." Martins has choreographed more than 60 ballets, including *X-Ray* in 1994, which was based on the third movement of Adams's Violin Concerto. The new dance is also titled *Harmonielehre,* and is one of four in a weeklong tribute to Adams. "You're out of your mind!" Adams told Martins when he found out that he wanted to choreograph a dance to *Harmonielehre.* "It's too big— it requires 95 musicians and your pit only seats 72!" After a few more phone calls, Martins finally persuaded Adams to slightly reorchestrate the score. Set in three movements and lasting 39 minutes, the work, says Martins, is a departure for him. "I'm a little nervous about it," he admits. "The dancers look at me and say, *Is he serious?* But you have to take some chances . . . It's very much what isn't in our everyday world." (See "Dance.")

ROSE-ANNE CLERMONT



Photograph by Paul Kolnik.

nightlife

Susana Baca...“JVC Jazz Fest”...Chic

Concerts

Aimee Mann and Michael Penn—6/13–6/14 at 8: *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (212-307-7171) $25–$30.*

David Bowie—6/16–6/17 at 8: *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171); sold out.*

Lou Reed—6/19 at 8. *Beacon Theater, 74th St. and Broadway (212-307-7171) $40–$75.*

No Doubt—6/19 at 7:30: With Lit and Blackeyed Peas. *Jones Beach Theater (212-307-7171); $27.50.*

Poison—6/18 at 6: With Cinderella, Dokken, and Slaughter. *Jones Beach Theater (212-307-7171); $22.50–$29.50.*

Ricky Martin—6/15–6/16 at 8. *Nassau Veterans Memorial Coliseum (212-307-7171); $36–$96.* 6/19 at 8. *Continental Airlines Arena (212-307-7171); $35–$95.*

Sonic Youth—6/17 at 8. *Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (212-307-7171); $20.*

311; Incubus; 2 Skinnee J's—6/13 at 7: *Jones Beach Theater, Wantagh, Long Island (212-307-7171); $24.50.*

Tina Turner; Lionel Richie—6/16–6/17 at 8 (6/16 is sold out). *Continental Airlines Arena (212-307-7171); $45.25–$125.25.*

The Vans Warped Tour—6/15 at 12. With Long Beach Dub Allstars; Green Day; NOFX; Snapcase; MXPX; Mighty Mighty Bosstones; the Suicide Machines; the Muffs; Vision of Disorder; Papa Roach; One Man Army; and more. *Randall's Island (212-307-7171); $27.75.*

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—6/12: The Regulars; Swati; Eric Lieblin. 6/13: Planet 14; Prop; Bela. 6/14: Asthma; Nikko; the Maggies. 6/15: The Interpreters; Halfmanwonder; Sean Altman. 6/16: Dogs Life; Jam Yang; Ernesto. 6/17: The Novellas; George Usher; Ziggy. 6/18: Anandi; Bohica; Jenny Arneau. 6/19: Abbadessa; Swati; Paddy Casey. *95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—6/14: Ray Price. 6/15: Nightbirds. 6/16: Robyn Hitchcock; Sheila Nicholls. 6/17: Dale Watson; Rosie Flores; Robbie Fulks. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—6/15: “Damage Manual,” featuring Jah Wobble and Martin Atkins of PiL, Geordie Walker of Killing Joke, and Chris Connelly of Revolting Cocks. 6/16: Super Furry Animals. 6/17: DJ Krush. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

“Central Park SummerStage”—6/13: SummerStage benefit with the Indigo Girls. 6/15: “Fifteenth Anniversary Gala” benefit with Nile Rodgers and Chic; D.J. Alex Gopher. 6/17: R. L. Burnside; Hubert Sumlin and Friends. 6/18: Cachao with Carlos “Patato” Valdez. *Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St., mid-park (212-360-CPSS); free, excluding benefit concerts.*

Cooler—The free Monday-night series is one of the best musical bargains in the city: Past performers have included free-jazz great Rashied Ali, Sonic Youth front man Thurston Moore, and out-and-out freak Beck. 6/12: William Parker; Alan Silva. 6/16: Fantastic Four; Shakeyface. 6/17: Hassan Hakmoun. 6/19: The Hong Kong; Crimson Sweet. *416 W. 14th St. (212-229-0785). $.*

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat “I Didn't Mean to Turn You On.” Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays: Kiki & Herb: “Playing for Time.” 6/14: Lee Feldman; Speedsters and Dopers. 6/19: Nick Drake Birthday Tribute. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Hogs & Heifers Honky Tonk North—All shows begin at 10 and admission is free. 6/14: The Camaros. 6/15: Set Em Up Joe. 6/16: The Razorbacks. 6/17: The Derelicts. *843 First Ave., bet. 95th and 96th Sts. (212-722-8635)*

Irving Plaza—6/14: Keely Smith. 6/16: The Pietasters. 6/17: Shane MacGowan and the Popes. 6/19: Groove Armada. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—An intimate space that boasts the most eclectic booking in town. Expect everything from torch singers to underground hip-hoppers to New Age composers. Mondays: “Benefit,” a downtown music revue. Tuesdays: “Original Roses” with D.J. Beverly Bond. Wednesdays: Reggae music with “Fever.” Thursdays: Editors, scene-makers, and boldface names take their turns spinning their favorite records with the “Personality D.J. Series.” Sundays: The deep-house-oriented “Love Bazaar” with D.J. MKL. 6/14–6/16: Susana Baca. *425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—6/12: The Blue Rags; Dead Cat Bounce; Joel Newton Situation. 6/13: Pauline Oliveros Foundation Benefit; Cross Gnawa Currents; Brain Transplant. 6/14: The Dark Aethe Project; Sean Smith Quartet; Valdez. 6/15 Schleigho; Lake Trout; the Sun Spits Cherries 6/16: Royal Trux; Jucifer; Burning Brides; Kermi Driscoll. 6/17: Molasses; Reggie Nicholson Concept; Gutbucket. 6/18: Kermit Driscoll; Bruce Eisenbeil. 6/19: Paradigm Shift; Patricia Smith The Blurb II; Joel Newton Situation. *74 Leonar St. (212-219-3055). $.*

Makor—6/13: “Songwriters Hall of Fame,” hoste by Dina Fanai, Bob Leone, and April Anderson 6/14: Wax Poetic. 6/15: Jimmy LaFave. 6/17 Groove. 6/18: Ron Affif Solo Guitar. *35 W. 67t St. (212-601-1000).*

Manitoba's—Mondays: Beat Rodeo. Saturdays: Ada Roth. Tuesdays: “Hardcore” with hosts Misstres Formika and Candis Cayne. 6/15: Joe Dea Blonde Girlfriend. 6/16: Simon and the Bar Sinisters. *99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).*

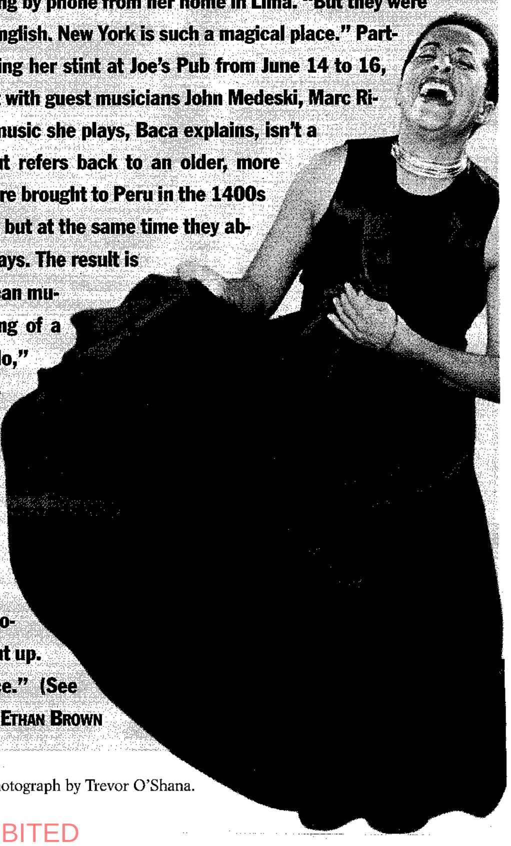
Maxwell's—6/13: Kick Out the Jams D.J. Series Marc Grobman. 6/15: Vic Thrill. 6/16: Freedy Johnston. 6/17: Cropduster. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—6/14: Big Jim Slade; Heater. 6/15 Black Beetle. 6/16: The Clarks. 6/17: Clyde. 6/18

Performance
Oh, Susana

Though she blends African and Peruvian traditions on her new album, *Eco de Sombras* (“Echo of Shadows”), Susana Baca (pictured) says nothing could have prepared her for the cultural stew of Central Park's SummerStage. “People were singing along with my lyrics,” she says of her performance there last year, speaking by phone from her home in Lima. “But they were singing in Chinese, Arabic, Spanish, and English. New York is such a magical place.” Partly for that reason, she's eagerly anticipating her stint at Joe's Pub from June 14 to 16, where she'll perform two shows each night with guest musicians John Medeski, Marc Ribot, and David Byrne. The Afro-Peruvian music she plays, Baca explains, isn't a result of modern cultural integration, but refers back to an older, more tragic tradition. “The black slaves who were brought to Peru in the 1400s were allowed to hold onto their traditions, but at the same time they absorbed the music of their masters,” she says. The result is a hypnotic mix: the rhythmic force of African music accompanied by the gentle strumming of a Spanish guitar. Songs like “Maria Lando,” about the suffering of a servant in her native country, might seem overtly political, but Baca insists she's simply “trying to convey a sense of clarity about the situation in Peru.” Besides, her intricate lyricism has more in common with the magical realism of Gabriel García Márquez and Mexican author Juan Rulfo. “Yes!” proclaims Baca when the novelists are brought up. “They are the total, complete influence.” (See “Small Stages.”)

ETHAN BROWN



Photograph by Trevor O'Shana.

Shamsi Ruhe. 6/19: Hybrasil; Justin Tracy. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—6/14: Li'l Mo. 6/15: Butch Hancock. 6/16: The Yallopin Hounds. 6/17: Tarbox Ramblers. 6/18: Leanne Westover and Strange Cargo. 6/19: The Rooftop Cowboys. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 6/14: Talib Kweli. 6/15: Basement Bhangra. 6/16: ZAPP; Tabou Combo and ZIN. 6/17: Brazuca; Karnival! 6/18: Blackeyed Peas. 6/19: Bamboleo. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 6/12: Dismember; Krisiun. 6/13: The Deadbeats. 6/14: E Town Concrete; Ignite. 6/16: Ha Ha the Moose; Uncle Sammy; Big Jim. 6/17: Inasense; Max Creek. 6/19–6/20: Blue Floyd. *161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600) $.*

Clubland

Centro-Fly—Its of-the-moment status passing, Centro-Fly will, we hope, get down to the business of becoming a great dance club. Note to owners: Bottle service might bring in the big bucks, but the vibe on the dance floor suffers immeasurably. Thursdays: "Subliminal Sessions" with D.J. Erick Morillo and occasional special guests like Armand van Helden and "Little" Louie Vega. The second Friday of every month: Long-running house party "N'Ice," which made an exodus from Baktun after more than a year at the meatpacking-district nightspot. The change hasn't hurt them any: Chicago house-music god Marshall Jefferson spun a heavenly set there. Third Friday of every month: House party "Con-fu-sion," also a refugee from Baktun, with big name D.J.'s like Chicago's Pierre. Saturdays: Energetic house and Big Beat with "Plant." The last Saturday of every month, Plant presents D.J.'s Junior Sanchez and Roger Sanchez (no relation), two of New York house music's finest. Sundays: Dressed-up hip-hop with "VIP Sundays" featuring D.J. Max Glazer and Jessica Rosenblum. Mondays: After a long hiatus, Frankie Inglese's retro soul, funk, and R&B party "Soul Kitchen" returns. *45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).*

Cheetah—A tacky, jungle-themed club with a spacious dance floor and a decent sound system nonetheless. Tuesdays: "Twelve West," D.J. Nicky Siano's wildly fun, campy after-work party where Chelsea boys, fierce voguers, men in Superman costumes (!) get their groove on for an early-week romp that rivals the ecstatic energy of "Body & Soul." Thursdays: "Clique," where the socialite set grooves to hip-hop beats. Fridays: Blokes go crazy to trance and house at "GBH" ("Great British House"). *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

"Destiny"—Saturdays at 10. A great new Saturday-night soulful house party in Brooklyn with a nice roster of guest D.J.'s like Tony Humphries, Nicky Siano, and Fred Pierce. The nightspot's spacious, dancer-friendly floor, no-attitude door policy, and warm, friendly crowd make "Destiny" one of the year's best new club nights. 6/17: Fred Pierce; Tyrone Francis; Timmy Richardson. *1 Front St., Brooklyn (718-707-1377).*

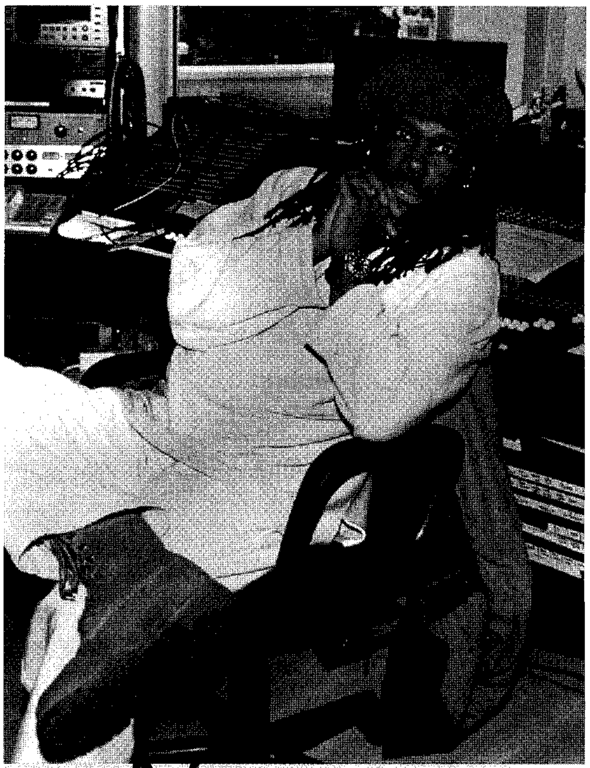
Frank's Lounge—A bare-bones bar and dance spot, which hosts Lorie and E-Man's frenzied but low-key house-music party "Bang the Party" every Friday. The party, which has been at venues all over town from the 205 Club to Baktun, is just now settling into its own groove. And what a groove it is: On a recent Friday, track-suited break-dancers, baggy-pants-clad dancers and bare-chested muscle men got down to the ecstatic house of D.J. White Mike with a floor-shaking intensity. *660 Fulton St., at S. Elliott St., Fort Greene, Brooklyn (212-726-1322).*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Fridays: "Big Fridays" offer big fun for the weekender straight crowd. Saturdays: Superstar D.J. Victor Calderone spins house for the Chelsea boys while hard-bodied go-go boys dance on the bar. *515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.*

Shine—This downtown spot is now host to excellent, enthusiastically received D.J.-oriented nights as well as up-and-coming rock and dance acts. Mondays: "Giant Step Mondays" with the gloriously great D.J. Ron Trent. Tuesdays: "Prohibited Beatz," electronica in all its many and varied subgenres with D.J.'s Swingsett and Yoshi. Thursdays: Reggae and soul with "Mash Potatoes." Fridays: Hip-hop with D.J.'s Stretch Armstrong and Mateo. Saturdays: D.J. Greg Poole's dance-centric "Tremendous." *285 W. Broadway (212-941-0900).*

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays," a low-key alternative to the frenzied Friday nights. Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 6/14: Danny Howells. 6/16: Sven Vath. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: Hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*



Performance Très Chic

His sweeping arrangements and pulsing bass lines had become cliché by the end of the seventies, but Chic mastermind Nile Rodgers (pictured) was more than just a disco inferno—he blazed trails for hip-hop, pop, and house. Chic's "Good Times" provided the groove for the very first hip-hop hit, the Sugar Hill Gang's "Rapper's Delight"; Rodgers produced Madonna's 'Like a Virgin' album; and the band inspired the current crop of disco-fied French house producers like Daft Punk. The good times return on June 15 at SummerStage. (See "Small Stages.")

Jazz

BAMcafé—6/15: Tyrone Henderson. 6/16: Next Legacy Orchestra. 6/17: Chris Washburne's SYOTOS Band. *30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4111).*

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays: The Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra directed by Paul Ellington. 6/12–6/14: "Celebrating Sinatra," Steve Lippia and the Vincent Falcone Orchestra. 6/15–6/17: Phil Woods Quintet. 6/19–6/21: "Celebrating Sinatra," Steve Lippia and the Vincent Falcone Orchestra. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 6/13–6/18: Toots Thielemans Quartet. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

City Hall—Mondays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. *131 Duane St. (212-227-7777).*

Detour—This East Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 6/14: George Schuller. 6/15: Matt Wilson. 6/16: Tom Beckham Quartet. 6/17: Andrew Emer & Septet Royale. 6/19: Brian Camelio Trio. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Iridium—In the surreal basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 and 10:30, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 6/13–6/18: Bobby Watson and Horizon. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, jazz greats, and artists on the rise. Mon.,

Photograph courtesy of Nile Rogers Productions.

Ground Rules:
In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 6/13–6/18: The Hank Mobley 70th-Birthday Fest. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

"JVC Jazz Festival"—6/12–6/24 at venues throughout the city. Highlights include 6/20: Patti LaBelle; Cyrus Chestnut Trio; 6/23: Ray Charles; 6/24: Aretha Franklin; Stanley Turrentine (*all at Avery Fisher Hall, 67th St. and Broadway; 212-721-6500*). 6/16: Joao Gilberto; 6/18: "Porgy and Bess" & "Sketches of Spain" conducted by Maria Schneider featuring Jon Faddis; 6/20: Ruben Blades; 6/21: Chucho Valdes; 6/24: "Salsa Jam" with Eddie Palmieri and His Orchestra (*all at Carnegie Hall, 57th St. and Seventh Ave.; 212-247-7800*). For complete festival information, call 212-501-1390 or visit www. festivalproductions.net.

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6–10. 6/15 and 6/17: Jan Leder and Friends. 6/16: Gilberto "Pulpo" Colon and Ensalada de Pulpo. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Mondays and Tuesdays: Sam Ulano's Jazz band. Wednesdays: Felix Swing Band; Alan Russell Big Jazz band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Swing Band. Fridays: Simon Wettenhall's Oceanic Dixieland Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Dixie & Swing Band. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

"Spirit of Jazz" Series Presents: Benny Green Trio—6/13 at noon. *Tourneau Time Machine Atrium, 57th St. and Madison Ave. (no phone). Free.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So. (212-242-1785).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 6/14: Andrea Parkins and Jim Black; EasSide Percussion. 6/15: Elliott Sharp meets Freight Elevator Quartet; Telectu. 6/16: Chris Speed; Aki Onda Ensemble. 6/17: Myra Melford; Ilhan Ersahin. 6/18: Josh Burkette; Nick Shumatov. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 6/13–6/18: Bobby Hutcherson. *178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Shows Tues.–Thurs. at 9:30; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. Jim Norton, DC Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson & Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines On Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. $12.50–$24.50; two-drink minimum. 6/13: "The Blue Collar Show." 6/15–6/18: Anthony Clark; Joe Clair. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Through 6/18: Colin Quinn; Dave Attell; Gregg Rogell; Greg Giraldo; Godfry; Teddy Bergeron. *117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun., New Talent Showcase. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights; two-drink minimum. 6/14: Robert Klein. 6/16–6/17: Tom Papa; Juston McKinney; Vanessa Hollingshead. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

Margaret Cho in "I'm the One That I Want"—6/17 at 8. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (212-37-4100). $30–$40.*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for hi *Letterman* appearances. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 8, 10, and 12:15 A.M. $12 cover. 6/16–6/17: Greg Carey; Al Lubel; Jo Matarese; Orny Adams. *236 W. 78th St. (212 595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, th Oak Room hosts some formidable names in i cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late show Fri. and Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishma Quartet. Through 6/17: Buddy Greco. *59 W. 44t St. (212-840-6800).*

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill–area Italian restaura with an intimate cabaret space. Sundays at 8: Lis Asher and Jeff Waxman. Mondays at 8: Steven Lutvak. Through 6/24: Tom Postilio. *450 Park Av So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis o opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Villag landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (212-741 9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swing through the early set with Eddy Davis & His Ne Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. *Carlyle Hote Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

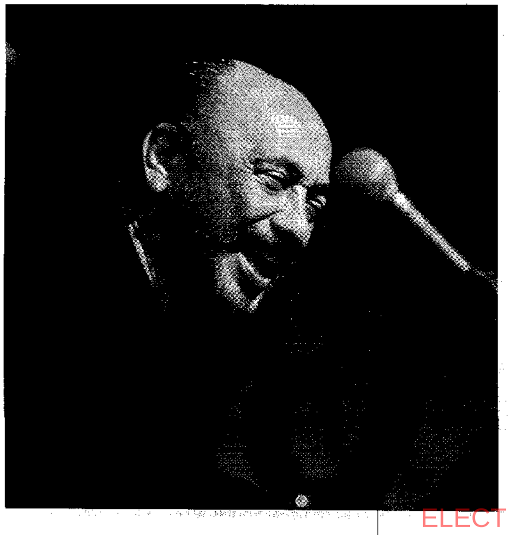
Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis celebrates her fourteenth year at the Caf Pierre with a special program called "Fascinatin Rhythms: 50 Years of American Popular Song an Jazz." Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings and play piano. $19 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fift Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).*

The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books—Fri. an Sat. at 9:30 and 11: Sinatra impersonator Car Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubin's eleven-piec big band. $20 cover; two-drink minimum. *156 W 56th St. (212-957-9676).*

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares th room with the restaurant 540 Park. Tickets ar $60; $50 food-and-drink minimum. *540 Par Ave., at E. 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339 4095).*

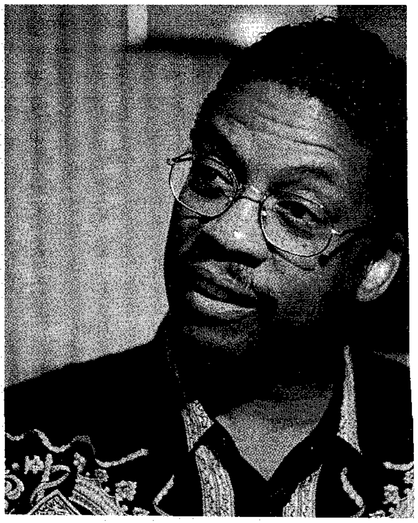
FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post show snuggery, right next door to an overwrough Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Set Wed.–Thurs. at 9; Fri.–Sat. at 9 and 11. $30 cove $20 minimum. Through 6/23: Siân Phillips. *36 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244).*

Judy's—This cozy and friendly piano bar feature two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 6/12: Marieann Meringol with the Doyle Newmyer Trio. 6/13: Leslie Anderson with Bobby Peaco. 6/14: Effie Janse 6/15: Annie Hughes in "Short Stories." 6/16 Arthur Kirson & Jay Kerr; Jewel Turner with Albee Barr. 6/17: Deian McBryde with Bob McDowell. 6/18: Robert Durant with David Lahm Richard Cramer with Ricky Ritzel; Leslie Anderson with Bobby Peaco. 6/19: Marieann Meringolo. *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212 929-5410).*



Performance
All That Jazz

From June 12 to 24 at venues throughout the city, the JVC Jazz Festival will provide a traditional counterpoint to the avant-garde Vision Festival and that genre-defying catchall, the Bell Atlantic Jazz Festival. Highlights include Herbie Hancock (pictured right) and salsa star Eddie Palmieri (left) and his Orchestra. (See "Jazz.")

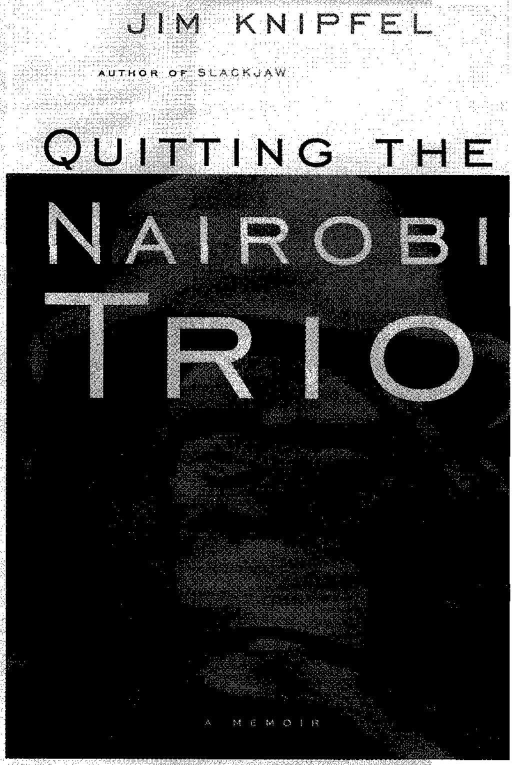


the mix

Elizabeth Hardwick...Poetry on the Brooklyn Bridge

In Print
Appetite for Self-Destruction

Is it wrong to laugh at a suicide attempt? In his new memoir, *Quitting the Nairobi Trio,* Jim Knipfel doesn't give his readers any choice. Knipfel was a 22-year-old philosophy grad student at the University of Minnesota when he devised his "best plan ever" to kill himself and make it look like a murder. He'd strap himself into a chair with duct tape, then strangle himself with a belt slung over a door. Only after immobilizing his legs and his right arm did Knipfel realize that taping his left arm might be a problem—never mind reaching the noose. "Four years of philosophy might make you want to kill yourself," he writes, "but it's not nearly enough to help you go through with it." For all his comic timing, Knipfel isn't simply joking, and the scene sets the warped, ambivalent tone for the rest of *Nairobi.* An overdose of sedatives and Scotch lands him in a locked psychiatric ward—where he sort of enjoys six months surrounded by much crazier but endearing inmates. How Knipfel achieves a fragile emotional equilibrium—helped by Jacques Lacan and Ernie Kovacs, plus harrowing hallucinations in which he sings *Tristan und Isolde*—is a funny and painful tale. Knipfel, 35, credits two post-nuthouse developments for saving his life: Becoming a writer, and going blind from retinitis pigmentosa. "Writing allowed me a different way of channeling my rage," says the longtime New York *Press* columnist. "And blindness forced me to slow down. I'm not passing out drunk on street corners like I used to." On June 13 at 7:30 P.M., he'll read at the Park Slope Barnes & Noble, 267 Seventh Avenue, not far from his Brooklyn apartment. "I don't want the book adopted by the do-gooders, the mental-patients'-rights groups or the anti-psychiatry movements," Knipfel says. "I just want to tell my silly story." CHRIS SMITH



John Leonard's TV Notes

ealthcare Crisis: Who's at Risk? (6/13; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13), written, directed, and produced by the Fred Silverman who gave us the 1998 PBS documentary *Living With Cancer,* takes on not only HMOs but also discrepancies in medical coverage from one insurance company to another and from state to state; talks not only to alarmed public-health experts but also to anguished professors of ethics; and goes into hospitals even when several of the patients whose case histories it is tracking can't afford to. Perhaps the most resonant sound bite comes from the editor of *The New England Journal of Medicine*: Despite the fact that "we spend roughly $4,500 per year on health care for every American"—twice as much as any other developed country—"our life expectancy is shorter, our infant mortality is higher, and our childhood-immunization rate is lower."

onhoeffer: Agent of Grace (6/14; 9:30 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) stars the wonderful German actor Ulrich Tukur in a quiet but compelling docudrama about the Lutheran pastor who was forbidden to teach, preach, or publish upon his return to Germany in 1939 from a visit to the United States, and so chose instead to smuggle Jews out of Germany by working undercover against *Abwehr,* the military-intelligence agency, as a courier from the resistance to the Allies. He also managed to participate in the conspiracy to assassinate Hitler, all the while writing poems, letters, and a book on ethics that remained unfinished when the Gestapo hanged him on April 9, 1945. Johanna Klante plays Bonhoeffer's very young fiancée, Maria von Wedemeyer, and Robert Joy his Nazi interrogator and nemesis.

ut of Time (6/18; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Showtime) is an anti-development fable in which James McDaniel, a small-town dreamer who has managed to keep an interstate highway from destroying his neighborhood, wanders into a magical forest, falls asleep like Rip Van Winkle for twenty years, awakens to commune with the ancient Indian and colonial spirits (August Schellenberg and Ken Pogue) who need his heroic help, returns to find a bitter ex-wife (Mel Harris), an angry daughter (Karen R. Holness), an orange-haired grandson (Neil Denis), and a plot to auction off the mountain and the apple orchards to real-estate greedheads. Rather sweet, sometimes even woozy, and astonishingly blithe about interracial love and marriage. I liked the mural in the library.

eadlocked (6/18; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT) pits David Caruso, a politically ambitious assistant district attorney, against Charles S. Dutton, the father of a convicted rapist-murderer (Jo D. Jonz), who feels so strongly that his son was done wrong that he holds the whole jury hostage at gunpoint and insists that Caruso turn up exculpatory evidence or he'll start killing people. Even though we can predict in advance just who ends up dead, a number of interesting things get said about a justice system pre-purchased by wealth and privilege, a going-through-the-motions public-defender system, police laziness, media frenzy, and guilty fathers. And Dutton and Caruso keep us alert, like a smack in the head.

am Phillips: The Man Who Invented Rock 'n' Roll (6/18; 8 to 10 P.M.; A&E), a two-hour look back at the career of the Memphis disc jockey, recording engineer, music producer, and radio mogul who discovered and promoted the likes of B.B. King, Ike Turner, Howlin' Wolf, Jerry Lee Lewis, Carl Perkins, Johnny Cash, Roy Orbison, and, of course, Elvis. If this absorbing A&E *Biography* skips rather too lightly past Sam's abandonment of black entertainers the minute he found in Elvis the very embodiment of his crossover dreams for the new music, it is nonetheless a treasure trove of studio photographs, film clips, soundtracks, and outtakes.

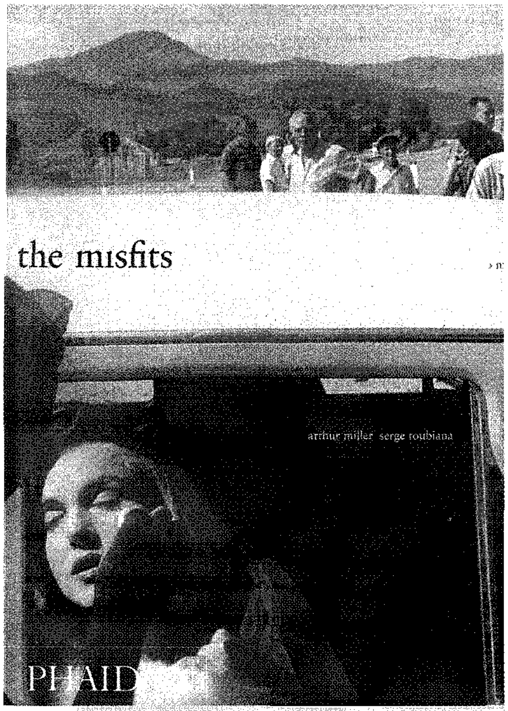
Radio Highlights

Satellite Sisters—6/17 at 11 A.M.: If five sisters ambushed *The View* and took the whole operation to radio, it might sound a little like this. In the first episode, author Jill Kerr Conway, stylist Mona Mensing, and psychic Alexa Robbins are among the guests invited to kvetch and dish. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

Lectures and Panels

Michael Ruggiero—6/14 at 6:30 P.M.: The Manhattan Rose Society hosts a guest lecture by the senior curator of the Peggy Rockefeller Rose Garden. The New York Horticultural Society, 128 W. 58th St. (516-759-1435); free.

Peter Tyson—6/14 at 7 P.M.: A slide show, discussion, and book signing by the author of *The Eighth Continent: Life, Death and Discovery in the Lost World of Madagascar.* The American Museum of Natural His-



In Print **Even if you're way past sick of Marilyn, you may find yourself surprisingly captivated by *The Misfits,* a look at the making of the classic American rebellion film through unfamiliar images of familiar faces—Montgomery Clift and John Huston sacked out on the grass waiting for Monroe to show up on the set, Arthur Miller watching from the sidelines—by Henri Cartier-Bresson and other Magnum photographers. Equally compelling is Serge Toubiana's interview with Miller, in which he discusses the less than enviable experience of watching a wife you no longer speak to enact a role you wrote for her.**

tory, Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5200 for reservations); $12.

A Tribute to Patricia Zipprodt—6/17 at 2 P.M.: A panel discussion focusing on the career and influence of the renowned costume designer, featuring costume designer Ann Hould-Ward, Ballet Hispánico creative director Tina Ramirez, historian Whitney Blausen, and others. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672, ext. 257); free, admission contribution and reservations requested.

Jean-Claude Baker—6/17 at 8 P.M.: Reading passages from his biography of his mother, *Josephine the Hungry Heart,* as well as recounting personal anecdotes, accepting questions from the audience, and signing books. Flushing Town Hall Theatre, 137-35 Northern Boulevard, at Linden Place, Queens (718-463-7700, ext.222); $25, purchase in advance.

"Lesbian Pirates of the Avant-Garde"—6/20 at 6 P.M.: A conversation between art critic and cultural commentator Jill Johnston and poet–art critic Eileen Myles about their cultural experiences as lesbians in New York City. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); free, admission contribution requested.

The Written Word

Poems by Heart: Memorization and Recitation Circle With Carol Conroy—6/14 at 6:30 P.M.: Participants are invited to recite their favorite poems from memory at Poets House, 72 Spring St. (212-431-7920); free.

Michael Cunningham—6/14 at 7 P.M.: Reading from his new introduction to the Modern Library edition of Virginia Woolf's *A Voyage Out,* at Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. (212-741-2069); free.

Russell Banks—6/14 at 7:30 P.M.: Book signing and reading from his new collection of stories, *The Angel On The Roof,* at Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Joe Torre—6/15 at 12 P.M.: The manager of the New York Yankees hosts an autograph session to promote his book, *Joe Torre's Ground Rules for Winners,* at ESPN Zone, 1472 Broadway, at 42nd St. (212-921-3776); free.

Elizabeth Hardwick, Peter Gay, and Douglas Brinkley—6/15 at 8 P.M.: Reading from *Herman Melville, Mozart,* and *Rosa Parks,* respectively, with host writer-editor James Atlas at the National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (212-592-4648); free, jacket required.

Christopher Bram—6/16 at 7 P.M.: The author of *Father of Frankenstein* reads from his latest, *The Notorious Dr. August.* Halcyon, 227 Smith St., Brooklyn (718-522-4031); free.

Bloomsday on Broadway—6/16 at 7 P.M.: Symphony Space presents a celebration of James Joyce's *Ulysses,* with readings by Frank McCourt, Fritz Weaver, Steven Lang, and many more of Irish poetry from the ninth to the twenty-first centuries at Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (212-864-5400); $15, $11 students and seniors, pre-purchase tickets only.

Julie Landau and Frederick Morgan—6/17 at 6 P.M.: Presenting original poems and translations in conjunction with the exhibition "The World of Scholar's Rocks," accompanied by live traditional Chinese music at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 100 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-570-3807); free with museum admission.

Thomas Beller and Sam Lipsyte—6/18 at 7 P.M.: Reading from their new works, *The Sleep-Over Artist* and *Venus Drive,* respectively, at KGB, 84 E. 4th St. (202-505-3360); free.

"New Literary Voices"—6/20 8 P.M.: Readings by up-and-coming authors like Nuar Alsadir, Raul Correa, Ken Foster, David Means, and Catherine Trexler as part of the Yaddo Centennial Arts Festival, at Housing Works Used Books Cafe, 126 Crosby St. (212-334-3324); free.

Tours

The Nooks and Crannies of Greenwich Village—6/17 at 1 P.M.: A walking tour focusing on Village history, landmarks, and famous literary residents, visiting MacDougal Alley, Grove Court, the Pen and Brush Club, and the former homes of authors like Theodore Dreiser, e.e. cummings, and Edward Albee. Meet at the southeast corner of Fifth Ave. and 12th St. (732-270-5277); $10.

Benefits

Celebrity Silent Auction—6/14 at 8 P.M.: Gen Art hosts an exhibition and auction of 100 original pieces of art created by celebrities from the worlds of film, fashion, sports, politics, television, and music, including Kevin Spacey, Cindy Crawford, Katie Couric, and Nicole Miller, to benefit Shine, a nonprofit youth-services organization. Metropolitan Pavilion, 125 W. 18th St (212-582-1111); bids start at $100.

Poetry Walk Across Brooklyn Bridge: A Benefit for Poets House—6/19 at 6:30 P.M.: Poets House's annua tribute to the city, featuring poetry readings on the bridge and at the Fulton Ferry Landing, anc a buffet dinner on the barge, led by poets Galway Kinnell, Sapphire, Gerald Stern, and Ruth Stone The walk leaves from the park at 1 Center Street on the south side of the Municipal Building (212-431-7920); $125 and up, advance registration required.

De La Salle Academy Sixth Annual Gala Dinner—6/2(6:30 P.M.: A black-tie dinner dance to benefit the school's mission to provide strong educations fo: academically talented students from low-income families. The Grand Ballroom of the Plaza Hotel Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (212-245-6570) $500–$25,000.

New York Association for New Americans Benefit—6/21 at 7:30 P.M.: A special performance of *The Roac Home* with Yolanda King, and a post-performance champagne reception with the cast tc benefit NYANA's cultural-arts initiative for immigrant and refugee artists. Kaye Playhouse Hunter College, 695 Park Ave. (212-772-4448) $150, $25–$35 general admission to performance only.

Events

Summer in the Square 2000—6/14: One installation o a weekly summer performance series hosted by the 14th Street–Union Square Local Developmen Corporation and Business Improvement District featuring a piano concert by Maxym Anikushin a 12:30 P.M., Ester Pearl Watson reading from he book *The Adventures of Jules & Gertie* at 5 P.M., anc dance performances at 6 P.M. on the northern section of the center lawn in Union Square Park (212-460-1214); free.

Sports

LastMinuteTravel.com Masters—6/8, at 6 P.M. The season-ending tournament on the men's senior tenni circuit is the first such event to be hosted in Central Park. Round-robin matches, featuring such aging wonders as Jimmy Connors, John McEnroe Bjorn Borg, and Mats Wilander, will be held in 3,000-seat temporary stadium set up in Wollmar Rink. Preliminary matches are 6/13 at 7 P.M. and 6/14–6/17 at 1 and 7 P.M. Doubles and singles final take place on 6/18 at 1 P.M. $35–$225 for reserved or club seats; box-seat packages starting at $2,00(available. Call 877-540-MATCH for schedules and more information.

Manhattan Island Marathon Swim—6/17 at 8:15 A.M The nineteenth annual 28.5-mile swim around the island includes a field of 35 individuals and two six-person relay teams. Starts at Gangway Six on the Hudson River side of Battery Park, finishing abou seven hours later at the same point. Visit www.nycswim.org for more information.

GAME WEEK

HOME ▨ AWAY ░

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
YANKEES	BOS MSG 7:05 P.M.	BOS MSG 7:05 P.M.	BOS FOX 1:05 P.M.	CHI MSG 7:05 P.M.	CHI FOX 7:05 P.M.	CHI MSG 4:35 P.M.	CHI FOX 1:05 P.M.
METS		CHI FSNY 8:05 P.M.	CHI WPIX 2:20 P.M.		MIL WPIX 8:05 P.M.	MIL WPIX 8:05 P.M.	MIL WPIX 2:05 P.M.
LIBERTY		WAS METRO 7:30 P.M.					MIA MSG 7:30 P.M.
METROSTARS						NE ESPN 2 P.M.	
STANLEY CUP FINALS	DAL@NJ ABC 8 P.M. (IF NEC.)						
	6/12	6/13	6/14	6/15	6/16	6/17	6/18

kids

Honeymooning Pachyderm Royalty

Happening
At Ease, Dad

Most New Yorkers have never been aboard the *Intrepid.* Sure, they've driven past the imposing gray aircraft carrier on their way to Chelsea Piers, along with the submarine and destroyer that complete the Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum. Certainly, they've taken notice of the A-12 Blackbird, the reconnaissance jet aimed directly at midtown. But the West Side resident has been relegated to most people's to-do list since it docked at 46th Street in 1982. In an effort to attract more city folk as well as convene a real Father's Day event—something the city lacks—the *Intrepid* will host the Father's Day Flight Deck Olympics. Beginning at noon on Sunday, kids and their families (moms included) can compete in four aviation and nautical contests, with prizes for all who board. In the Signal Flag Raising competition (pictured), kids get a crash course in the language of nautical flags. They're then put to the task of hoisting them up the flagpole in the correct sequence. The Uniform Relay Race, perhaps the one that will provoke the most belly laughs, has kids pulling on an oversize military uniform and running twenty yards to tear it all off so that Mom/Dad can do the same. For the younger ones, Walk the Plank involves balancing a tray with a full cup of water and racing on a two-by-four to empty it into a bucket. The team with the first full bucket wins. The museum opens at 10 A.M., so there's plenty of time before the games begin to tour the World War II–vintage carrier. Former *Intrepid* crew members serve as tour guides and are happy to share stories of how they spent Father's Day overseas.

SUSAN AVERY

Children's Events

Dads on Deck—The **INTREPID SEA AIR SPACE MUSEUM** hosts its fourth annual Father's Day Flight Deck Olympics. Adults and children team up to compete in nautical and aviation-themed events on 6/18. Contests go from noon to 3 P.M., but the museum is open from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. Admission is $12, $9 for students, seniors, and veterans, $6 for kids 6–11, $2 ages 2–5, free for youngers. At Pier 86, Twelfth Ave. and 46th St. (212-245-0072).●

dventurous Elephants—A whimsical tale of the honeymoon twists and turns of King Babar and Queen Celeste will be recreated through a digital slide show, accompanied by a live eight-piece orchestra. The reimagined classic by Jean de Brunhoff, narrated by Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach, runs 6/14–6/19 at Florence Gould Hall. (The 6/19 performance is in French.) Tickets are $20 through the box office or Ticketmaster, 212-307-4100. **TRAVELS OF BABAR, AN ADVENTURE IN SCALES** at 55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6160).●

Leapin' Lizards—In an attempt to instill awe and respect for reptiles rather than the more common fear and loathing, the creepy creatures will slither into the New York Hall of Science on 6/17. The exhibit explores their habitats, food preferences, and the secrets of their kingdom's 300-million-year adaptation on earth. **REPTILES: REAL AND ROBOTIC** runs through Sept. 17. Admission is $7.50, $5 for kids 4–17 and seniors. (Free Thursdays and Fridays in June from 2 to 5.) At Flushing Meadows Park, 47-01 111th St., Corona (718-699-0005).

Fish, Fold, Checkmate—Three free Father's Day Weekend Workshops are lined up on 6/17 from 1 P.M. to 2:30 P.M., courtesy of the Central Park Conservancy. **CATCH-AND-RELEASE**, a fish-identification-and-fly-tying demonstration, introduces participants to the type of fish found at the Harlem Meer. At the Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, 110th St. near Fifth Ave. To register, call 212-860-1370. **ALL FOLDED UP** is a session on the ancient art of origami. At the Henry Luce Nature Observatory at Belvedere Castle, mid-Park at 79th St. To register, call 212-772-0210. **IT'S YOUR MOVE** teaches strategies for both chess and checkers. The get-together takes place at the Chess & Checkers House at the Dairy, mid-Park at 65th St. To register, call 212-794-6564. ●●

Wool Pull—The Parks Department is offering a free series of traditional-American-craft workshops at the historic **DYCKMAN FARMHOUSE MUSEUM**, Saturdays through 6/24. On 6/17 at 1 P.M., instructors will show kids wool-dyeing techniques of the nineteenth century. Participants will take home their own samples. On 6/24, children will learn how to use a spinning wheel. 4881 Broadway, at 204th St. (212-304-9422).●●

***Konnichi Wa* Brooklyn**—The Japanese Hill and Pond Garden, the heart of the **BROOKLYN BOTANIC GARDEN**, blooms again after a $3 million restoration. The garden includes flowering cherry trees and irises and peonies that grace the perimeter of the pond. For a photo op, check out the orange-red Torii, a wooden structure that indicates the presence of a shrine nearby. (The Japanese shrine at the garden is the Shinto God of Harvest.) Guided tours are available. On 6/18, join a Japanese-kite celebration. Admission is $3, $1.50 students and seniors, free to kids under 16. 1000 Washington Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-7200).●

Yo, I'm From Staten Island—Aside from the more notorious names, many notable individuals that hailed from the forgotten borough were also elevated to celebrity's top echelon. In a new exhibition at the **STATEN ISLAND INSTITUTE OF ARTS & SCIENCES**, posters, photographs, vintage periodicals, and other assorted memorabilia are presented in *Famous People From Staten Island.* The name-dropping includes Donald Trump, Joan Baez, Paul Newman, Samuel I. Newhouse, Aaron Burr, and St. Elizabeth Ann Seton. The exhibit is on view through 9/4. Suggested donations are $2.50, $1.50 for students and seniors. At 75 Stuyvesant Pl., St. George, Staten Island (718-727-1135).

Adoption Adaptation—Nine-year-old Tua struggles to integrate her rich Indian heritage with her adopted American family's in this new play by Alisa Faye Weinstein. By sharing traditions, Tua discovers the things she holds in her heart are as sacred as the things she can touch. **TUA'S DREAM** takes place at the Provincetown Playhouse and runs 6/16–17 at 8 P.M. and 6/18 at 3 P.M. An open forum follows the 6/18 matinee, with the playwright, director, cast, and audience. Admission is free, but reservations are suggested. Call 212-998-5867. At 133 MacDougal St. ●●

Dancing in the Streets—Music, dance, workshops, and exhibitions are all part of the festivities when the Red Hook waterfront comes to life on 6/17. A parade kicks off at 10 A.M. at Hamilton and Van Brunt, featuring community gardeners and jugglers. From noon to 4:30 P.M. is the **YOUNG PEOPLE'S PERFORMANCE FESTIVAL** at the Beard Street Pier. Aquatic dance, fireboat display, and solstice rituals complete the day. Call for more information: 212-625-3505 or 718-624-4719. ●●

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

c u e

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Ethan Brown
Nightlife
Rose-Anne Clermont
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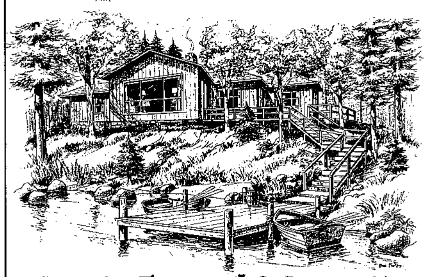

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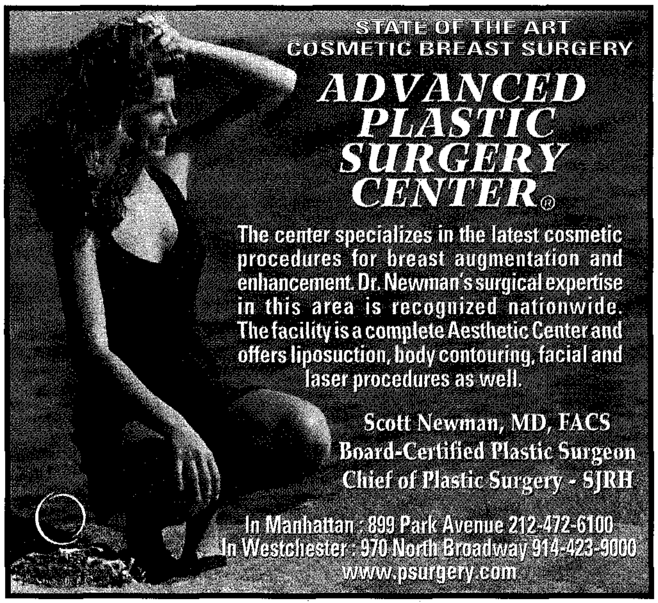
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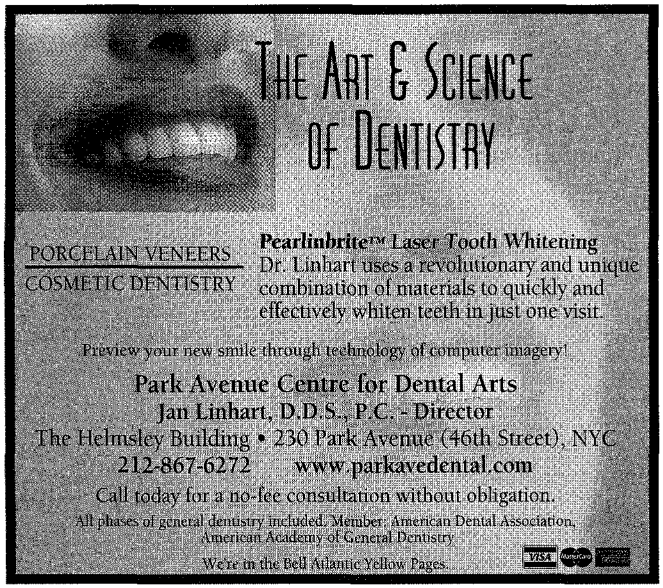

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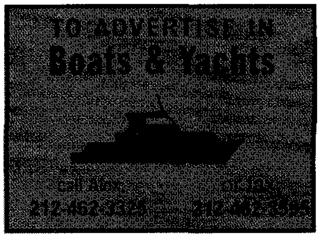

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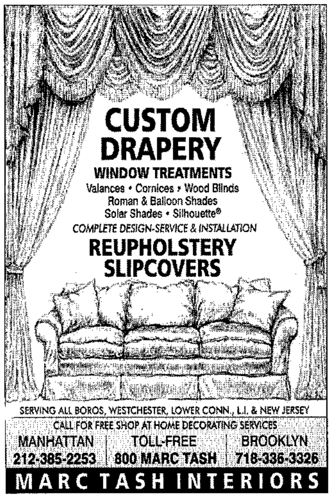
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Attractive, Gentle, Intelligent—Cultured, youthful woman (mid 50s) seeks realistic, compassionate, smart, gentle man for companionship leading to relationship. Note/photo. 4341 ✉

Beautiful Caribbean Woman—25, 5'3", seeks friendship from handsome, accomplished gentleman, 25-40, who dines and travels. All races. Photo. 4391 ✉☎

Professional Dancer, 42—Energetic, youthful female, warm, loving, sensitive, very attractive. Looking for a man, 35-45, who is sweet, caring, handsome, in good shape, has an appreciation for the arts, and who enjoys being in a relationship. Please reply with photo. 4375 ✉

Very Eligible—Single white male, 35, 5'10", successfully self-employed, settled in north NJ, seeks educated single female, 25-34, to share goals in a fun-loving relationship. 4366 ✉☎

Handsome Police Officer—35, 185 lbs, red hair, blue eyes, educated and athletic, with many diverse interests - seeks girlfriend. 4344 ✉☎

Energetic, Earthy, Eclectic—Entrepreneur seeks interesting, attractive female. 4370 ✉

Warm, Compassionate Woman—5'5", slim, attractive, intelligent Manhattanite, mid 40s, seeks kind, sincere, sane man. Send recent photo/letter to: 4342 ✉

A Jewish Professional Male—49, very attractive, varied interests, fit and fun, in search of a professional female who is eclectic, artistic, slim, sensitive, intelligent, and who radiates a joie-de-vivre sense of self. Note/phone, please. 4371 ✉☎

Strikingly Beautiful—Personifies poise, grace, adventurous spirit and inner strength. Slim, inviting figure, infectious smile. Tall, single white female, long legs. Successful yet laid-back, compassionate and warm. Colorful, witty, sophisticated - what more could you want? Cultural interests: jazz clubs, opera, theater, museums, Oscar Peterson, the spontaneity of NYC. Enjoys kayaking, snorkeling, hiking, Maine, London, Machu Picchu, Fiji. Seeks 5'9"-plus, financially secure, nonworkaholic, well-read, basically fit man, 40-59. Honesty, laughter important. 4343 ✉☎

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Runner—Seeks female under 40 for romance. I love karate and the outdoors. If you're fit, athletic and have a great sense of humor, this pianist would love to hear from you. Note/photo/phone. 4367 ✉☎

Gay Young Executive—30, gentleman, stylish, affluent, aesthetic. Seeks a smart, confident and handsome guy, 23-40, for adventure, romance and an exhilarating relationship. Note/photo essential. 4349 ✉

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Issue Date:6/26-7/3 On Sale:6/19 Deadline:6/13
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Sincere, Kind MD—From central NJ, 45, Jewish, handsome, nonreligious, never married, seeks attractive, intelligent, tall female for happily ever after. Nonsmoker only. 4340 ✉☎

Judge For Yourself—Successful media mogul, 60ish, 5'10", white hair, green/blue eyes, charming, funny, charismatic, still thinks the right woman (50-55) is out there for him. Anybody listening? 4359✉

Compassionate—Pretty, contemplative, Asian-American female, 38. Loves fitness, gardening, travel and the arts. Seeking male partner, 35-48, to share life with and to cherish. Note/photo, please. 4383 ✉

Successful, Fit Westchester Exec—Seeks fit gal, 45-52, for long-term relationship, to travel, talk, enjoy opera, ballet, outdoors. Nonsmoker. 4332 ✉☎

Gay White Male—40s, 5'8", 150 lbs, brown/brown, drug/disease-free, nonsmoker, athletic, in excellent shape, financially secure - arts administrator, loves NYC. Seeks similar for companionship and whatever else develops. 4345 ✉

Dark-Haired Beauty/Media CEO—Ve pretty, Jewish, 37, athletic NYC exe seeks Jewish, 33-45, Manhattan male wl is ready for marriage, family and gc partner. 4350 ✉☎

Younger Man Desired—Warm, vibrai alluring, long-legged, single Jewish '5 "pin-up" seeks younger, 6'-plus, f successful, passionate, single Jewish ma I need caring, tenderness, pampering ai intimacy. Count on me to be responsi and to fully reciprocate. Photo. 4380 ✉

Mid 40s, Independent, Sensitive-Compassionate woman, sensuou creative, and at times humorous, naugh and selfish - but always honest. Is looki for a man who, like myself, is nic looking, confident, independent (fina cially and emotionally). Westchester/C a plus. Photo appreciated. 4339 ✉

Here's The Deal—Single white ma 41, 6', 220 lbs, athletic build, north Jers resident - enjoys movies, dining, sporti events, working out. If you are a sin female, 30-45, nonsmoker, let's give it shot. 4348 ✉☎

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wish female, 40, seeks friends to have ın with until we find Mr. Right. Dine, ınce, drink, Hamptons, etc. 4360 ✉

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ıutiful Asian—33, enjoy good food, doors and music, slim and sexy. Love vies and good books and company h a good sense of humor. Looking a tall, honest and confident man to be best friend, a great lover and a darling band. Photo/note, please. 4354 ✉

ıstate NY Man—Active outdoors, 6'2",), 64, attractive, financially secure fessional, Christian - seeks honest, elligent, fit, humorous, spontaneous, ısmoker, attractive woman who likes doors, travel, movies, romance, ibbean winters. Photo/note. 4362✉

ts Of Fun—Extremely attractive, ırt, sensuous, irreverent, slim, divorced ish woman, 45. Nice figure. Cracks ırming jokes, sees infinite irony of life. omplished professional. Published ıor, composer, singer (jazz/pop). Plays ıo, tenor sax. Creative, also grounded, ctionate. A good sport. Loves hiking, shwin, Mark Twain, Shakespeare, ying with ideas, travel. Enriched by tually supportive, loving relationship. ks nonsmoking, intellectually alive, financially responsible man, 40-55. 4337 ✉☎

Professional, Adorable, Athletic—Tall blond, 38, Jewish. Enjoys travel, working out, NYC's culture. Looking for male counterpart. 4392 ✉☎

Attractive, Intelligent—Jewish male, 59, enjoys outdoors, music, seeks lady up to 55 for relationship. Letter/photo. 4384✉

Widow—Educated, intelligent, good-looking, from Europe, 55 years old, 5'6", 140 - loves nature, long walks, animals, theater, dining out, healthy lifestyle, quiet evenings at home. In search of polite, educated, good-hearted man who loves to laugh, is tall, about 45-70 years old, serious-minded, secure - for friendship leading to marriage. Please reply with note and photo. 4347 ✉

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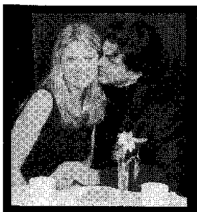

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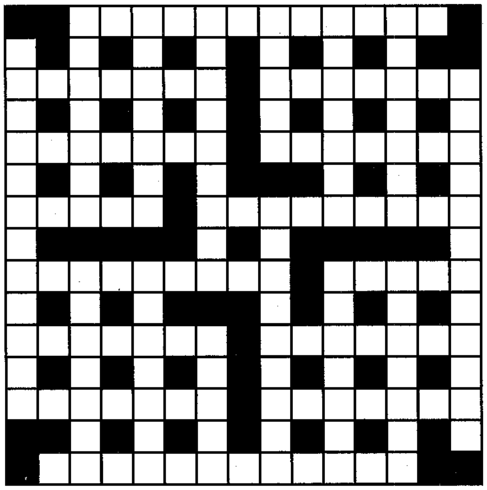
The 'Guardian' Crossword

A, J This shows big palace jazz is up the wall. (12,6,6)
B Root moved by Pole, top musico of all? (9)
C A simple piece: intrigue at Tate gone wrong. (9)
D A fragrant plant, with article in song. (7)
E Peg's back embracing boy with shoulder badge. (7)
F A fête reformed provides a meal to cadge. (4,3)
G Wodehouse-ish name for chap most loud within. (5)
H A slippery chap I follow who heard din. (7)
I A seamer's movement, trendy change of vote. (7)
J See A.
K Here's Hanging Jack, the king to draw a boat. (5)
L Where Cam and Hoogly merge, a wordy fight. (9)
M Fell into grinder: so "unrest" 's "delight." (7)
Here's extra work: if B's, the key's not right. (12)



NOTE: Solve the clues and fit the solutions into the diagram, jigsaw-wise, wherever they will go.

N Month back in home, the price with a dues met. (3,4)
O There's nothing less holds nothing, a a threat. (7)
P Month back, keeps wreck: dried frui by Shakespeare spelt. (7)
Report of summit shows there's umbrage felt. (5)
Q Discharge or death?—A book by Graham Greene? (7)
R Knock "All for Love" in the Ligurian scene. (7)
S Brand uncle's cabin? Here's manoeuvring space. (3–4)
T It lifts from Hamlet, keeping start of race. (7)
U Newcastle's wavy railway's not for you. (5–4)
V Girl's name: mail and its scene are breaking through. (7)
W For heartless monsters here you'll fin the Plaid. (5)
X Musicians, fifty, posh?—no, sixty, ba (12)
Y Month backward, this way up—from roots a drink. (3,4)
Z He ran both ends, to drink the last o ink. (7)

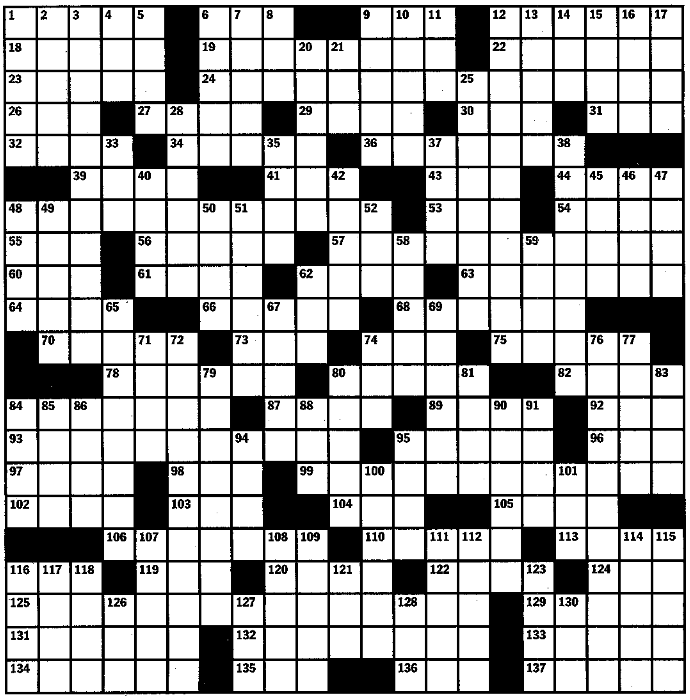
'Fictional Dads': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Storybook elephant
6 Zoo swinger
9 Capote's nickname
12 African jaunt
18 Stratosphere layer
19 Ophelia's dad
22 Type of type
23 Maestro Mehta
24 Eliza's dad
26 Killer whale
27 Turkey-meat request
29 —— fixe
30 Lamb's dad
31 Antiquated
32 Feudal thrall
34 Knifes
36 "Sister Carrie" author
39 Smell —— (be suspicious)
41 Winning tic-tac-toe line
43 Voting-booth abbr.
44 Eurasian mountain chain
48 "To Kill a Mockingbird" father
53 Pre-Franco queen of Spain
54 Songs sung singly
55 Rainbow shape
56 Vivian Vance's "I Love Lucy" role
57 Natasha's father, in "War and Peace"
60 "Go, team!"
61 Transaction
62 Sticks out
63 Dangles bait
64 The "Odyssey," for one
66 Bicuspid's neighbor
68 "—— Texas Moon" (1929 tune)
70 Dispassionate one
73 At present
74 It's a sheep remark
75 Scope
78 Join up
80 Alabama city in the '60s news
82 Blood fluids
84 Everlasting
87 Evened the score
89 Word with "while"
92 Wasn't colorfast
93 "The Godfather"
95 Where Crockett fell
96 Took in calories
97 Reply to the Little Red Hen
98 Small salamander
99 "Carousel" dad
102 In addition
103 Bert Bobbsey's twin
104 Go one better
105 Cry from the crow's nest
106 Honeybees' drinks
110 Crime-movie highlight
113 Round roof
116 Prior to
119 Jackie's sister
120 Kett of old comics
122 T-men
124 Theatrical showoff
125 "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" patriarch
129 Elton John's instrument
131 Capital of Colombia
132 Galahad's dad
133 Fielder's flub
134 Building level, British style
135 Go blond
136 Rock star Brian
137 Tuckered out

DOWN

1 Clownish fellows
2 Sky-blue
3 Tiny Tim's dad
4 Before a J
5 Tear to pieces
6 Separated
7 Hopping-step dance
8 Leprechaun
9 Helped through a difficulty, with "over"
10 Less polite
11 G.I. hospitality club
12 Eppie's adopted father, in an Eliot novel
13 One at ——
14 Liposuction target
15 Between tenor and soprano
16 Brooklet
17 Like most cupcakes
20 Prayer
21 One of the Beattys
25 Familiarized with procedures
28 Insightful
33 Calendar column abbr.
35 More than simmer
37 Chez Eve
38 Muscovites
40 Served a winner
42 Happen
45 Campus mil. org.
46 Lotion ingredient
47 Tyler and Ullmann
48 Berne's river
49 Snares
50 Pillow cover
51 Lawbreakers
52 On a winning streak
58 Customary
59 Other, to Juanita
62 Chin area
65 Forceful persuasion
67 Kin of bingo
69 To wit
71 —— uncertain terms
72 "Life With Father" d
74 Sofa, converted
76 Scarlett's dad
77 Bard's Muse
79 Destined for misfortune
80 "Now you ——, now you don't"
81 Bedouin
83 All over again
84 Poet Millay
85 Mechanic's need
86 Tolkien creatures
88 Bach's "Mass —— Minor"
90 Obeyed the photographer
91 Item in Caesar's wardrobe
94 Europe's most active volcano
95 River of Xanadu
100 Site
101 Come to a conclusio
107 Happify
108 Erase a debt
109 The Blarney, e.g.
111 Burns's "sweet" stream
112 Brawl
114 Posh estate
115 Atlanta university
116 Flows back
117 Disorderly protest
118 Toaster-waffle trademark
121 Devoted nursing, for short
123 Gush forth, as lava
126 Palme —— (Cannes film prize)
127 Give way: abbr.
128 —— de France
130 Wrath



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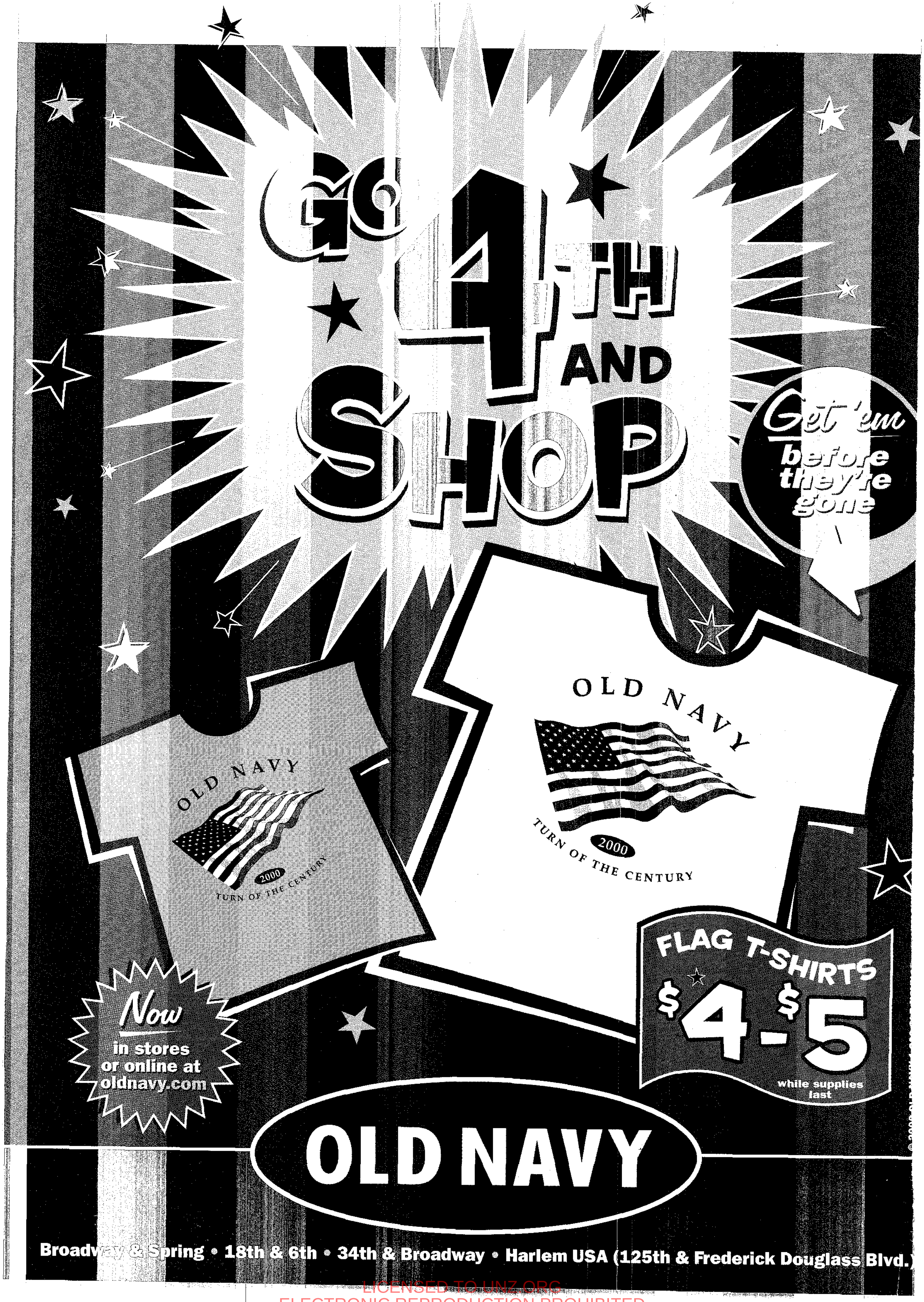
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